THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

AND THE STORY OF HER REIGN

STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT
Windsor Castle

THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

—AND—

THE STORY OF HER REIGN

A Beautiful Tribute to England's Greatest Queen in Her Domestic and Official Life

AND ALSO THE

LIFE OF THE NEW KING, EDWARD VII.

—BY—

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AND

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES

BY THE MOST

NOTED MEN OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA

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The Life of the Great Queen

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction to the Story of a Noble Life

CHAPTER I

VICTORIA AND HER EMPIRE 17

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD OF THE YOUNG PRINCESS 39

CHAPTER III

FROM PRINCESS TO QUEEN 59

CHAPTER IV

ACCESSION AND CORONATION 74

CHAPTER V

BETROTHAL TO PRINCE ALBERT 96

CHAPTER VI

HAPPY MARRIAGE BELLS 110

CHAPTER VII

PLEASURES AND PAINS OF ROYALTY 121

CHAPTER VIII

THE QUEEN AS MOTHER 138

CHAPTER IX

TOURS AT HOME 150

CHAPTER X

OSBORNE AND BALMORAL 165

CHAPTER XI

THE BUSY WOMAN 184

CHAPTER XII

JOURNEYS IN FOREIGN LANDS 196

CHAPTER XIII

NOTABLE EVENTS IN THE QUEEN'S LIFE 211

CHAPTER XIV

VICTORIA'S ACHIEVEMENTS FOR PEACE 228

CHAPTER XV

THE CRIMEAN WAR AND THE INDIAN MUTINY 241

CHAPTER XVI

MEMORIAL OF ALBERT, THE PRINCE CONSORT 267

CHAPTER XVII

LONELY DAYS OF WIDOWHOOD 293

CHAPTER XVIII

A SERIES OF PASSING INCIDENTS 313

CHAPTER XIX

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE 327

CHAPTER XX

PALACE LIFE AND ROYAL ENTERTAINMENTS 341

CHAPTER XXI

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE 364

CHAPTER XXII

THE QUEEN AND HER EARLY MINISTRIES 394

CHAPTER XXIII

GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI, VICTORIA'S GREATEST MINISTERS 405

CHAPTER XXIV

INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT OF GREAT BRITIAN 427

CHAPTER XXV

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY, THE FAMOUS TRAVELERS . 440

CHAPTER XXVI

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE IN THE VICTORIAN ERA . . 453

CHAPTER XXVII

LITERATURE IN THE VICTORIAN AGE 466

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE QUEEN'S LAST ILLNESS 478

CHAPTER XXIX

THE IMPOSING FUNERAL PAGEANT 497

CHAPTER XXX

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES TO A NOBLE LIFE 515

By noted men of England and America

CHAPTER XXXI

THE QUEEN AND HER COLONIES—A CANADIAN TRIBUTE 531

By J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE VICTORIAN ERA 543

CHAPTER XXXIII

LIFE OF EDWARD VII. KING OF ENGLAND 562

She Never Swerved From Duty

—BY—

LORD ROSEBERY

Formerly Liberal Prime Minister

It is no hyperbole to say that in the whole history of mankind no other death has touched so large a number of the inhabitants of the globe. I sometimes wonder if we all realize how much we owe her, because you had to know much about the Queen to realize the debt the nation and her country were under to her. Probably every subject of Great Britain realizes that he has lost his greatest and best friend. She gave to the councils of Great Britain an advantage which no tongue, no brilliance, no genius can supply.

She was by far the senior of all the world's sovereigns, and it is no disparagement to other kings to say that she was the chief of all European sovereigns. In the pursuit of her duty, in the performance of her duty, she never swerved, in spite of increasing age, in spite of failing eyes, and in spite of the innumerable domestic sorrows with which the latter years of her life were crowded.

Introduction
to the
Story of a Noble Life

THE twentieth century, which dawned hopefully upon many nations of the earth, brought only gloom and grief to England; gloom from the death of her South African soldiers on battle-field and in hospital; grief from the passing away of her beloved Queen, who had reigned over that imperial realm through the sunshine and clouds of nearly two-thirds of a century. The greatness of the nineteenth century has been abundantly commented upon. Much has been said about its wonderful achievements in science, art, and invention, its civil, political, and moral life. Yet it has nothing in its historical annals to present greater than the life of the noble Queen, who lived to see its end and closed her eyes upon the dawning days of the new century.

Among the many other sovereigns of Great Britain there have been none who lived so noble and pure a life and presided over such a grand era of progress as the royal lady Victoria, whose late decease plunged the nation into such a depth of grief. Of the other women sovereigns—Mary, Elizabeth and Anne—only one could be called great, and it would be a misuse of words to call any of them noble. Victoria was not great in the sense of Elizabeth, her hand did not guide the ship-of-state, this was left to her famous ministers—Peel, Gladstone, and Disraeli,—but in moral elevation and nobility of character she rose far above them all, and as an example for good, a light in the pathway of right living and thinking, Victoria had no equal in any of her predecessors on the English throne.

She reigned the longest of them all, her term of life upon the throne surpassing that of George the Third, her long-lived but not

illustrious grandfather. She won the high distinction of completing a reign longer in years and more illustrious in its ethical standard than any that went before, and the tears of the people of England for their well-beloved Sovereign lady were fitly and justly shed.

It is not well that a woman—whether Queen or commoner—of whom so much that is good and nothing that is evil can be said, should pass away and her life remain unwritten or unsung. We feel it incumbent upon us to place upon record the life of this good woman and righteous Queen, to tell the simple story of her childhood and girlhood, the shrinking simplicity with which she accepted the high position to which fortune destined her, the pure love story of her betrothal and marriage, the happiness of the home life to which she withdrew from the cares of state, the intense sorrow which came to her in the death of her devoted husband, and the many interesting events of her life as a woman and a queen.

Victoria is sure to live in the chronicles of her country as the "Good Queen." The illness of no other monarch could have given the world more concern, or excited such general sympathy and regret. Rulers whose personal qualities inspire respect akin to affection beyond the confines of their own realms are rare. In this respect Victoria stands almost alone among the leading contemporary sovereigns, and it is a cause for rejoicing that one of the greatest of empires has been ruled during two-thirds of a century by a woman who personifies the domestic virtues and who has been accepted by her people, as one of the Queen's admirers puts it, as "the pattern and paragon of womanhood."

Victor Hugo, in recalling the many men and women of high and low estate that he had known, said in a beautiful generalization of his estimate of humanity that there is only one thing before which we should kneel, and that is "goodness." This is the homage that the world cannot fail to pay to England's departed Queen. The regal state and sovereign rank strike the imagination; but the homely virtues of Victoria, her maternal love, her life-long touching devotion to the memory of the Prince Consort,

the picture of domestic felicity in which she is represented as the central and venerable figure, appeal to the common heart.

There was a homeliness in her domestic life throughout which strongly attracted the middle classes. No sovereign insisted more strenuously upon royal prerogatives, or more jealously guarded her royal interests. But along with this rigidity in ceremonial life there was a steady devotion to duties and a complete absence of ostentatious show and of theatrical effects in the inner life of the Queen's court. On this foundation there was reared during the last fifteen years of her life a kind of legendary idyl, domestic and pastoral, around her Majesty, which wonderfully endeared her to the hearts of her people.

We may fittingly quote the warm eulogy of the departed Queen made by Commander Booth-Tucker, the American leader of the Salvation Army:

"The venerable Sovereign of the British Empire won the affectionate loyalty of the many nations over whom she was called upon to rule, and the universal respect of the civilized world. Firm and yet tactful, dignified and yet gracious, she filled her arduous position with singular success, and will doubtless be looked upon by coming generations as a model Sovereign.

"The liberation of woman from the position of a domestic drudge or social butterfly, and the opening of doors of usefulness to her in almost every sphere—even those of government—was made possible largely by the delicacy and grace with which this foremost representative of her sex for two-thirds of a century conducted herself often under circumstances of a very trying character.

"The strong religious view, which she made no attempt to conceal, and yet which did not result in acts of bigotry towards those who might hold different views, increased the respect with which she was regarded. Bishops, chaplains, cathedrals, services, prayer and, above all, the Bible, were closely interwoven with her daily life.

"She scrupled not to declare that she regarded the Scriptures as the foundation of her nation's greatness and the bulwark of its

security. After listening with interest to the eloquent sermons of the great divines who had access to her presence and whom she delighted to honor, she would seek to carry the comforts of the good Book to the sick or aged cottager on her estate, with the simplicity of a Bible woman, and without the least shadow of ostentation.

"Other sovereigns have undoubtedly been more talented, more aggressive and more ambitious, but Queen Victoria was a woman with a heart. The sorrows of her people never knocked vainly at her door. The tear of sympathy was mingled with a nation's tears, as well as with the personal bereavements and sufferings of individuals.

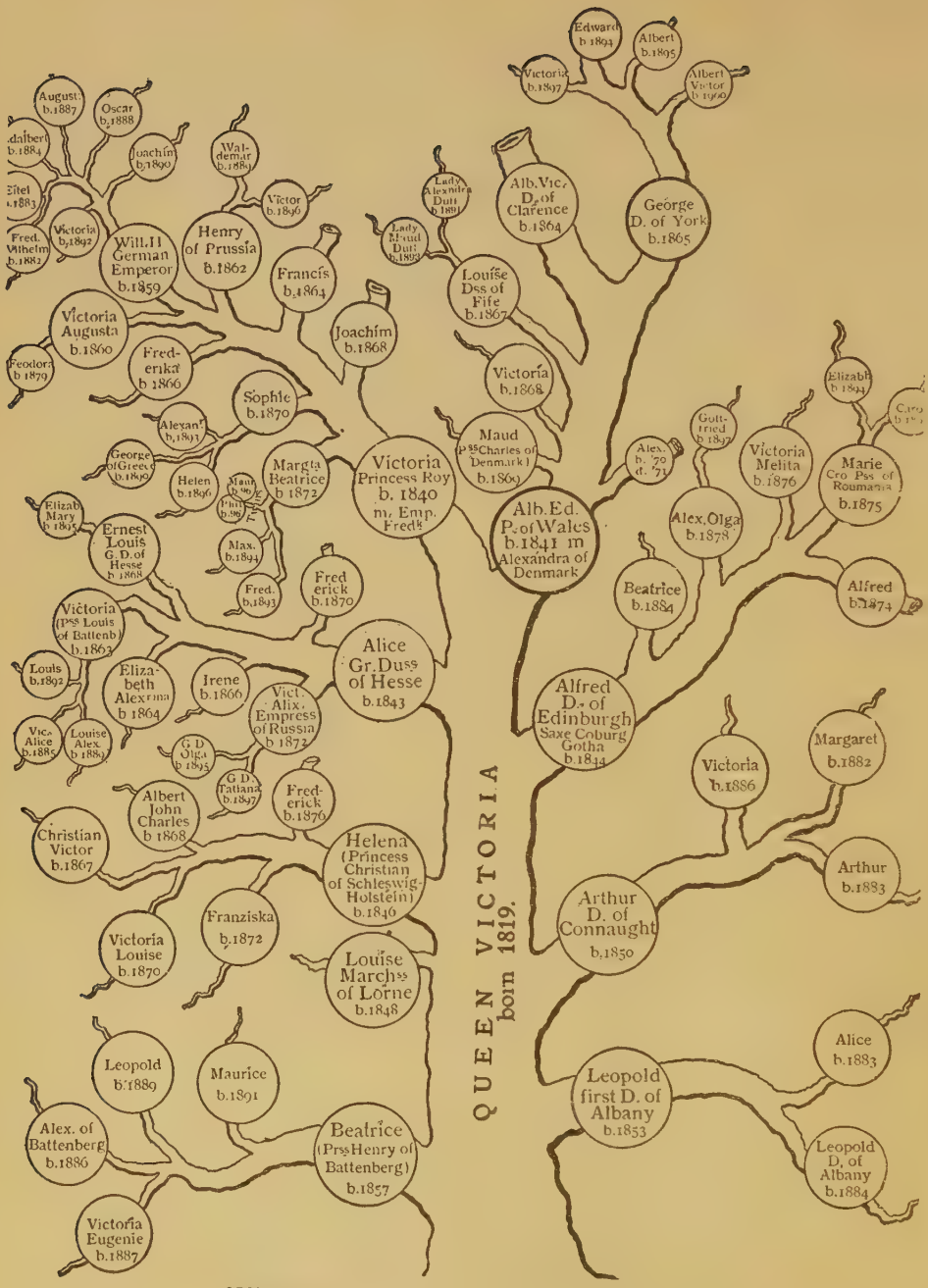
"The poor believed that in Victoria they had a personal friend, a sympathizer, a sister, a mother. And they were not mistaken. The royal court was made a persistent centre for all sorts of charities.

"The death of Queen Victoria was regarded by every section of the British Empire as a national misfortune. Indeed, in some senses it might be regarded as an international one. In an age of democracy the Queen did not hesitate to meet the people more than half way, and was perhaps the most democratic ruler of her day.

"She sought to encourage the comity of nations. Her whole influence was thrown into the scale against war, however righteous might appear the cause. A sincere Christian, a wise ruler, an affectionate wife, a kind mother, a lover of the poor, Victoria was in the best sense of the word, and will pass down to posterity as a 'people's Queen.'"

In what is above said of the sympathy felt for the death of England's Queen being international rather than national, the people of the United States must be included with those of the nearer nations of Europe, the event being one well calculated to draw closer the growing bonds of fellow-feeling between the two great nations of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The American public shared with the public of the British Empire the profound sympathy, regret and apprehension with which the news of her decease was heard around the world. Revered as a Queen by her subjects she was not less respected as a woman by the citizens of the Republic, to which in the hour of its dire need she was a faithful friend. No American can forget that it was her act and her influence which warded off war in 1862, nor that through all the sixty-four years of her reign she was the friend of America. In her later years, in every possible way open to her, she made known to the world her regard as a ruler for the American Republic and her appreciation as a woman of the affection, enthusiasm and the personal respect which she received from the American people. Nowhere was public grief stronger; or the sense of a personal loss deeper than in this country, where she stood for so many years in the minds and hearts of men as a woman true to all duties and a ruler loving peace and justice.


QUEEN VICTORIA
born 1819.
Victoria Princess Roy b. 1840 m. Emp. Fredk
Alb. Ed. P. of Wales b. 1841 m. Alexandra of Denmark
Alb. Vic. D. of Clarence b. 1864
George D. of York b. 1865
Louise Dss of Fife b. 1867
Victoria b. 1868
Maud (Qn Charles of Denmark) b. 1869
Edward b. 1893
Albert b. 1895
Victoria b. 1897
Albert Victor b. 1964
Lady Alexandra Duff b. 1891
Lady Maud Duff b. 1893
Alex. b. 70 d. 71
Gottfried b. 1892
Victoria Melita b. 1876
Alex. Olga b. 1878
Elizab b. 1894
Marie Cro. Pss of Roumania b. 1875
Beatrice b. 1884
Alfred b. 1874
Alfred D. of Edinburgh Saxe Coburg Gotha b. 1844
Victoria b. 1886
Margaret b. 1882
Arthur b. 1883
Arthur D. of Connaught b. 1850
Alice b. 1883
Leopold first D. of Albany b. 1853
Leopold D. of Albany b. 1884
Alice Gr. Duss of Hesse b. 1843
Fred erick b. 1870
Ernest Louis G. D. of Hesse b. 1868
Elizab Mary b. 1895
Max. b. 1894
Fred. b. 1893
Victoria (Pss Louis of Battenb) b. 1863
Louis b. 1892
Eliza beth Alexdra b. 1864
Irene b. 1866
Vict. Alix. Empress of Russia b. 1872
Vict. Alice b. 1885
Louise Alex b. 1884
G D Olga b. 1895
G D Tatiana b. 1897
Fred erick b. 1870
Albert John Charles b. 1868
Christian Victor b. 1867
Helena (Princess Christian of Schleswig Holstein) b. 1846
Franziska b. 1872
Victoria Louise b. 1870
Louise Marchss of Lorne b. 1848
Leopold b. 1889
Maurice b. 1891
Alex. of Battenberg b. 1886
Beatrice (Prss Henry of Battenberg) b. 1857
Victoria Eugenie b. 1887
Victoria Augusta b. 1860
Fred erika b. 1866
Sophie b. 1870
Margta Beatrice b. 1872
Helen b. 1896
Alexand b. 1893
George of Greece b. 1869
Feodora b. 1879
Augustus b. 1887
Oscar b. 1888
Joachim b. 1890
Waldemar b. 1889
Victor b. 1896
Victoria b. 1892
Fred. Wilhelm b. 1882
Will. II German Emperor b. 1859
Henry of Prussia b. 1862
Francis b. 1863
Joachim b. 1868

GENEALOGICAL TREE OF THE QUEEN'S FAMILY

CHAPTER I

Victoria and Her Empire

ON the 20th of June, 1837, William IV. of England died, and his niece, the Princess Victoria, acceded to the throne. On the 22nd of January, 1901, Queen Victoria died, ripe with years and honors, after a reign of sixty-three years, seven months, and two days, the longest in the annals of the British throne. It was not only the longest but was the most remarkable of British reigns, in view of the extraordinary progress of the kingdom under her rule. In 1837 Great Britain had already an extensive colonial domain. We cannot show this more clearly than by quoting the telling words of Victor Hugo, written five years after Victoria ascended the throne :

"England holds the six greatest gulfs in the world, which are the Gulfs of Guinea, Oman, Bengal, Mexico, Baffin, and Hudson; she opens and shuts at her pleasure nine seas—the North Sea, the English Channel, the Mediterranean, the Adriatic and Ionian Seas, the Ægean Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and the Sea of the Antilles. She possesses an Empire in America, New Britain; in Asia an Empire, India; and in the Great Ocean a world, New Holland (Australia). Besides she has innumerable isles upon all seas and before all continents, like ships on station and at anchor, and with which, island and ship herself, planted before Europe, she communicates, so to speak, without dissolving her continuity, by her innumerable vessels." This famous writer goes on to give, in his inimitable style, a word-picture of the vastness of the British Empire as it then existed, and adds: "All the places we have named are the hooks of the immense net whereby England has taken the world."

If such was the empire under the sceptre of Victoria in the early days of her reign, what shall we say of its extent when the new century dawned and her reign had reached its end? In the words of a distinguished statesman:

AFTERNOON TEA

'There is no parallel in all the records of the world to the case of the prolific British mother who has sent forth her innumerable

children over all the earth to be the founders of half-a-dozen Empires." But leaving these glowing utterances, let us endeavor to outline briefly the extensions of her Empire which have taken place during the reign of Britain's Queen.

Turning our eyes eastward we remember that India—that mighty and many-peopled Empire, reaching from the giant mountain ranges of the Himalayas on the north to Cape Comorin in the south, and including Burmah on the east,—containing at the last census more than 290,000,000 human beings, speaking 78 different languages, leaving out of count the innumerable dialects—has virtually been added to the British Empire during the epoch of the Queen's rule.

Turning southward, it may be said that the development and organization of the Australian Colonies were practically contemporaneous with Victoria's reign. In 1837 only two of the seven Australian colonies existed, and their white population was only a few thousands. Now they contain nearly 4,000,000 civilized inhabitants, very largely of British descent, and form virtually a Greater Britain beyond the seas, which promises to become ere long a mighty factor in the politics of the world.

To these Australian domains have to be added the possessions in Fiji, New Guinea, and other islands of the Pacific where now waves the British flag—a new Antipodean Empire, undreamt of in 1837.

Looking across the Atlantic, we perceive the broad Dominion of Canada, whose progress in population, wealth and resources during the Victorian era has been by leaps and bounds. Manitoba and British Columbia are practically new empires. The British race has now peopled and subdued the wide territories from Newfoundland on the east to Vancouver on the west; from the St. Lawrence and the great Lakes on the south to Hudson's Bay on the extreme north—a territory nearly as large as Europe.

Turning once more southward, we find that in 1837 Cape Town was the only British settlement in South Africa. In 1843 Natal was added; in 1884 Basutoland, followed by Bechuanaland,

Zululand, Matabeleland, and other Kingdoms north and south of the Zambesi, so that now British rule extends from Table Bay to Lake Tanganyika, an inconceivably vast region, tropic and torrid, yet gradually being occupied and utilized by the English race.

Similarly wide regions in West, Central, and Eastern Africa have come under the rule of England. And to these have to be added very many islands—the East and West Indies, Ceylon,

IN THE QUEEN'S STABLE

Straits Settlements, Borneo, Sarawak, Labuan, and numerous islands in the Western and Southern Atlantic. Moreover, there are settlements and ports innumerable, from the famous Rock of Gibraltar, guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean, to Cyprus in the east, also British Guiana and British Honduras in Central America.

Thus while in 1837 Great Britain had already an extensive colonian dominion, by 1901 it had grown to be one of the most populous and extensive empires upon the face of the earth, controlling a colonial area of such vast dimensions and abundant

QUEEN VICTORIA 1901

OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT

The Queen's favorite English Residence and where she died, January 22, 1901.

population as to remain almost without a peer upon the earth. With its 386,000,000 of population, it is only surpassed, if at all, by the problematical myriads of the Chinese Empire. With the 8,827,860 square miles of area under its control it is more extended than even the vast Empire of Russia, which claims 8,660,395 square miles.

Some conception of the growth of the British Empire under Victoria may be formed from the following table, of the dates of its various colonial accessions:

1839—Aden annexed.
1842—Hong Kong acquired.
1842—Natal taken.
1843—Sindee annexed.
1846—Sikh territory ceded.
1849—Punjaub annexed.
1852—Fegu, Burmah, acquired.
1856—Oude annexed.
1858—Crown assumed rule of India.
1874—Fiji Islands annexed.
1875—Sultan's share in Suez Canal bought.
1878—Island of Cyprus occupied.
1886—Burmah annexed.
1890—Zanzibar protectorate assumed.
1896—Ashantees compelled to accept British sovereignty.
1896—Kitchener occupied Dongola.
1899—Partition of Samoa.
1900—Transvaal and Orange Free State annexed.

In addition to this extended list of new possessions, Great Britain is in practical control of Egypt, and there is no present prospect of her withdrawal from the valley of the Nile. During Victoria's reign emigration has poured out to her colonies, many of which have now assumed the condition rather of important allies than of vassals of the crown. Representative government was granted to all the important colonies in 1865. Two years afterwards, in 1867, the North American provinces began to form a federal Dominion, which is now the wide-spreading Dominion of Canada. Later a like movement was instituted in Australia, and the opening day of the twentieth century saw the inauguration of an Australian Confederation. A South African Confedration seems likely soon to follow. The populous realm of India was constituted an imperial colony in 1876, the Queen being proclaimed Empress of India. As regards the relations of these great colonies to the mother country, two of them, Australia and Canada, are

practically independent, the governors-general, who alone link them to the home realm, having but a partial executive power. But they are firmly tied by bonds of common blood and loyal feeling, and Britain's rare crown of colonies was, in the last days of Victoria's reign, without a flaw in its sparkling round.

This broad extension of the Sovereignty of the Queen was not attained without frequent resort to arms, and her reign was marked by frequent wars, principally for the security of her old colonies or the establishment of new. We give below a list of what may be called the Victorian wars—though it may be said that the Queen herself was always opposed to the arbitrament of the sword:

THE WARS OF VICTORIA'S REIGN

1838—Insurrection in Canada.
1839—British forces occupy Cabul and take possession of Aden.
1840—War expedition to Syria. Mehemet Ali sues for peace.
1841—Successful insurrection in Cabul. British invade China and take Canton and Amoy.
1842—British take Boer Republic in Natal.
1845—Outbreak of first Sikh war.
1848—Insurrection in Ireland attempted. Outbreak of second Sikh war.
1851—Hostilities in Burmah.
1854—Crimean war began.
1856—Crimean war finished. England attacks China. Persians occupy Herat, but British drive them out of India.
1857—War of the Indian mutiny.
1860—Anglo-French expedition to Pekin.
1867—Fenian insurrection in Ireland.
1874—Ashantee war.
1877—British take Transvaal Republic.
1878—War against Afghanistan.
1879—War against Zulus. Roberts enters Kandahar. Transvaal uprising.
1881—The battle of Majuba Hill. Mahdi revolt in Soudan.
1882—War against Arabi Pasha.
1885—Invasion of Soudan; Gordon killed. Riel rebellion in Canada. Conquest of Burmah.
1888—Defeat of Osman Digna near Suakim.
1891—Osman Digna completely defeated.
1893—War in Matabeleland.
1896—Kitchener occupies Dongola. Ashantees accept British sovereignty.
1897—Revolt of Indian hill tribes.
1899—Transvaal declared war, which continued till after Queen's death.

While personally Queen Victoria had little to do with this broad extension of her dominion, the co-herence of the colonies to

the mother-country and their unswerving loyalty owed much to the silent influence of her character upon her far-spread people. In this regard we may quote from a Canadian subject of the Queen as to the services she has rendered the empire:

"Of the forces working for union during the past sixty years, the most potent has been the personality and position of the Sovereign. The Queen was a rallying-point of loyalty throughout all the dark days of early struggle and political disaffection in Canada, and through the later events of American commercial coercion or efforts at annexationist conciliation; throughout all the gloomy days of South African wars and maladministration and imperial indifference; throughout the times of Australian conflict with the transportation system and struggles with a stormy and rough mining democracy; and throughout the days of West Indian decadence or New Zealand's contests with powerful Maories. Everywhere the name and qualities and constitutional action of the Queen permeated Colonial politics, preserved Colonial loyalty, helped the British sentiment of the people, and developed their Constitutions along British lines."

AN EXTRAORDINARY PROGRESS AT HOME

While the dominions of the Queen were thus rapidly widening abroad, an extraordinary progress was taking place at home, the changes in social, political, scientific, and other fields being so wide and sweeping that a return to the conditions which existed when Victoria first grasped the sceptre would, in many respects, seem like a relapse into barbarism.

Consider the social changes, the amelioration of the condition of the people, the attention given to improved dwellings, the shortening of the hours of labor, the national boom of education, the liberation of the child-slaves in mines and factories; think, moreover, of the present facilities of travel and transit, of steam and electricity, of telegraphs with their instant communication to earth's remotest regions; reflect upon the rise and beneficence of

philanthropy and of the efforts now made for the mitigation of pain, suffering and sorrow ; these and many other tokens of progress which have signalized the era of the Queen merit close and candid consideration on the part of those who would tell aright the nation's story, and in especial that portion of it which belongs to the reign of the royal lady with whose life we are here concerned.

Over this vast imperial domain, for nearly sixty-four years, ruled a woman whom we may pre-eminently call the Queen, for this title has become so familiar to us as designating Queen Victoria that men speak of her by her title without a thought of being misunderstood. The reign of Victoria, while the longest, deserves also to be called the most illustrious in British history. Others may have been more sensational. No other saw so great a progress made in the expansion of the Empire, in the development of political institutions and in the industrial, social, intellectual and spiritual advancement of the people.

Under her sway the British Empire has grown to comprise one-fourth of the population and one-sixth of the land era of the globe, including not only the United Kingdom and the Indian Empire, but also such great self-governing nations as the Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australia. Her people have proceeded from the status of a scarcely constitutional monarchy to that of almost pure republicanism, without a revolution or any violent upheaval, but with something like the smoothness and continuity of the precession of the equinoxes.

The British nation has been warlike and aggressive, as of old, yet has led the world in the industrial and commercial arts of peace, and, above all, has attained in intellectual and spiritual life the highest standing which nineteen centuries of the Christian era have made possible to man. There are few as fine chapters in the history of civilization as that which records the doings of the elder branch of the Anglo-Saxon race in the last two-thirds of a century. There is not one comparable with it comprised within the limits of a single reign. And there is record of no other Sovereign who

could so truly say, with respect to anything like comparably great achievements, "all these things I saw, and part of them I was." If Victoria did not say that of herself, it is but truth and justice that the world should say it of her.

A POTENT AND MASTERFUL FORCE

For this Sovereign was a potent and masterful force, albeit it was so often said of her that she reigned but did not rule. In fact, she did rule, often most arbitrarily. She did not meddle with party politics. She did not aim at personal government. The beginning of her reign marked the complete establishment of constitutionalism in the United Kingdom. Nevertheless, her will was felt in almost every department of national existence. In more than one great issue of State she was the personal factor that turned the scale for peace and righteousness.

There was no statesman in her service who paid more diligent attention to even the details of government work than she, and there was not one who did not recognize in her a quality and a force of statesmanship that must be taken into account. There were few philanthropists and publicists who took so keen, so intelligent and so effctive an interest in the social welfare of the people. There never was a Puritan reformer who more inexorably swept out of court all the scandal and license and intrigue that had made the Hanoverian regime odious, or who set and rigidly enforced a higher standard of personal purity and integrity of life.

The Sovereign was not lost in the woman, as was unworthily the case in the reign of Anne. Neither was the woman lost in the Sovereign, as was too often the case amid the splendors of the Elizabethan era. And in these circumstances we may perhaps find Victoria's highest title to illustrious fame. If we may paraphrase the words of Antony, her life was gentle and the elements so mixed in her that the world must proclaim her to have been at once a great Queen and a noble woman.

Throughout her reign, with the exception of the brief interval of the Crimean War, Great Britain remained at peace with Europe—a fact which probably cannot be affirmed of any equal period of British history since the Norman Conquest. There have been rumors of war, numbers of them, but they died away like muttering thunders, their disappearance hastened, perhaps by the influence of Britain's Queen, who loved not war or its trophies.

Outside Europe, indeed, this cannot be said. Hardly a year passed without its little war—sometimes developing into more than a little one. But insurrections in Canada, suppressions of the New Zealand Maoris, punitive expeditions into Ashanti and Burmah and Afghanistan and Abyssinia and even the re-establishment of order in China and in Egypt came and went without disturbing the peace of Europe. There were anxious moments too, as when the Sepoy mutiny imperilled the possession of India for a while, or when the whole military power of England was drawn upon to subdue the Dutch republics of South Africa—a war which according to the prevailing report was carried on against the aged Queen's wishes and saddened her last days.

PROFITABLE GAINS OF TERRITORY

These many conflicts had their material advantage in adding to the British Kingdom profitable gains of territory, including South Africa to the north of the Zambesi, Nigeria, East Africa, Nyassaland, Egypt and the Soudan to Uganda in the Dark Continent, the nearly unbroken line from the Cape to Cairo; the extended boundaries of India, Beluchistan, Burmah, and other East Indian territories in Asia; New Guinea and countless islands of the Pacific, with Australia grown into a strong commonwealth. Gains not in lands alone, but in the increase of the sturdy English stock. It, perhaps, may be safely said, however, that Queen Victoria would gladly have given up these material advantages for her country, could she, by so doing, have prevented the bloodshed, ruin and misery which their acquisition brought to mankind.

Far greater were the material changes that came to England during Queen Victoria's reign. She lived to see the bulwarks of England changed from the great wooden three-deckers, with their spread of sail and their muzzle-loading guns that did their duty at Trafalgar, to steel-armored cases of machinery hurling projectiles to a distance of a dozen miles, and destroyers hastening at thirty knots an hour to discharge their torpedoes under water.

She lived to see an England mainly agricultural turned into a hive of mechanical industries and gridironed with railroads. She opened the first international exhibition, she sent the first cable message across the Atlantic—but the record of her reign is really the record of two-thirds of the century, a record of progress in arts, in sciences, in material improvements, in commerce, in wealth.

The population of Great Britain has increased from 26,000,000 to 38,000,000, while Ireland, the black blot on the reign, has fallen from over eight million inhabitants to four millions and a half. The great Colonies, too, have been brought closer, and the ideal of a Greater Britain, including even India, has acquired a misty outline. A prosperous reign, surely, and a golden age for England, and to it the gentle, kindly woman of whom we speak contributed to the utmost that which her power and influence could aid.

One thing further that we may say of the Queen's reign is, that the long interval during which the Sovereign found no occasion to assert herself openly against the wishes of her Ministers, reduced still further the shadow of authority left to the Crown by the British Constitution. The Marquis of Salisbury, backed by his party majority in the House of Commons, was more absolutely the ruler of Great Britain when the century closed than was Lord Melbourne at the Queen's accession, or William Pitt when the century opened. Despite the deserved affection and loyalty of the mass of the English people for their Queen, which extends likewise to the rest of the royal family, Great Britain is to-day in fact, if not in form, a republican commonwealth ruled by its elective representatives.

Queen Victoria ruled far more over the hearts of her subjects than over their persons or fortunes. From the moment of her accession she never lost her hold upon their affections; nay, she unceasingly made it stronger and deeper. No one who has not inherited it can know the feeling cherished for the person of a sovereign; and that Victoria enjoyed to a degree not equalled by any monarch of her time. As the power of the Crown declined her personal qualities as a woman grew steadily more magnified and loved. For years the faithfulness of the wife and mother who sat on the throne inspired with constantly increasing emphasis the speech of every Englishman who responded to "The Queen." She came to be the ideal Matron of a passionately home-loving people, and as such she broadened and inflamed the innate reverence for the nation's ruler. And yet, little and old as she was, it is said that no sovereign in Europe preserved to the last, like her, the quality and air of Royalty.

A MODEST CHARACTER

There have been many greater sovereigns than Victoria, but there has never been one more richly endowed with the qualities that win the people's affection. The story of her painfully climbing to the top of one of her palaces a few months before her death to cheer a sick servant, at a time when her own condition made every step she took a matter of state importance, was the sort of thing that counted more than intellectual brilliancy in winning the devotion of her subjects.

Indeed, a more brilliant sovereign might have had a less successful reign. It was the British nation that was to make its empire great. An intellectual prodigy at Windsor could have done nothing to advance the national destiny, and might have done much to hamper it. A Napoleon, a Cromwell or a Frederick the Great on the throne of England could hardly have restrained himself from an attempt at a personal government. At the stage which English constitutional development had reached at that time that would have meant friction, strife and possibly a crash. What

King Oscar of Sweden

Christian IX of Denmark

William I of Germany

Francis Joseph of Austria

King Humbert of Italy

GREAT EUROPEAN MONARCHS
CONTEMPORARY WITH QUEEN VICTORIA

A HISTORICAL PICTURE REPRESENTING HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THREE DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HER LIFE, ALSO THE GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER AND PARENTS OF HER MAJESTY

was needed was a self-effacing monarch—one whose modest character would form a neutral background on which the splendid picture of national energy might be effectively painted.

Victoria was the perfect ruler of the Nineteenth Century. She might have failed in the place of Zenobia, of Elizabeth or of Catherine II., but coming just when she did she made the "Victorian Age" the most splendid era in the history of her country. It is often said that her virtues extinguished republicanism in England. It is more accurate to say that her wise appreciation of her position allowed democracy to advance to such a point that it became no longer a matter of importance to Englishmen whether their government was nominally a republic or a monarchy.

In 1837 the possibility of having a George III. or a George IV. on the throne was a serious affair and made people in England consider gravely whether they were living under the best possible form of government. In 1901 no king can do serious harm, for the government is in the hands of the people.

THE PRESERVATION OF PEACE IN EUROPE

Returning to the question of the preservation of peace in Europe, the wide-spread alliances of Queen Victoria's descendants with the monarchs of powerful nations can scarcely fail to have had a retarding effect upon threatened hostile relations. In the words of one writer: "With direct descendants, by birth or marriage, upon two of the great thrones of Europe, with other numerous and minor, though not unimportant, alliances in different countries, who shall say what opportunities of wise councils may have presented themselves to this royal mother, mother-in-law, grandmother, and great-grandmother, whom discretion hath preserved and understanding kept? Who shall even guess what extremities may have been averted, what impetuosities calmed, what rough places made smooth, or what desirable conjunctions promoted by her quiet word in season dropped into ears not at all moments open to advice, though ever attentive to the speech of her lips?"

An incident which was recently given in the daily papers illustrates in an amusing way the relationship and tender bond existing between her Majesty and exalted families on the Continent:

At a military gathering in Berlin, a colonel advanced towards a young lieutenant, who bore on his breast as a sole decoration a large badge richly set with diamonds.

"Tell me, young man," he said, "what is that thing you have got there?"

"It is an Order, my colonel," replied the lieutenant.

"An Order!" exclaimed the colonel. "It is not Prussian, then, for I don't know it."

"It is an English Order, my colonel," responded the juvenile officer.

"Ah, indeed," said his superior, "who, for goodness sake, could have given you such an Order?"

"My grandmother, my colonel," was the reply.

"Your grandmother!" ejaculated the colonel, bursting out laughing; "what is her name?"

"Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Queen of England," answered the young lieutenant, who was none other than Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein.

The officious colonel (it is added) suddenly disappeared.

It is the popular impression that the Queen had little share in the responsibilities of the government, but that is a mistake. The Prime Minister of England did not go to bed for forty years without making a written report to his Sovereign of everything of importance that had occurred in official circles during the day, and these reports were laid upon Victoria's plate at her breakfast table daily without interruption even after the death of the Prince Consort, whether she was at Osborne or Balmoral or on the Riviera or visiting the palaces of some of her royal progeny. Those who have been in the House of Commons during the late night sessions have always noticed Gladstone or Rosebery or Salisbury, or whoever was at the head of the government, with a block of paper on

his knees making memoranda of the proceedings, like the reporters in the gallery, and if he had been followed to the post-office of the Parliament House before leaving for his home he would have been seen to drop into the pouch an envelope addressed to his imperial Sovereign which contained the penciled notes. The Queen was very exacting on this point. She did not often interfere with the policy of her Ministers, but insisted that she should be informed of all they said and did in her name.

THE CROWN AS A POWER ABOVE PARTY

One of the former Ambassadors from the United States, speaking of this, told an incident that came within his own experience. "At one time," he said, "I had a very important interview with Lord Salisbury, and, by instructions of the President of the United States, made certain representations of an unusually serious nature to him. The developments of the next day were such as to change entirely the policy of our government. It became necessary for me to call upon his lordship and inform him that the representations I had made the morning before were withdrawn, and requested him to consider that the conversation had never occurred. He expressed his pleasure, and then remarked:

"'I am a devilish lucky man, and so are you. For the first time since I have been Prime Minister I neglected my duty yesterday and failed to inform her Majesty of our conversation. I never did such a thing before. I do not know what impelled me to forget it this time, but I was under the influence of some good angel, and she need never know anything about it.'"

The Queen, indeed, to an extent that only a minor section of the public appreciates, and as no other modern sovereign of England has done, realized and made manifest the value of the Crown as a power above party and representative of the whole people. She constantly acted to check Ministers who, to gain party victories, stood ready to make national sacrifices, and, when the records of her later years come to be written, many instances of

this kind will be shown, in which the Queen by direct counsel prevented a wrongful course being taken, or where the action taken met with her approbation gave testimony of her sympathy and appreciation.

All government, party or otherwise, has for its warrant of existence only the welfare of the governed; but the leaders of parties are very apt to forget this. It is the function of the monarch never to forget it, but to use every influence to prevent the interests of the nation as a whole from being sacrificed for the temporary advantage of a portion of the people.

The Queen fully realized this, and also that in England the will of the people is the ultimate power; and her private opinions on political questions were never suffered to influence her in opposition to the popular will. Many of her Ministers have stated their experience of the Queen's recognition of and obedience to this fundamental principle. Her private opinion was never suffered to stand in the way of her duty as a constitutional sovereign. She by no means blindly yielded to the proposals of her Ministers, but exercised a moderating influence in party conflicts, and in matters threatening a contest between the Lords and Commons often prevented matters from coming to a crisis, reminding the Lords that the will of the people is the basis of all authority, and bringing the leaders of the Commons into a spirit of conciliation and moderate action. In this way she served as an invaluable arbitrator, and in her life checked many a hasty action that threatened to lead to serious political consequences.

HER SYMPATHY FOR THE UNITED STATES

We may adduce some examples of this which directly concern the United States, a country with whose best interests the Queen was ever in warm sympathy.

During the Civil War the British government, under the influence of the cotton manufacturers of Manchester and the other commercial and industrial interests of the United Kingdom, was

friendly to the Confederacy, but Queen Victoria was on the Union side, and never permitted them to offer aid or comfort to the South when she could prevent it. At the greatest crisis of the struggle, so far as England was concerned, when two Confederate envoys were forcibly taken from a British steamer by an imprudent Union naval officer, Lord Palmerston wrote a despatch to the British Ambassador at Washington that was equivalent to a declaration of war. As usual with everything of this kind, the message was sent to Windsor Castle for approval. The Queen kept it over night, and the next morning returned it to her Prime Minister, with every offensive phrase stricken out.

During the Spanish-American War Lord Pauncefote paid two visits in person to the White House and saw the President alone. On these occasions he brought messages from his Sovereign, The first visit was made at the time when the President had sent his ultimatum to Spain requiring the withdrawal of the Spanish army from Cuba and the recognition of Cuban independence. The attitude of the other powers of Europe was unfriendly. Spain had appealed for their protection and intervention was feared. Hence the message Lord Pauncefote bore was gratifying and opportune, for he said that he had been commanded by her Majesty the Queen to assure President McKinley of her faith in his motives and her confidence in his wisdom, and that the government of Great Britain would support him in any measures he might adopt to restore peace in Cuba and relieve the inhabitants of that island from the tyranny of Spain.

The second visit was made while the Peace Commissioners were in session at Paris, and it was the natural consequence of the first, for the message on this occasion carried an even greater responsibility than the first. He said that the Queen had commanded him to say that any disposition of the Philippine Islands that left them subject to the sovereignty of any government but the United States would be greatly regretted by her government. Thus more than anybody else was Queen Victoria responsible for

the Philippine problem that is now perplexing the United States. Nobody knows what might have happened if that message had not been sent, but, having received it, President McKinley had only one course to pursue.

With the exception of Alexander II. of Russia, who stood so closely behind President Lincoln during the Civil War, Queen Victoria was probably the most consistent valuable friend the United States has ever had among the sovereigns of Europe. She never lost an opportunity to show her goodwill and friendship; she never failed to offer her support and encouragement when needed.

During the jubilee ceremonies in 1887, a party of American tourists engaged a tally-ho coach for the purpose of witnessing the entrance of the Queen into London, and stationed themselves at a convenient turn of the road in Hyde Park, which they knew she would pass. By some oversight of the police they were permitted to enter the park, and were not discovered until the Queen's carriage was upon them, when the guards made a great ado and were about to send the whole party to prison. The Queen's progress was stopped for the moment, and, beckoning to an officer, she asked the cause of the detention. Hearing his explanation, she said in a tone that was perfectly audible to the strangers:

"If they are Americans let them stay."

At this, every lady on the coach arose and waved her handkerchief, and every gentleman waved his hat and one of them gave "three cheers for Queen Victoria, the friend of the United States." At this she smiled, and made a low bow of acknowledgment.

That evening one of the gentlemen addressed a formal letter to the Queen, apologizing for the incident, explaining the presence of the party behind the police line, and thanking her for her gracious intervention. Within a few days he received a reply from the Queen's secretary, who said that her Majesty had commanded him to acknowledge the receipt of the explanation, and to say that it always gave her pleasure and gratification to think that the American people were her friends.

CHAPTER II.

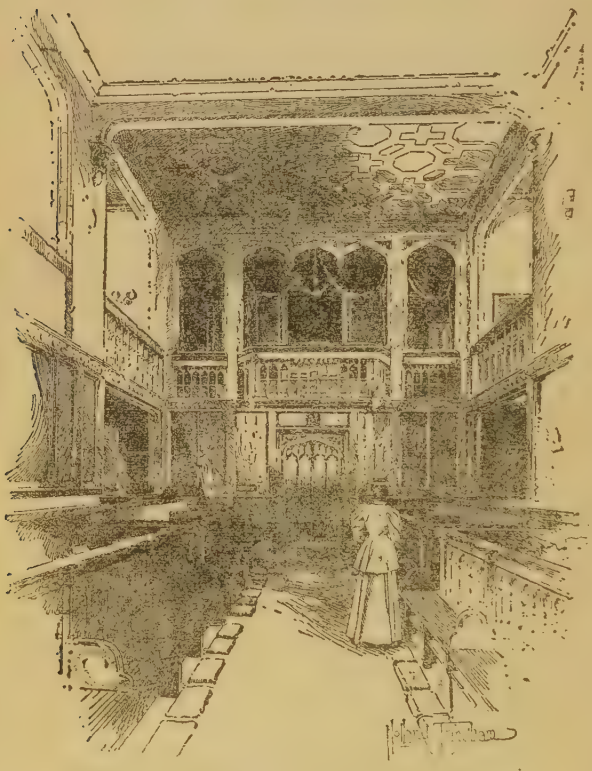
Childhood of the Young Princess.

ON the 24th of May, 1819, in the old Palace at Kensington, West London, a royal seat of King William III. and Queen Mary, was born a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl baby, who, at that time, no one dreamed would one day become Queen of England. George III. was then King, and between the little princess and the throne stood his three sons, the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Kent. The new-born child was the only child of the youngest of these, the Duke of Kent, and any children born to her two uncles would have debarred her from the throne. They both reigned, the first as George IV., who was childless, the second as William IV., whose only child, a daughter, died in infancy. Thus nature seemed to have preserved the throne of England for that blue-eyed infant, who was so worthily to fill it in after years.

The Duke of Kent had married, in 1818, the Princess Victoria Mary Louisa, of Saxe-Coburg Saalfield, widow of Prince Charles, of Leiningen, and sister of Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians. The little princess, while not regarded as heir to the Crown of England, was warmly welcomed and highly honored. Her father, who grew to love her warmly, had loftier hopes for her, and is said to have exclaimed: "Look at her well! She will one day be Queen." When a month old she was baptized by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London assisting. The ceremony was one of great pomp and splendor, the golden royal font being brought from the Tower of London for the occasion. The Prince Regent wished to give her the name of Georgiana Alexandrina, but it was finally decided to name her Alexandrina Victoria, the latter name that of her mother. During her childhood

she was generally known as the Princess "Drina," but in later years she called herself Victoria alone, wishing to be known by her mother's name.

When about six months old, the little Princess was taken by her parents to Sidmouth, a pretty watering-place on the Devonshire coast. Here she had a very narrow escape from being killed. It seems a boy was shooting sparrows near the house, when he accidentally fired a charge of small shot through the nursery window, some of the pellets passing close to the head of the royal infant, then in her nurse's arms, but happily without hurting anyone.



THE ROYAL PEW IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL

When three years old the Princess had another deliverance from danger. When driving with her mother in Kensington Gardens, she was thrown out of her pony carriage, which would have fallen over upon her but for the quickness of a soldier, who seized her dress and pulled her out. He was rewarded by the Duchess, but more than half a century passed before he learned whose life it was he had saved.

The affectionate father did not long live to enjoy his "little mayflower." One day, while at Sidmouth, on the coast of Devon,

KENSINGTON PALACE

The Royal Palace where Queen Victoria was born and spent her girlhood.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA
and Sir Walter Scott.

THE QUEEN IN 1845
Painted by F. Winterhalter.

he came in with wet feet after a walk in the grounds. He was urged to change his boots and socks, but, seeing his infant smiling on her mother's knee, he snatched her up and began playing with his darling. This neglect brought on a chill, and inflammation of the lungs ensued. A country doctor was called in, who, according to the old fashion, bled him severely (120 ounces of blood!). Then an eminent London doctor was sent for, but too late to save his life. On Sunday, January 23, 1820, the Duke died, praying with his latest breath for his wife in her heavy responsibility of training the Princess child.

Right nobly did the Duchess of Kent discharge her important duty. At the time she could speak scarcely a word of English, but she devoted herself with great assiduity and prudence to the bringing up of her child. Princess Victora received her education under her mother's constant and loving care, being kept during her early years, by order of the King, in strict seclusion.

Two days after the death of the Duke, the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by her babe and her brother, Prince Leopold, set out for London. Where all was sad and mournful there was one gleam of sunshine, for the infant, "being held up at the carriage window to bid the assembled population of Sidmouth farewell, sported and laughed joyously, and patted the glasses with her pretty dimpled hands, in happy unconsciousness of her melancholy bereavement." The Duchess arrived at Kensington Palace on the 29th of January, and on that very day the Prince Regent succeeded to the throne by the death of his father. The likeness of the Duke of York to her lost father deceived the little Princess Victoria, and when the former came on his visit of condolence, and also subsequently, she stretched out her hands to him in the belief that he was her father. The Duke was deeply touched by the appeal, and, clasping the child to his bosom, he promised to be indeed a father to her.

Interesting stories are told of the time when Princess Victoria appeared, at fifteen months old, in a child's phaeton, tied safely to the vehicle with a broad ribbon around her waist. The baby liked

to be noticed, and answered all who spoke to her. She would say, "Lady," and "Good Morning," and, when told, would hold out her soft, dimpled hand to be kissed. "Her large, blue eyes, beautiful bloom and fair complexion made her a model of infantine beauty."

The life at Kensington was as simple as that of any English household. The family party met at breakfast at eight o'clock in summertime, the Princess Victoria having her bread and milk and fruit on a little table by her mother's side. After breakfast, the Princess Feodore studied with her governess, Baroness Lehzen, and the Princess Victoria went out for an hour's walk or drive. From ten to twelve her mother instructed her; after which she amused herself by running through the suite of rooms which extended round two sides of the palace, and in which were many of her toys. At two came a plain dinner, while the Duchess took her luncheon. After this, lessons again till four, then would come a visit or a drive; and after that the Princess would ride or walk in the gardens; or occasionally, on very fine evenings, the whole party would sit out on the lawn under the trees. At the time of her mother's dinner, the Princess had her supper, and after playing games with her nurse, she would join in the dessert, and at nine she would retire to her bed, which was placed by the side of her mother's.

Occasionally the child longed for companions of her own age, and a delightful anecdote is related in illustration of this. As the youthful Princess took great delight in music, her mother sent for a noted child performer of the day, called Lyra, to amuse her with her remarkable performances on the harp. On one occasion, while the young musician was playing one of her favorite airs, the Duchess of Kent, perceiving how deeply her daughter's attention was engrossed with the music, left the room for a few minutes. When she returned she found the harp deserted. The heiress of England had beguiled the juvenile minstrel from her instrument by the display of some of her costly toys, and the children were discovered "seated side by side on the hearthrug in a state of high enjoyment, surrounded by the Princess's playthings, from which she

was making the most liberal selections for the acceptance of poor little Lyra."

Lord Albemarle, in his "Autobiography," tells of how he used to watch her from the window at play in the garden. "She was in the habit of watering the plants immediately under the window. It was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of the watering-pot between the flowers and her own little feet." Her simple but becoming dress contrasted favorably with the gorgeous apparel now worn by the little damsels of the rising generation.

A SUPERFLUITY OF PLAYTHINGS

The little Victoria could well give a share of her toys to her playmate,—as in the anecdote above stated,—for she was abundantly supplied, the lonely life with which palace etiquette surrounds the children of royalty being solaced, as far as possible, with a superfluity of playthings. We are told that at one time she was the proud possessor of one hundred and thirty-two dolls at once.

Although very ordinary little Dutch toys, many of them with painted wooden faces, they have all been preserved with many other mementoes of the childhood of England's remarkable sovereign. Most of these dolls represent ballet-dancers of the Queen's childhood, in costume.

In her memoirs the Queen writes that she was frequently taken to the opera, and that she enjoyed it very much. At home in her nursery, the forlorn little girl played over and over again the operas and ballads of which she was so fond, with her little wooden puppets dressed in scraps of rich silk and satin. The modern mother and her trained nursery maid may picture the Princess alone in a big house with few attendants, silently amusing herself with her toy theatre and its wooden ballet-girls.

A servant rummaging in one of the garrets of Buckingham Palace some years ago found a number of dolls which were dressed by Queen Victoria when she was a little girl. The discovery of this collection of old-fashioned dollies caused quite an excitement at

Osborne, where the news was speedily sent. The Queen at once telegraphed to have the dolls all seated on chairs and sofas and photographed and the pictures sent down to her at once. She derived a great deal of satisfaction from these quaint memorials of her childhood.

Some of the dolls had been made by the Queen herself when she was only the little Princess Victoria. The bodies were fashioned in the usual way and the regulation china head attached. Many of them, however, were the quaint jointed wooden dolls that few children of the present day have seen, but that their grandmothers remember.

VARIETY OF DOLLS

Many of the dolls, which are now in the Kensington Museum, in London, are dressed in old Flemish costumes, in which red and yellow predominate, and wear ponderous wooden shoes. There are six of these, four being dressed as girls and two as boys. But most of the English dolls are dressed to represent historical personages, and some are named for friends of her Majesty's girlhood. Henry VIII. has a variety of counterfeit presentments, in one of which he is dressed in full armor made by fine stitches of silver thread, that give the appearance of steel. Queen Elizabeth was a favorite also, several dolls being dressed to represent her. Some are in court costume, made with nicest detail, and others are in riding habits.

A group composed of Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway and a figure representing Dr. Johnson show that the little Princess developed at an early age the literary tastes that have been characteristic of her life. Shakespeare is dressed evidently after the well-known picture in his house at Stratford-on-Avon, and his wife wears the costume of that period. To prevent possibility of "mistaken identity," the name of "Ann Hathaway" is written on the fine linen underclothes of that personage.

The French dolls represent Napoleon Bonaparte, Empress Josephine and Marie Louise. The Russian dolls show the Czar's

uniform of white broadcloth, gold-laced and corded, and various dazzling Court costumes. The headdress is of rich lace with strings of pearls. Dolls in Swiss and Italian costumes are numerous, and in every instance are faithful reproductions.

All the dolls were supplied by Victoria with outfits for every possible occasion, informal and state, day and night. Each had real hair, golden or brown, which at that time was a startling novelty.

Her Majesty permitted the publication of a book by a young English woman, called "Queen Victoria's Dolls," in which colored plates showed exactly how these infants of her childish years were dressed. It was stated at the time that, although the name Frances H. Low appeared on the title-page, the Queen's interest in her old friends was so strongly revived that she wrote much of the book herself.

DAILY PROGRAM FOR THE PRINCESS

The little Princess' day was passed as follows: She was called from her bed early and breakfasted at 8 o'clock in the morning-room of the palace, sitting beside her mother in a little rose-wood chair, with a table to match. A nurse standing beside her saw that she was sufficiently supplied with bread, milk and fruit. After breakfast she mounted her donkey for a ride around Kensington Gardens, or walked for an hour or two, and then, from ten to twelve, "little Drina" received instructions from her mother. Then came a good romp through the palace with her nurse, whom she called "Boppy." At 2 o'clock the little Princess dined plainly at her mother's luncheon table. Lessons came afterward until 4 o'clock, when she either went with her mother for a drive or spent the late afternoon in the gardens under the trees. Her mother dined at 7 o'clock, and the Princess supped at the same table from bread and milk. Thus simplicity of home life was maintained. The little girl was taught habits which insured a sound mind in a sound body. The tastes of the little Princess were very simple. When asked once at Maidstone, where her mother had stopped to

change horses, what refreshments she would like, she replied: "A small piece of stale bread." As one lady remarks: "Her bringing up was of the wisest and most simple fashion. It was healthful living, regularity in eating, sleeping and exercise. We may sum it up thus: plenty of exercise, simple food, plenty of air, of play, and of sleep." An occasional visit to Windsor to see her "Uncle King," and a few weeks at the seaside with her Uncle Leopold, were the only breaks in her childish life. When she was about eleven years old she paid a visit to the King, who was delighted with her "charming manners." In respect to this visit her grandmother, at Coburg, wrote: "The little monkey must have pleased and amused him; she is such a pretty, clever child."

Even when an old woman the Queen retained the fondness for little things she used to love in her childhood. She always cut the pages of new books and magazines with a little ivory paper-knife that she used when she was a tiny Princess, and was very nervous and angry once when the knife was mislaid, and she was obliged to travel from Buckingham Palace to Balmoral without it. When it was found a messenger followed with it on a special mission.

In her doll's house days she was very fond of making tea, and her children and grandchildren had no greater treat than to pour tea from a tiny melon-shaped teapot of German silver, with a very short spout, and the inscription, "May 24, 1827," engraved on it. This relic of the Queen's early days shows much signs of wear, but throughout her life it was in use on very great family occasions.

WARMTH OF JUVENILE FRIENDSHIP

We may quote from another who saw the Princess in her early days, Leigh Hunt, the celebrated author: "We remember well the peculiar kind of personal pleasure it gave us to see the future Queen, the first time we ever did see her, coming up a cross path from the Bayswater gate with a little girl about her own age by her side, whose hand she was holding, as if she loved her. It brought to our minds the warmth of our own juvenile friendship,

and made us fancy that she loved everything else that we had loved in like measure—books, trees, verses, Arabian tales, and the good mother who had helped to make her affectionate. A magnificent footman in scarlet came behind her, with the splendidest pair of calves in white stockings which we ever beheld. He looked somehow like a gigantic fairy personating truly for his little lady's sake the grandest kind of footman he could think of. And his calves he seemed to have made out of a couple of the biggest chaise-lamps in the possession of the godmother of Cinderella."

The little Victoria was very fond of dancing, an enjoyment of which she never tired. Love for this pleasure continued with her as Princess and Queen. As a princess, indeed, she danced but little, but when after marriage she began her happy home life, small dances at Buckingham Palace and at Windsor were of frequent occurrence.

At the latter place the crimson drawing-room, overlooking the famous east terrace, was always kept in the most perfect order for dancing. The floor is of satin and tulip woods. The Queen learned from old books every kind of figure. She studied them out herself and often taught them to the ladies of her Court. It was noticeable that young as her Majesty was at the time, and full of youthful spirits, she seldom waltzed with anyone but the Prince Consort or a royal visitor. The quadrilles, then the fashionable dance, she would bestow upon her other guests. In later years she had a great appreciation of skirt-dancing as given by the younger members of her Court.

The little Princess was not permitted to attend public worship in Kensington Church, for fear of attracting too much attention. Special religious services were conducted for her in the palace by her mother and her tutor. When visiting away from London she was taken to a village church and required to pay strict attention, so that when she reached home she could give her mother not only the text, but also the heads of the discourse. And those were the days of long and formal sermons.

The education of the Princess was conducted at first by her mother, with the help of Fraulein Lehzen, who at a later date was formally appointed her governess, and of whom she afterwards said, "I adored her, though I was greatly in awe of her." Her regular education began with her fifth year, when the Rev. George Davys, afterward bishop of Peterborough, became her tutor. She was reared to speak in French and German, as well as in her native tongue. By the time she reached her 11th year Italian, Latin, Greek, mathematics and music had been added to her studies. Sketching was one of her favorite occupations.

King George IV. presented the Princess on her fourth birthday with a superb token of remembrance, being a miniature portrait of himself richly set in diamonds. He also gave a State dinner party to the Duchess and her daughter. In the following year, in response to a message from his Majesty, Parliament voted an annual grant of £6,000 to the Duchess of Kent for the education of the young Princess, a very considerable sum, one would suppose, for the imparting of knowledge to a child of five years of age. We may well doubt if the results corresponded very fully with the outlay.

The Duchess of Kent was very solicitous for the education of her daughter, in view of the exalted station which she might some day be called to assume. The little Princess, on the contrary, could not always see why she should work harder over her books and study more difficult subjects than her youthful friends. "What good is this? What good is that?" were questions she sometimes petulantly asked, but as a rule she was obedient and worked diligently in the pursuit of knowledge. Her governess made a rule that she should finish whatever she was doing before she began anything else. This rule applied even to her amusements. Once, when playing at haymaking, she flung down her little rake, and was running off to seek some other amusements, but she was made to come back and finish the haycock she had begun before she was allowed to go away.

WESTMINSTER PARLIAMENT BUILDING, CLOCK TOWER AND THE ABBEY
From the River Thames.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, WESTMINSTER

One story of her school life is given by Bishop Wilberforce on the authority of her tutor. It describes vividly one of the most conspicuous and honorable features in her nature, her straightforward, unswerving honesty.

She had, child-like, been trifling over her lessons, which she was saying to her tutor in the presence of her governess, when the Duchess of Kent entered the room, and asked how the pupil was behaving.

"She was a little troublesome once," answered the governess.

"No, Lehzen, twice; don't you remember?" said the honest little Princess, touching her arm to call the incident to her attention.

Another example of her willingness to acknowledge a fault is the following: Once she persisted in playing with a dog against which she had been cautioned. The animal made a snap at her hand, and when the cautioner expressed his fears that she had been bitten, she replied: "Oh, thank you! thank you! You're right, and I am wrong; but he didn't bite me—he only warned me. I shall be careful in future."

HER ATTAINMENTS IN EARLY YEARS

She proved an apt scholar, and her attainments in early years reflected credit alike on her governesses and instructors, and on her own diligence and perseverance. At the age of eleven she could speak French and German with fluency, had some knowledge of Italian, and in Latin was a fair scholar, being able to read Virgil and Horace. Her Bible knowledge is mentioned as remarkable at that age; while she was also receiving lessons on the British Constitution, laws, and politics. She displayed considerable talent for music and drawing. At the age of six she sang "God Save the King" before her royal relatives, and at nine could play the piano very nicely.

The following incident is given as an illustration of the habits of strict economy and prudence enforced. The Princess had her allowance, and was never expected to exceed it. Once, at a bazaar

at Tunbridge Wells, she had bought presents for her relations, and had spent all her money, when she remembered one more cousin, and seeing a box at half-a-crown, which would just suit him, requested the people to place it with the other purchases. The governess, however, said, "No; you see the Princess has not got the money, and so of course cannot have the box." They then offered to lay the box aside for her, and the reply was, "Oh, well, if you will be so good." Next quarter-day Princess Victoria appeared riding on her donkey, before seven in the morning, paid for the box and carried it away.

Concerning this story Mrs. Oliphant writes: "This reads like a story out of 'Sanford and Merton,' but the Princess Victoria came by her father's side of a lavish and largely spending race, and no doubt, on this account, the discipline under which she was trained became more severe."

As illustrating the simple life of these early days, it is stated that the Princess Victoria, with her half-sister Feodora, might not unfrequently be seen going to a Kensington tradesman, buying a hat or some other article desired, and returning home carrying it in her hand.

HER MOTHER'S GOOD SENSE

In reading the records of the childhood days of the future Queen one is struck by its great simplicity and the marked good sense shown by the Duchess, her mother. Here, for example, is a glimpse afforded by Mr. Charles Knight of the Duchess and her daughter at Kensington:

"In the early morning, when the sun was scarcely high enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington's green alleys, as I passed along the broad central walk, I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which, to my mind, was a vision of exquisite loveliness.

"The Duchess of Kent, and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air—a single page attending upon them at a respectful distance—the matron looking on with eyes of love, whilst the 'fair soft English face' is bright with

smiles. The world of fashion is not yet astir. Clerks and mechanics, passing onward to their occupation, are few; and they exhibit nothing of that vulgar curiosity which I think is more commonly found in the class of the merely rich than in the ranks below them in the world's estimation.

"What a beautiful characteristic it seemed to me of the training of this royal girl, that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye—that she should not have been burdened with a premature conception of her probable high destiny—that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature—that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast-table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining parterre—that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the groves around her. I passed on and blessed her; and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruit of such training."

In her days as mother the Queen preserved the same simplicity of style in dressing her own children. In illustration of this the following incident is told:

"A fashionable lady went to Windsor Park at the hour when she understood royalty might be met. She was very anxious to see some of the royal family. She passed in one of the walks a lady and gentleman with two or three plainly-dressed children, but of these she took no notice. Farther on she encountered an old Scotch gardener, of whom she eagerly inquired if she had any chance of seeing the Queen in the park. His answer was, 'Weel, ye maun turn back and rin a good bit, for ye've passed her Majesty, the Prince, and the royal bairns.' Looking back she saw disappearing in the distance the group she had passed as 'too plain to be anybody,' and, as she bitterly said, 'I passed without as much as a look at them, or a loyal greeting.'"

When Victoria was nine years old, Sir Walter Scott, according to a record in his diary, dined with the Duchess of Kent, and by Prince Leopold was presented "to little Princess Victoria and heir apparent to the house, as things now stand." "This little lady," he

adds, "is educated with much care and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper: 'You are heir of England.' I suspect if we could dissect the little heart we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the royal family." He was mistaken in his estimate of her premature knowledge of her destiny. Three years more passed before she became aware of her heirship to the crown.

In speaking of the studies of the little royal maiden, something should have been said of her singing, in which she acquitted herself admirably, singing with taste and sweetness. Her teacher was the famous Lablache. Her accomplishments as a dancer have been already mentioned, and she was an excellent archer. But of out-door exercises she was fondest of riding. Her uncle, the Duke of York, had presented her a donkey, of which she was very fond. Throughout life she was devoted to the animals that bore her, from her childhood's donkey to the pony which she rode on her latest Highland excursions.

QUICKNESS AND READY WIT

As regards the mental quickness and ready wit of the Princess, an interesting example has been preserved. On one occasion her teacher read to her the story of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi—famous Roman patriots—the account telling how the noble matron presented her sons to her proud lady visitors, who had asked to see her jewels, with the memorable words, "These are my jewels."

"She should have said 'my Cornelians,'" replied the Princess, with witty readiness.

The first grief which the Princess was old enough to feel with any depth of sorrow came from the death of the Duke of York. She was at this time in her eighth year, and, as she had ever experienced great kindness and affection at the hands of her uncle, his loss affected her keenly. The Duke of York and the Duchess of Clarence were the two members of the royal family whom she most

loved, and his death was her earliest great loss. At the time she was unconscious that his demise brought her one step nearer the throne, though this knowledge would scarcely have lessened her sorrow.

Her earliest experience of the gayeties of Court life came in her tenth year, when at a drawing-room held during the season she had an opportunity of observing how a queen but little older than herself was received with royal honors at the Court of George IV. This young Sovereign was Donna Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal. The two children had previously exchanged some formal State visits, but official etiquette did not admit of a close intimacy.

HER FIRST DANCE

The first occasion on which the Princess Victoria danced in public was at a juvenile ball given by the King to Donna Maria. The young Queen presented an appearance of great splendor, for her dress blazed with all the jewels of the Portuguese crown; she was surrounded by her Court, and was led to the ball-room by the hand of the King himself. Little Victoria, who was simply dressed in white, was dazzled by so much magnificence, but, as a chronicler of the scene remarks, "the elegant simplicity of the attire and manners of the British heiress formed a strong contrast to the glare and glitter around the precocious Queen. These royal young ladies danced in the same quadrille, and though the performance of Donna Maria was greatly admired, all persons of refined taste gave the preference to the modest graces of the English-bred Princess."

The portraits of the Princess Victoria, executed during her infancy and childhood, are somewhat numerous. Sir William Beechey painted a picture in oil, representing the Duchess seated on a sofa upon which her young daughter stood beside her, and this painting is in the possession of the King of the Belgians. Turnerelli, the sculptor, executed an excellent bust of the Princess when she was in her third year, and in 1827, Mr. Behnes produced a marble bust, which is now in one of the corridors of Windsor

Castle. It was justly regarded as one of the most beautiful specimens of sculpture ever exhibited in the British schools of art, the likeness being perfect, the features delicately portrayed, and the expression admirable. Mr. Fowler, an artist of Ramsgate, executed two portraits of the Princess, one in her ninth year. Mr. Westall, R. A., painted a trustworthy full-length portrait of the Princess as she appeared when in her twelfth year.

CHAPTER III

From Princess to Queen

AN era of supreme importance came in the life of the youthful Princess when she first learned of the high dignity that seemed to await her. Fearing that the sweet modesty of childhood might be spoiled by a premature perception of the dazzling prospects before her, the Duchess deemed it wise, in her earlier years, to withhold from her daughter the knowledge that she would probably become Queen of England. When, however, she was about the age of twelve, circumstances occurred which indicated she should be informed of the dignity to which she would possibly be called. Various stories have been told as to how this was done; but the following, having received the Queen's *approval*, may be taken as correct. It is given in a letter addressed to the Queen by her former governess, Baroness Lehzen:

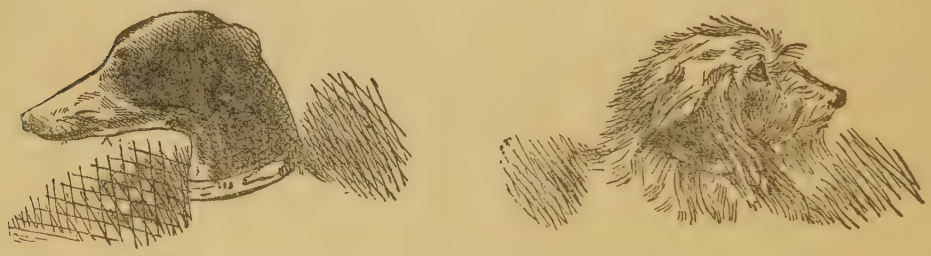
"I said to the Duchess of Kent that your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys (the Queen's instructor, afterwards the Bishop of Peterborough) was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.' The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be

good! I understand now why you urged me so much to learn Latin. You told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished; but I understand all better now.' And the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, *'I will be good!'*"

On the margin of this letter the Queen herself wrote: "I cried much on learning it."

The Duchess, fearing that there was some danger that the girlish head of her daughter might be turned by the great future that appeared to await her, counselled the young princess in these words:

"It is not you, but your future office and rank, which are regarded in the country. You must so act as never to bring that



FROM ETCHINGS MADE BY THE QUEEN

office and that rank into disgrace or disrespect." And at another time the purpose of her careful training was thus explained: "I am anxious to bring you up as a good woman, and then you will be a good Queen also." How well the mother succeeded in this endeavor the history of Victoria's reign is sufficient evidence.

When William IV. ascended the throne in 1830, there was but his one life between the Princess Victoria and the throne, which would be surely hers if she should live till his death, and he should have no other child. Parliament accordingly passed a bill providing for the contingency of the throne becoming vacant before she should attain her majority, which would come at the age of eighteen

The Duchess of Kent was made her guardian, and Regent of the Kingdom in such an event, to be assisted by a Council of Regency. Provision was soon afterwards made for her education and maintenance, and the proper support of the dignity of her position as heiress presumptive—£10,000 a year being voted, in addition to the previous annual grant of £6,000.

The Princess Victoria's first appearance at Court during King William's reign was made at the celebration of Queen Adelaide's birthday, on the 24th of February, 1831. The drawing-room held by her Majesty was stated to have been the most magnificent witnessed since that which signalized the presentation of the Princess Charlotte of Wales on the occasion of her marriage. The Princess Victoria stood on Queen Adelaide's left hand. Her dress was made entirely of articles made in the United Kingdom. She wore a frock of English blonde over white satin and a pearl necklace, while a rich diamond agraffe fastened the Madonna braids of her fair hair at the back of her head. She was the object of interest and admiration on the part of all assembled. The scene was one of the most splendid ever remembered, and the future Queen of England contemplated all that passed with much dignity, but with evident enjoyment. "We can," writes Miss Tytler, "call up before us the figure in its girlish pure white dress, the soft, open face, the fair hair, the candid blue eyes, the frank lips, slightly apart, showing the white, pearly teeth."

When King William prorogued his first Parliament an interesting circumstance occurred, which caused much enthusiasm amongst those who witnessed it. Queen Adelaide and the princesses witnessed the spectacle of the royal State procession. The people cheered the Queen lustily, but, forgetting herself, that gracious lady took the young Princess Victoria by the hand, led her to the front of the balcony, and introduced her to the happy and loyal multitude. In January, 1831, the Princess made her first appearance at the theatre, visiting Covent Garden, and thoroughly entering into the pleasures of the children's entertainment provided.

The Duchess of Kent was anxious that her daughter should know her own country; therefore they traveled much in England, being everywhere received with warm enthusiasm. They visited the various watering places and the seats of the nobility, also manufacturing centers. At Belper, in 1832, the Princess was shown over a cotton mill, and the mechanism minutely explained to her by Mr. Strutt, whose son, in 1856, was made a peer by the Queen.

In the summer of 1833, the Duchess and her daughter spent three pleasant months at Norris Castle, in the Isle of Wight. They lived as privately as possible, and, unembarrassed by the trammels of society, they highly enjoyed the charming scenery of the island, taking long walks and excursions alone. One day they were seen by a tourist sitting near the tomb of the "Dairyman's Daughter," in Arreton Churchyard. The Princess was reading aloud, in a full, melodious voice, the touching tale of the Christian maiden. He turned away, but was soon afterwards told by the sexton that the pilgrims to that humble shrine were the coming Queen of England and her Duchess mother.

They made many excursions from the castle in the yacht *Emerald*, visiting neighboring coast towns. While returning from one of these excursions the Princess made a narrow escape from death. The yacht ran afoul of the hulk of the *Active*, and her mainmast being sprung her sail and a piece of heavy wood were detached. The pilot, Mr. Saunders, quick as thought sprang to where the Princess was standing, lifted her in his arms to a more safe position further aft, and the next moment, crash! came the topmast down where the Princess had originally stationed herself. But for the prompt action of Mr. Saunders she must have been crushed to death.

Her Royal Highness bore herself with calmness while the event was passing, but after fully perceiving the imminent danger from which she had escaped she burst into tears, and thanked her preserver with artless grace for his great presence of mind. The pilot was promoted to the rank of master, and had the honor, at a

later time, of conveying Prince Albert in his vessel to England. On the death of Mr. Saunders the Queen made provision for his wife and family.

The Princess had soon her first experience of a duty which she performed very often afterwards :—she had to open something. On this occasion it was the Victoria Park, at Bath, which had the honor of her presence and official performance.

CURIOSITY ABOUT THE PRINCESS

Public curiosity about the Princess was now roused, and everyone, from the King downwards, thought that the widowed mother ought not to keep her child so secluded. Parliament had voted a large sum for her education, and people wanted more frequently to see the State pupil, so to speak. Ramsgate, for instance, —to which the Duchess and her daughter wished to go quietly, as other people do to the seaside—made preparations to receive them like victorious heroes. There were triumphal arches and streets lined with people, but the Duchess and her little daughter, avoiding both, took a byway to a house privately prepared for their reception. Those who had an eye to the influence of royalty on shops and lodging-houses were disappointed. The illustrious visitors attended neither fashionable concerts nor public meetings, and they took their seats at church unostentatiously, and behaved just like other people.

The next year or two, were spent by the Princess Victoria in quiet study. No pains were spared to fit her for the high position to which it now seemed nearly certain she would be called. Like most young people, however, she was sometimes a little troublesome. She did not always feel in the mood for pianoforte practice, and she was one day told that there was no royal road to perfection, and that only by much practice could she become "mistress of the piano." The Princess at once closed the piano, locked it, and put the key in her pocket. "Now, you see, there is a royal way of

becoming mistress of the piano!" she exclaimed. But, having had her little joke, she was soon persuaded to resume her practice.

On another occasion also the young lady looked at things from a point of view different from those who then exercised authority over her. The French master having given her a narrative to translate into French, when she had finished her mother desired her to thank M. Grandineau for his lesson. "No, mamma," was the reply. "M. Grandineau should thank me, for I have taken the trouble to translate the story for him."

PERPLEXITIES OF EDUCATION

In illustrating the difficulties which the tender mother had to encounter about this time, Mrs. Oliphant tells how the Duchess of Kent was blamed, on the one hand, for keeping the young Princess out of the buzz of the Court, and on the other for taking her on little expeditions, in order that she should become acquainted with her country. "Her mother kept her child from all vulgar contact with the crowd—it was 'a rigorous seclusion'; she took her to see a beautiful cathedral or an historical house—it was 'an attempt at a royal progress.'" Throughout all these difficulties and perplexities, the good mother sought to steer her way conscientiously.

The King and Queen appear to have been warmly attached to Victoria; Queen Adelaide, the bereaved mother, writing thus to the Duchess of Kent: "My children are dead, but your child lives, and she is mine too." King William is said by Greville, and some other contemporary writers, to have been a little jealous of the popularity of the youthful Princess. He himself loved her and wished to see her often, but rather objected to the "royal progresses," as he called the tours made by the Duchess and her daughter. The Duchess of Kent, however, who possessed considerable firmness and resolution, quietly adhered to her purpose of training her daughter in the manner she felt to be necessary for her future position.

The Duchess was doubtless well advised in preventing the youthful Princess from attaining too great familiarity with the social tone of the Court of William IV. That royal personage was by no means an estimable character, and little to be commended as were the Georges they, at least, had a much better idea of kingly decency and decorum than their successor, William. The King, however, by no means approved of the close seclusion of his niece, and, as we are told, much as he detested his ministers, he detested more the Duchess of Kent, who had not been sparing in her criticisms on the reception she had met from the royal family in England.

The Duchess had applied for a suite of apartments for her own use in Kensington Palace, and had been refused by the King. She appropriated the rooms, notwithstanding the denial. The King informed her publicly that he neither understood nor would endure conduct so disrespectful to him.

This, though said loudly and publicly, was only the muttering of a storm which broke next day. It was the royal birthday, and the King had invited a hundred people to dinner.

When replying to the speech in which his health had been proposed, the King burst forth in a bitter tirade against the Duchess.

"I trust in God," he exclaimed, "that I may have the satisfaction of leaving the royal authority on my death to the personal exercise of that young lady (pointing to the Princess), the heiress presumptive to the crown, and not in the hands of a person now near me, who is surrounded by evil advisers, and who is herself incompetent to act with propriety in the station in which she would be placed.

"I have no hesitation in saying that I have been insulted, grossly and continually insulted, by that person, but I am determined to endure no longer a course of behavior so disrespectful to me."

The King particularly complained of the manner in which the Princess had been prevented from attending at Court by her mother.

"For the future," he said, "I shall insist and command that the Princess do upon all occasions appear at my Court, as it is her duty to do."

One day during her first visit to the Royal Lodge (Windsor Park), King William entered the drawing room, holding his niece by the hand. The band was playing in an adjoining conservatory.

"Now, Victoria," said his Majesty, "the band is in the next room, and shall play any tune you please. What shall it be?" "Oh, uncle King," quickly replied the Princess, "I should like 'God Save the King.'" Another time his Majesty asked her what she had enjoyed most during her stay in Windsor. "The drive I took with you, uncle King," was the answer, the King having himself driven her in his pony carriage.

The loving anxiety felt for the training of her daughter by the Duchess of Kent, of whose tender solicitude and watchful care we have spoken, was shared by another, far away in Germany, who carefully watched the rearing of the Princess. This was her grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, who wrote, about the time of the death of George IV.:

"God bless Old England, where my beloved children live, and where the sweet Blossom of May may one day reign! May God, yet, for many years, keep the weight of a crown from her young head, and let the intelligent, clever child grow up to girlhood before this dangerous grandeur devolves upon her." And again, on her grandchild's birthday, she wrote: "My blessings and good wishes for the day which gave you the sweet Blossom of May. May God preserve and protect the valuable life of that lovely flower from all the dangers that will beset her mind and heart."

It may not be amiss, at this point in our narrative, to relate some anecdotes showing the native kindness of heart of the Princess in her girlhood days. On one occasion, when at Tunbridge Wells, she heard of a poor actress whose husband had died, leaving her in the deepest poverty and distress. Touched by the poor woman's trouble, the Princess resolved to give her ten pounds from

her own pocket money, and managed to coax her mother to give her another ten pounds for the purpose. With the twenty pounds she called on the widow, expressed her sympathy with her, and presented the money. Afterwards, when she came to the throne, she endowed the poor woman with an annuity of forty pounds per annum.

Another beautiful story is told of a poor widow who, placed in charge of a lighthouse on the south coast of the Mersey, had resolved to devote the receipts of one day in the year—in the visiting season, when she usually received a number of small gifts—to the missionary cause. On the day fixed upon, a lady in widow's garb and a girl came to see the lighthouse. Sympathy in misfortune led to conversation, and before the visitors left a sovereign was handed to the poor widow. She had never contemplated so large a gift, and a conflict arose as to putting the whole of it in the missionary box. By-and-by she compromised, it is said, and put in half-a-crown. But she could not sleep that night; conscience was uneasy; she had not fulfilled her promise; so she rose from her bed, took out the half-a-crown, and put in the sovereign. A few days afterwards, to her great astonishment, she received a letter from the widow lady, enclosing twenty pounds from herself and five pounds from her daughter, these being persons of no less consequence than the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria.

There is another story, possibly apocryphal, but not out of tone with the character of the young Princess. She was in a jeweller's shop, making some purchase, when she observed a young lady selecting a gold chain. One chain seemed to please her very much, but, with a sigh, she said she could not afford it, and bought a cheaper one. After the young lady had left the shop, the Princess made some inquiries, and then, paying for the chain which had pleased the young lady, ordered both chains to be sent home to her. In the packet Princess Victoria placed her own card, writing thereon a few words in which she commended her prudence and

self-denial, and requested her to accept the chain originally selected as a present from Victoria.

There is told still another story, of different character. While on a visit to Wentworth House, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, the Princess was walking in the garden after a wet night. An old gardener saw her when on the point of descending a sloping piece of lawn, and, not knowing her, called out :—

"Be careful, Miss; it's *slape*." (Yorkshire for "slippery.")

"Slape!" was the reply. "What's slape?"

"Very slippery, Miss," responded the gardener.

"Oh! that's all. Thank you," she said, and continued down the slope. In a moment her feet slipped and down she tumbled. As the gardener ran to pick her up, he said:

"That's slape, Miss."

"Yes," she replied. "I shall never forget the word *slape*."

There was an old soldier-servant of her father, called Hillman, who had a very delicate daughter. The Princess often went to see her, and when she became Queen she did not forget her in the excitement of a new life. She sent a lady of her houshold to the sick girl with the gift of a Book of Psalms, marked by her Majesty at the days on which she read them herself, and with the book a marker bearing an embroidered dove—the emblem of peace—on it, the work of her own royal hands. The girl showed those tokens of remembrance to her clergyman with tears.

The Princess was trained to be courteous and affable to high and low alike. One day, when walking near Malvern, where she and her mother were staying, she was running on with her little dog in advance of her mother and governess. Overtaking a peasant girl of her own age, neatly dressed, and probably wishing to enter into conversation with her, she said:

"My dog is very tired. Will you carry him, please?"

The good-natured child, ignorant of the rank of the speaker, took up the dog, and walked along for some time by the side of the Princess, the girls chatting merrily together. At last she said:

"I am tired now, and can't carry your dog any longer."

"Indeed!" the Princess said. "Impossible! You have only carried him a little way."

"Quite far enough," the girl replied. "Besides, I am going to my aunt's; and if your dog must be carried, why not carry him yourself?"

"And who is your aunt?"

"Mrs. Johnstone, the miller's wife."

"And where does she live?"

"In that little white house at the bottom of the hill."

As they talked they stood still, which gave the Duchess of Kent and the governess time to come up.

"Oh, I should like to see your aunt," the Princess said. "I will go with you. Let us run down the hill together."

"No, no, Princess," the governess said, taking her hand; "you have talked long enough with this little girl, and now the Duchess wishes you to walk with her."

At the word "Princess" the other child blushed with confusion; but she was kindly thanked by the Duchess for her trouble, and received a present of half-a-crown. She curtseyed her thanks, ran off to her aunt's, and related her adventure. The half-crown was afterwards framed and hung up as a memento of her meeting with the future Queen.

As years went on the "royal progresses" were continued, the Duchess and her daughter visiting some section of the country annually. They spent the winter of 1834 at St. Leonards, and here again the life of the Princess was in danger. While she and her mother were driving between Hastings and St. Leonards, the horses became restive and ran away. The spot was one between the cliffs and the sea that rendered such an adventure very dangerous. The unmanageable horses might easily have hurled the carriage against the rocks, or have flung it into the sea. A gentleman, Mr. Peckham Meiklethwaite, who was near at hand, rushed to the rescue, seized the horses, and, with the aid of others, brought them to a stand.

For his readiness and courage, and the value of his service, Victoria made him a baronet on her accession to the throne.

After the return to Kensington Palace the Princess suffered from a severe attack of illness. For some time preceding her fifteenth birthday she looked pale and languid, and the violent changes of temperature subjected her to the only serious indisposition she had hitherto experienced. She soon recovered her health, however, and was able to accompany King William and Queen Adelaide to the Grand Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey, when she was greeted with enthusiasm and affection by the loyal crowds which had assembled on the occasion.

In 1835 the Duchess and her daughter visited Burghley House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter. Here three hundred noble guests had the pleasure of seeing their future Queen, and the Princess opened the ball, dancing with Lord Exeter. After that one dance she withdrew and went to bed.

AN AMERICAN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE PRINCESS

The Ascot races of June, 1835, were witnessed by a brilliant gathering. On the principal day the Princess Victoria made her first appearance on a race-course with the royal family. She was seen there, in company with Queen Adelaide, by the American writer, N. P. Willis, who thus put on record his opinion of her appearance:

"In one of the intervals I walked under the King's stand, and saw her Majesty the Queen and the young Princess Victoria very distinctly. They were leaning over the railing, listening to a ballad-singer, and seeming to be as much interested and amused as any simple country-folk would be. The Princess is much better-looking than any picture of her in the shops, and for the heir to such a crown as that of England, quite unnecessarily pretty and interesting."

Carlyle, in a private letter—written in 1838—pictures the young Queen in something of his usual quaint style: "Going

through the Green Park yesterday, I saw her little Majesty taking her departure for Windsor. I had seen her another day at Hyde Park Corner coming in from the daily ride. She is decidedly a pretty-looking little creature; health, clearness, graceful timidity, looking out from her young face, 'frail cockle on the black bottomless deluges.' One could not help some interest in her, situated as mortal seldom was."

Similar testimonies to the prettiness of the Princess are numerous—many of them, very likely, inspired by loyalty rather than conviction. Greville, speaking of her appearance at the ball, given in 1839 to the little Queen of Portugal, is less complimentary. "It was pretty enough," he says, "and I saw for the first time our little Victoria. Our little Princess is a short, plain-looking child, and not near so good-looking as the Portuguese."

THE CONFIRMATION OF THE PRINCESS

On the 30th of August, 1835, the Princess was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, the ceremony taking place in the Chapel Royal, St. James'. The King and Queen and some other members of the royal family were present. The scene was a touching one, the Princess exhibiting strong marks of sensibility during the pathetic exhortation in which the Archbishop spoke of the great responsibility attaching to her exalted station. When he reminded her of the necessity of looking up to the King of Kings for counsel and support in the trials that awaited her, her composure gave way, tears flowed from her eyes, and at length, overcome by emotion, she laid her head upon her mother's shoulder and sobbed aloud.

In May, 1836, there came to visit "Aunt Kent and Cousin Victoria" at Kensington, two young German Princes, Ernest and Albert, the latter being the one whose life afterwards was to be so closely twined with that of his fair young cousin. Albert was three months younger than Victoria, and almost from the first his grandmother hoped he would become husband of the Queen of England.

It is said his nurse used to talk to him of "his little bride in England, the sweet Mayflower." The cousins met for the first time when the Duke of Saxe Coburg came with his two sons to London.

"What a peep at fairyland that must have been," one author writes, "when in the blossoming May the two who were to be eternally united met for the first time! The beautiful gardens full of bloom and sweetness, the fair young Princess in the quaint, old palace, waiting, as it were, for the destined knight; the sunshine and shadow; the perfume and melody surrounding her!"

But the visit was not all an idyl. True, the Prince accompanied the Princess in her songs, and aided her in her drawings; but he had to attend a King's levee, which he found "very fatiguing, but interesting;" also to dine with the King and Queen, and attend a concert which lasted till two in the morning. Then there was a drawing-room, where Victoria stood beside the Queen, and he saw nearly two thousand persons pass by. This was followed by a dinner, very long and very late, where the Prince, used to simple German habits and early hours, "had some hard battles to fight against sleepiness." There was also a splendid fancy ball at Kensington, where the Prince had to stay up till four o'clock in the morning. In addition there was much visiting and sight-seeing, and Ernest and Albert were probably glad enough when their four weeks' visit came to an end.

In the following year the Princess Victoria came of age—at eighteen English sovereigns are declared of age. There were great rejoicings. The 24th of May was observed as a general holiday. In the early hours of morning bands serenaded the Princess, and the day closed with a grand State ball at St. James' Palace, where, for the first time, the Princess took precedence of her mother. This was, however, merely a formal and ceremonial precedence, for we read that in every detail of home and private life the mother was as implicitly obeyed and as tenderly loved as ever she had been. The Princess danced first with Lord Fitzalan, who became Duke of Norfolk, and afterwards with the Austrian

Prince Esterhazy. The latter was then making a brilliant figure in society, not because of his merits, but because he sparkled with diamonds literally from head to foot. They were even upon the heels of his boots. In the evening the metropolis was brilliantly illuminated, and the event was celebrated by public rejoicing in many parts of the country.

The Princess received many beautiful presents—amongst others a magnificent pianoforte, worth two hundred guineas, from the King. On the following day numerous addresses were presented from various cities, towns and societies.

On May 29, 1837, she made her last appearance at Court as Princess Victoria, and shortly afterwards her final appearance in public as heiress presumptive at the charity ball given at the Opera House for the benefit of the Spitalfields weavers. Her life as Princess thus closed with a charitable act, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that the terrible sufferings which afflicted the poor in the East End were soon afterward alleviated.

The King and Queen had not been able to attend the birthday ball of the Princess. He was then lying on a bed of sickness, and his wife in close attendance upon him. In less than a month from that day death entered the King's palace and William IV. "was gathered to his fathers." The Princess Victoria had become QUEEN VICTORIA, Monarch of the United Kingdom.

CHAPTER IV

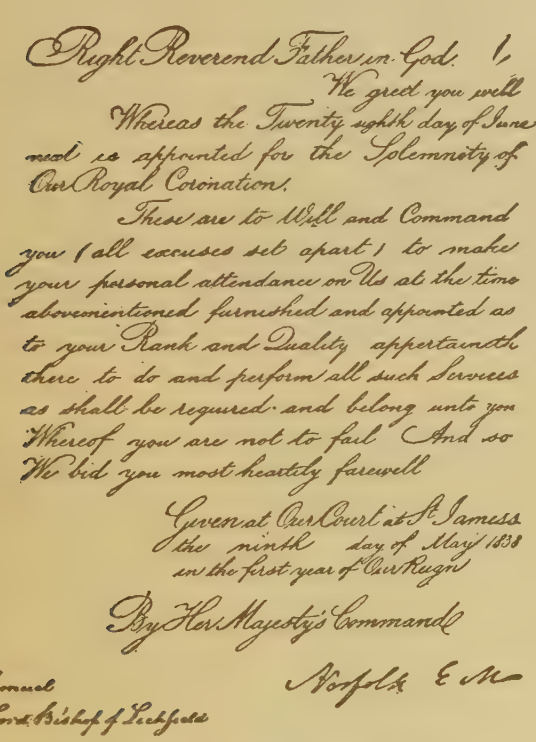
Accession and Coronation

AT midnight of June 20, 1837, the Princess Victoria was happily asleep in her bed at Kensington Palace, her mind free from all dreams of royalty and queenliness, for if any dreams came to her in that sweet slumber they were those due to girlish thoughts and a wholesome young life. But events were hastening which would rouse her suddenly to fresh thoughts and a new life. Two hours passed, during which, in a room of Windsor Castle, a dying King lay breathing his last. Suddenly on the closed doors of Kensington Palace came a furious knocking, enough, as it would seem, to waken the dead, though no echo of it reached the sleeping Princess in her distant chamber. It was the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain of England, coming in headlong haste to inform the slumbering maiden that she was no longer a Princess, but a Queen. King William IV. had passed from life at twelve minutes after two of that memorable morning of the 20th of June, and, as custom demanded, they sped to be the first to say: "The King is dead; long live the Queen!"

What followed is graphically told by Miss Wynn, in her "Diary of a Lady of Quality:"

"They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed to be forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance.

"After another delay and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come on business of State to the *Queen*, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few moments she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."



Right Reverend Father in God, We greet you well

Whereas the Twenty eighth day of June next is appointed for the Solemnity of Our Royal Coronation:

These are to Will and Command you (all excuses set apart) to make your personal attendance on Us at the time abovementioned furnished and apparelled as to your Rank and Quality appertaineth there to do and perform all such Services as shall be required and belong unto you Whereof you are not to fail And so We bid you most heartily farewell

Given at Our Court at St James's the ninth day of May 1838 in the first year of Our Reign

By Her Majesty's Command

Norfolk E M

To Samuel Lord Bishop of Lichfield

INVITATION TO THE CORONATION

It is said that the Queen's first words, turning to the Primate, were: "I beg your Grace to pray for me;" which he did.

The next thing was to write to the widowed Queen Adelaide a kind letter, in reply to a request that she might stay at Windsor until after the funeral. It was addressed to "Her Majesty the Queen." Someone remarked that it should be directed to the Queen Dowager. "I am aware of that," was the reply of her who was a lady as well as a Queen; "but I will not be the first to remind her of her altered position." The same kind instinct was shown by another act of the Sovereign. When she was going to Windsor to visit "Aunt

Adelaide," she directed that the flag on the castle, which was half-mast high from respect to the late King, should not be drawn up on her arrival.

The case was this, as Carlyle well put it. A girl at an age when, in ordinary circumstances, she would hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet for herself, was called upon to undertake responsibilities from which an archangel might have shrunk. Naturally, everyone was anxious to know how she would act. This was seen at her first Privy Council, held at eleven o'clock on the day of which we are speaking. "Never," said Greville, "was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior. She went through the first ceremonies with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating." The Duke of Wellington told the Clerk of the Council that if she had been his own daughter, he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST SPEECH

The girl-Queen, who was plainly dressed, and in mourning, bowed on entering the room, and then sat down upon the arm-chair or extemporized throne that had been placed at the head of the table. She at once began to read in a clear and distinct voice, without any embarrassment, the following speech :—

"The severe and afflicting loss which the nation has sustained by the death of his Majesty, my beloved uncle, has devolved upon me the duty of administering the government of this Empire. This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly, and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it, and that I shall find in the purity of my intentions, and in my zeal for the public welfare, that support and those resources which usually belong to a more mature age and to

ST. JAMES' PALACE

One of the ancient Palaces of the English Kings. It contains a beautiful Royal Chapel

THE ROYAL CHAPEL IN ST. JAMES' PALACE

Where many of the christening of Royal Children take place

THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA
Celebrated in St. James Palace, February, 1840.

long experience. I place my firm reliance on the wisdom of Providence, and upon the loyalty and affection of my people. I esteem it also a peculiar advantage that I succeed to a sovereign whose constant regard for the rights and liberties of his subjects, and whose desire to promote the amelioration of the laws and institutions of this country, have rendered his name the object of general attachment and veneration. Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country. It will be my unceasing study to maintain the reformed religion, as by law established, securing, at the same time, to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty. And I shall steadily protect the rights and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects."

A TRAIT OF THE QUEEN'S PERSONAL CHARACTER

After the Queen had read her speech and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councilors were sworn; the two royal Dukes first by themselves. "And," says Greville, "as these old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations; and this was the only sign of emotion that she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after the other to kiss her hand; but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance to any individual of any rank, station, or party."

When taking the oath about the Church of Scotland, a trait of the Queen's personal character peeped out. Recapitulating the Act of Parliament which used the old-fashioned word *intituled*, her

Majesty pronounced it as it was spelt, upon which, Viscount Melbourne, who stood beside her, whispered: "*Entitled*, please your Majesty." The little lady drew herself up, and darting a swift glance of surprise and indignation at her First Lord of the Treasury, re-cast her eyes upon the paper before her, repeating, with a raised voice and perceptible emphasis: "An Act *intituled*."

An hour after the Privy Council there was another Council: that of the Cabinet Ministers. Over this the royal young lady presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life. Pale and fatigued, she went at its conclusion to her mother, and throwing herself on that loving breast, burst into tears. When soothed and quieted, she said: "I can scarcely believe I am Queen of England; but I suppose I am."

The mother answered: "You know you are, my love. The scene you have just left must have assured you."

Smiling, the Queen said: "I suppose I shall grow used to it." Then, half-earnestly, half-playfully: "Since it is so, and your little daughter is Sovereign of this great country, I shall make you the object of my first royal experiment. Your Queen commands you, dear mamma, to leave her quite alone for two hours."

The Princess Victoria was formally proclaimed Queen of Great Britain and Ireland on the the 21st of June, from St. James' Palace. Long before the hour fixed for the ceremony all the avenues to the palace were crowded, every balcony, window, and elevated position being filled with spectators. The space in the quadrangle, in front of the window at which her Majesty was to appear, was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and even the parapets above were filled with people. The great Irish agitator, O'Connell, in the front line opposite the windows, attracted considerable attention by waving his hat and cheering most vehemently.

The guns in the park fired a salute at ten o'clock, and immediately afterwards the Queen made her appearance at the window of the Presence Chamber.

She stood between Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne, and was received with deafening cheers. Her mother also, who was close behind her, received most cordial plaudits. The Queen looked very fatigued and pale, but returned the repeated cheers with which she was greeted with remarkable ease and dignity. She was dressed in deep mourning, with a white tippet, white cuffs, and a border of white lace under a small black bonnet, which was placed far back on her head, exhibiting her light hair in front simply parted over her forehead. The Queen and the Duchess of Kent regarded the proceedings with much interest. As her Majesty appeared at the window the band of the Royal Guards struck up the national anthem. On its conclusion, Sir William Woods, acting for the Garter King-at-Arms, and accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal of England, read aloud the proclamation containing the official announcement of the death of King William IV., and of the consequent accession of Queen Victoria to the throne of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

About three weeks after being proclaimed, her Majesty left Kensington, and took up her residence in Buckingham Palace. Four days later she went in State to prorogue Parliament. Her carriage was drawn by eight cream-colored horses—"the creams" so dear to the London populace. This was preceded by the Marchalmen, a party of Yeomen of the Guard, in State costumes, and runners. On arriving at the House of Lords, she was saluted by a battalion of the Guards, and while their band played the national anthem she was conducted to a splendid new throne. When she had taken her seat, the royal mantle of purple velvet was placed on her Majesty's shoulders by the Lords-in-waiting.

It was certainly not on account of any deficiency in raiment that this addition was made, for the Queen had already on a crimson velvet robe trimmed with gold and ermine, and underneath a white silk kirtle also embroidered with gold. She wore a stomacher ablaze with diamonds. On her arms were diamond bracelets, and on the left one the badge of the Order of the Garter.

Then the Queen began to read her speech in a voice which Fanny Kemble, the great actress, who was present, tells us, "was exquisite. Nor have I ever heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness than 'My Lords and Gentlemen,' which broke the breathless silence of the illustrious assembly whose gaze was riveted on that fair flower of royalty. The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen."

The speech ended with an emphatic commendation of the proposal to diminish capital punishment, and a promise that she would endeavor to strengthen and improve the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of the country. The Duke of Sussex, with tears rolling down his aged cheeks, could not refrain from softly exclaiming as, with deep feeling, the Queen thus struck the key-note of her reign, "Beautiful! beautiful!"

HER FIRST GREAT PRIME MINISTER

That this ceremony, following as it did so many others, was a great strain is proved by the fact that on returning to the robing-room the young Sovereign fainted. Indeed, the Duchess of Kent had dreaded the effect of so much excitement, and had endeavored to persuade her not to prorogue Parliament in person; but she scorned the idea of excitement, and told her mother that it was "a word she did not like to hear."

During the next two months there was a round of receptions, drawing-rooms, concerts, balls. At her Majesty's first *soirée* two thousand gentlemen were present. The crush was so great that orders and decorations were torn off and diamond buckles lost from shoes.

After her accession the Queen had to face many difficulties, but she was fortunate in having a Prime Minister like Lord Melbourne to explain her official duties. He was in his fifty-eighth year, and inspired his royal mistress with a great respect for his

ability and experience of public life. It is said that he began his instruction by reading to her the story of Solomon asking for wisdom when told to request that which he most desired.

For so young a Sovereign her conscientiousness was great. The Prime Minister used to say that he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen, for he could not present a single document for signature without her Majesty asking many questions about it, and frequently saying that she would have to take time to consider. From the first she let him know her intention in this matter. It was one day when he said that her Majesty need not scruple to sign a certain paper without examination, as it was not a matter of "paramount importance."

"But it is for me," she replied, "a matter of paramount importance whether or not I attach my signature to a document with which I am not thoroughly satisfied."

Not less firm and conscientious was the reply of the youthful monarch when the same adviser urged the expediency of some measure: "I have been taught, my lord, to judge between what is right and what is wrong; but expediency is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand."

ATTENTION TO RELIGIOUS DUTIES

The following story is of interest, as showing the young Queen's strict adherence to the duty of discriminating between her religious and secular duties: Late one Saturday evening, after she had gone to Windsor, one of her Ministers arrived at the Castle.

"I have brought down for your Majesty's inspection some documents of great importance. But as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your Majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning! To-morrow is Sunday, my lord."

"True, your Majesty, but business of the State will not admit of delay."

"I am aware of that, and, as your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if the papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents to-morrow."

Next morning the Queen and Court went to church, the noble lord accompanying them. The sermon was on "The Christian Sabbath, its duties and obligations." After service the Queen inquired:

"How did your lordship like the sermon?"

"Very much indeed, your Majesty," was his reply, although he was rather uncomfortable.

"Well, then, I will not conceal from you that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall be improved by the sermon."

After this nothing was naturally said about the State papers that day. At night, before retiring, the Queen said:

"To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please—as early as seven, my lord, if you like—we will look into these papers."

"I could not think of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour—nine o'clock will be quite soon enough." And so it was, the State business was attended to, and the Minister returned to London in time for his duties.

"The Queen," says Miss Yonge, "took up her abode for the chief part of the year in Buckingham Palace, using beautiful Windsor Castle for her country home, and with her mother always by her side. Every one was eager to see their young Sovereign, and very kindly did she gratify them, always bearing in mind the saying of old Louis XVIII., that the politeness of royalty is punctuality. The custom was that the royal family should parade on Sunday afternoons on the broad terrace at Windsor, and the public be admitted to see them, and eagerly did they avail themselves of the opportunity; but this is one of the many things that have been put an end to by the greater facility and cheapness of traveling, since such crowds would have thronged by train to enjoy the spectacle as to destroy all comfort even for themselves, and cause confusion."

On November 9th came a memorable day for London, when the Queen paid a State visit to the city, and was present at the inaugural banquet of the Lord Mayor. This was an elaborate ceremony, of which we must be excused from giving the particulars, since grander and more important ceremonies remain to be described. We trust it will be of more interest to the reader to be told an example of the Queen's kindness of heart.

The Duke of Wellington brought the death-warrant of a soldier for her Majesty's signature. It was her first dread act of the kind, and she shrank from the duty. With tears in her eyes she asked:

"Have you nothing to say on behalf of this man?"

"Nothing," replied the Iron Duke; "he has deserted three times."

"Oh, your Grace, think again!"

"Well, your Majesty, he is certainly a bad soldier; but there was somebody who spoke as to his good character. He may be a good fellow in private life."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the Queen, as she dashed off the words, "Pardoned, Victoria," on the awful parchment.

Owing to her natural shrinking from this unpleasant duty, an Act of Parliament was passed authorizing the signature to be performed by commission.

COURT ETIQUETTE

The fact that Court etiquette and antiquated precedent were at this time considered of so much importance caused her Majesty's life to be more or less a laborious parade. Even her mother could not enter the Queen's room without a special summons. This was to avoid giving cause for suspicion of undue influence. When her old governess, the Duchess of Northumberland, came to visit her, the officials agreed that the royal maiden must receive her sitting. This, however, was too much for the girl's warm heart. She could not help running to meet the Duchess, throwing her arms round her neck, and kissing her with the old warmth.

During the first months of the reign, much worry, which is more trying than work, was caused by both Whigs and Tories claiming the Sovereign for their own. It was difficult work to show by every word and act that she understood too well the duties of a constitutional monarch to favor any party. All that the Whigs could say was that she did not turn them out of office when she became Queen. What the Tories replied to this may be seen by the following, which someone inscribed on the window-pane of an inn at Huddersfield:

"The Queen is with us," Whigs insulting say,
"For when she found us in, she let us stay."
It may be so; but give me leave to doubt
How long she'll keep you *when she finds you out.*

The Queen began her reign by acquiring the habit of working hard, but she was too sensible to give all her time to work, one of her relaxations being the habit of riding, of which she was very fond. Greville tells us that she used to ride almost every day at two o'clock with a large suite—the larger, the more to her liking.

"She rides for two hours along the road, and the greater part of the time at a full gallop. After riding, she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing, romping with children, if there are any in the castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there), or in any other way she fancies."

That the Queen had considerable knowledge of and proficiency in music was well known, as may be inferred from the unwitting compliment which Sir George Smart, the conductor, paid when he told the orchestra who were to play before her at the Guildhall banquet: "We must be very particular, for if we are at all at fault, her Majesty's ear will detect our blunder."

Most people have read Mendelssohn's description of his visit to the Queen and her husband soon after their marriage. The Prince Consort had asked the great composer to come to Windsor

QUEEN VICTORIA TAKING THE OATH TO MAINTAIN
THE PROTESTANT FAITH

"I will, to the utmost of my power, maintain the Protestant Reform Religion, established by Law, and will maintain inviolably the settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland"

Westminster Abbey, June 28th, 1838.

THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT
At the Coronation By C. R. Leslie, R.A. (In the royal collection.)

THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL

and try a new organ for him. Afterwards, the Prince was induced to play the instrument himself, and then Mendelssohn ventured to ask her Majesty to sing, which she graciously did, choosing one of the great artist's own compositions. The composer was delighted, but the Queen did not think that she had done herself justice on the occasion, for she said apologetically: "Oh! if only I had not been so frightened; generally, I have such long breath."

It is the usual etiquette that the coronation of a sovereign should be delayed some time after the accession; hence the first year of Victoria's reign she was an uncrowned Queen. The coronation was fixed for June 28, 1838, and the early part of that year seems to have been largely occupied by elaborate preparations for this ceremonial.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

Questions of importance arose, which had to be settled in advance, the coronation of a maiden calling for regulations not necessary in that of a man. There was, for instance, the prescribed ceremony that the sovereign should be kissed on the left cheek by all "the lords spiritual and temporal." The youthful Queen naturally shrank from the ordeal of being kissed by some six hundred men, and the matter was compromised by substituting the hand for the face.

Then came the question of the crown. The old one, worn by the recent kings, was of seven pounds' weight—rather too heavy a burden for a girlish head,—and a new one of half the weight was ordered to be made. This, while lighter, was of greater elegance in design and much more costly. It was "composed of a cap of rich purple velvet enclosed by hoops of silver. Precious stones so completely covered these hoops, that the body seemed a blaze of diamonds. The hoops were surmounted by a ball covered with small diamonds, and having a Maltese cross of brilliants on the top, and in the centre of the cross a magnificent sapphire. The rim of the crown was ornamented with *fleur-de-lis* and Maltese crosses of rare and singularly rich and beautiful description. In front of the

crown sparkled a celebrated ruby, shaped like a heart, once worn by Edward the Black Prince; and beneath, an immense oblong sapphire. Ermine surrounded the lower part of the crown, wrought with a vast number of gems—rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and clusters of drop pearls. The crown is stated to have contained 2,166 precious stones, and to have been valued at £113,000, or nearly $600,000, before the celebrated Koh-i-noor was added to it."

As the day for the supreme ceremony approached the excitement in London rose to fever heat. In Westminster Abbey, where the crowning was to take place, elaborate preparations were made, and the Earl-Marshal, who did his utmost to provide for the multitude of applications for admittance, was obliged to refuse thousands an opportunity to witness the spectacle. The orchestra and choir numbered 400, and many ladies, it is said, gained admission on Coronation Day by donning some kind of white dress and overall, which enabled them to pass as choristers. Peers gained admission for their children by dressing them as pages, and bringing them instead of servants. The poet Campbell gained admission by arguing that as a corner of the Abbey was devoted to dead poets, a little space ought to be given to a living one.

A MARVELOUS SCENE

Outside the Abbey, the city was as active in preparation for the grand event. Hyde Park presented a marvelous scene. Permission had been given for a fair in the middle of the park. A great space, some 14,000 feet in length, was set apart, and in it booths, shows, and all sorts of things connected with a fair were erected. Here, night by night, thousands of people assembled. In St. James' Park, also, tents were pitched; this being an artillery encampment, for the soldiers marched up from Woolwich to fire the salutes.

A general holiday was announced for Coronation Day. Prisoners, as well as paupers, were to feast royally. Great banquets were arranged. An ox was roasted whole in Bishopsgate. Coronation poems and effusions of every kind were published. The

dressmakers were working day and night. Along the line of the proposed procession scaffolds were erected, and windows and seats let at fancy and almost fabulous prices.

The grand climax of all this bustle of anticipation was reached on Coronation Day, June 28, 1838. At sunrise London was aroused by the roar of artillery, the church bells rang out merry peals, and by five o'clock some ladies of the highest ranks, who had spent all night at their toilet, were found standing at the doors of the Abbey, anxious to secure a good seat. It was the same in the densly crowded streets, in which many persons had chosen good positions on the previous evening, and remained all night in the selected spot.

CORONATION SCENE

Soon after ten o'clock the Queen entered her State coach of glass and gilt at Buckingham Palace; a salute of twenty-one guns boomed forth; the royal standard was run up by a party of tars on the Marble Arch, the bands struck up "God Save the Queen," the people shouted themselves hoarse, and we are told that the young Sovereign was "pale with intense feeling, her lips quivered, and there were moments when she with difficulty restrained her tears as she acknowledged the enthusiastic greeting of the enraptured myriads."

At the corner of Pall Mall the crowd was so dense that the carriage was forced to halt. The police, eager to clear the way quickly, began to use their truncheons on the heads of the throng. Seeing this, the Queen, with much feeling, bade the Master of the Horse to put an instant stop to this, and instruct the police to desist from all harsh measures. Said a paper the next morning, "Many a citizen has this day to thank his Sovereign for a whole pate."

While this was passing in the street, Westminster Abbey was densely thronged. The brilliant scene is thus described by Miss Martineau, in her "Autobiography:"

"The stone architecture contrasted finely with the gay colors of the multitude. From my high seat, I commanded the whole north transept, the area with the throne, and many portions of galleries and balconies which were called the vaultings. Except the mere sprinkling of oddities, everybody was in full dress. The scarlet of the military officers mixed in well, and the groups of the clergy were dignified (some of them splendid: the prebends, for example, were in gorgeous robes originally worn at the coronation of James II., and carefully preserved for such august occasions). To an unaccustomed eye, the prevalence of court dresses had a curious effect; I was perpetually taking whole groups of gentlemen for Quakers, till I recollected myself. The Earl Marshal's assistants, called 'gold sticks,' looked well from above, lightly flitting about in white breeches, silk stockings, blue laced frocks, and white sashes. The throne, covered, as was its footstool, with cloth of gold, stood on an elevation of four steps in front of the area. The first peeress took her seat at a quarter to seven, and three of the bishops came next. From that time peers and the ladies arrived faster and faster. Each peeress was conducted by two gold sticks, one of whom handed her to her seat, and the other bore and arranged her train on her lap, and saw that her coronet, footstool, and books were comfortably placed.

"About nine o'clock the first gleams of the sun started into the Abbey, and presently traveled down to the peeresses. I had never before seen the full effect of diamonds. As the light traveled, each lady shone out as a rainbow. The brightness, vastness, and dreamy magnificence of the scene produced a strange effect of exhaustion and sleepiness. The guns told when the Queen set forth, and there was universal animation. The gold sticks flitted about; there was tuning in the orchestra; and the foreign ambassadors and their suites arrived in quick succession. At half-past eleven the guns told that the Queen had arrived."

After robing in the robing-room, her Majesty entered the Abbey at the head of the procession, between the Bishops of Bath

and Wells and Durham. She was dressed in a royal robe of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine and gold lace. Eight young ladies of her own age, peers' daughters, bore her train. Behind her came the procession of the Regalia.

Nothing could have been more enthusiastic than the cry of "God save the Queen!" that was raised in response to the question which the Archbishop of Canterbury proclaimed in ancient formula: "Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm. Wherefore, all of you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

After the Litany was read, her Majesty presented a splendid altar-cloth and an ingot of gold. These with the insignia of royalty —sceptre, dove, orb, spurs—were placed on the altar; then followed the Communion Service and a sermon. The anointing came next, which was done as the Queen sat in King Edward's chair under a cloth of gold, held over her by four Knights of the Garter. Her head and hands were touched with oil from the gold ampulla on the altar, and these words pronounced:

"Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed," etc.

As the Queen knelt and the crown was placed on her brow, a ray of sunlight fell on her face, and, being reflected from the diamonds, made a kind of halo round her head. Simultaneously the peers and peeresses put on their coronets and the Abbey became resplendent with the glitter of gold and jewels. At the same time the bishops put on their caps, and the kings-at-arms their crowns; and outside the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and volleys were fired from the guns of the Tower and park. The orchestra sent its full peal rolling through the aisles of the Abbey, and acclamations broke forth from every side.

When the acclamations had ceased, the Archbishop cried aloud: "Be strong, and of good courage!" to which an anthem replied: "The Queen shall rejoice in Thy strength, O Lord!" The solemn presentation of the Bible, the choir singing the

Te Deum, and the lifting of the monarch into the throne of homage, succeeded. While these ceremonies were going on, gold and silver commemorative medals were scattered about and scrambled for by the notables, even by the oldest and most dignified.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dukes of Wellington, Cambridge, and Sussex, and others, did homage in these words:

"I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folk, so help me God."

When it came to his turn, and he was going up the steps, Lord Rolle who was upwards of eighty, stumbled and fell. Her Majesty thereupon stepped down, and held out her hand to him—an act of gracious thoughtfulness during a trying ordeal, which called forth the loudly-expressed admiration of the enormous assembly. This incident, as Miss Martineau tells us, led to the grave statement from a distinguished foreigner present, that the Lords Rolle held their title on the condition of performing the feat of rolling down the steps at every coronation.

RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT

After the Queen had received the Sacrament, the final blessing was given and the choir sang the anthem: "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

But the Queen had her troubles, and the masters of ceremony made their blunders, as such officials everywhere have an unhappy facility in doing. Greville tells us that:

"They made her leave her chair and enter St. Edward's Chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the Archbishop. She said to John Thynne (Rev. Lord Thynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster):

"'Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know.'

"And when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him:

"'What am I to do with it?'

"'Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand.'

"'Am I?' she said. 'It is very heavy?'

"The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the Archbishop was putting it on, she extended the little finger, but he asked for the other. She said it was too small, and she could not put it on. He insisted, and she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on; but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over, she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water to get it off."

The procession, which did not start on its homeward way until four o'clock, was even more attractive to sight-seers than in the morning, for the Queen now wore her crown, and the peers and peeresses their robes and jewelled coronets. On alighting at Buckingham Palace, she heard her favorite dog barking. She cried: "There's Dash!" and forgot crown and sceptre in her girlish eagerness to greet her small friend.

Although the State coronation banquet was dispensed with, the Queen entertained a hundred guests at dinner that evening, and afterwards went on the roof of the palace to see the fireworks.

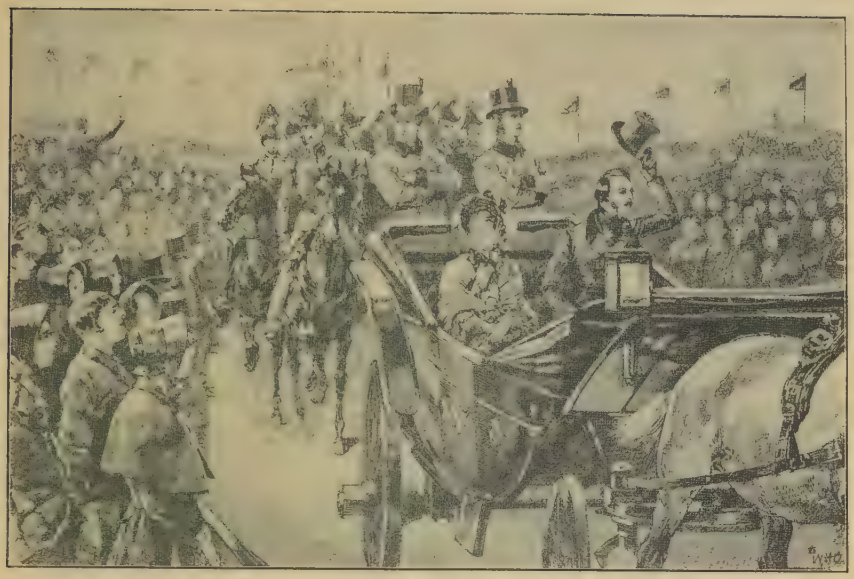
CHAPTER V

The Betrothal to Prince Albert

THE youthful Queen was not long on the throne before an anxiety for her marriage arose among those about the Court. England had been ruled by one maiden Queen and did not wish another. It was feared that she might fall under the influence of an attractive leader of one or the other political party. She dared not be unguarded in conversing with anybody. If she confided in and took the advice of her Prime Minister, of her private secretary, or even of her mother, an outcry arose, embittered by envy and suspicion. Without any fault on her part, but through the intrigues of interested people, the Queen was at this time unpopular with many persons. It seems incredible to us to read of her being hissed in public. All kinds of absurd reports were circulated as to the disposal of her hand; both at home and abroad dangerous plots were being formed to obtain it. One foolish person talked of deposing the all but infant queen and putting the Duke of Cumberland on the throne, a remark which called from the bold Daniel O'Connell the following indignant reply: "If necessary, I can get five hundred brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honor, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is filled."

HER POSSIBLE FUTURE HUSBAND

This young lady had a mind of her own, as she had more than once demonstrated, and thoughts of her own as to the future. Far off in Germany was a young cousin who had long, in a dim, shadowy way, been looked upon as her possible future husband. About three months after the little "Blossom of May" first opened



THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL IN PEEL PARK
The Children of the Manchester and Salford Schools singing the National Anthem.

THE MUNICIPAL DIGNITARIES OF PENRYN INTRODUCED TO THE YOUNG PRINCE OF WALES

QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER ROBES OF STATE ABOUT 1845
By F. Winterhalter. (In the Royal Collection)

her blue eyes in Kensington Palace, this youth, a son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Saalfield, was born at the Rosenau.

The Dowager-Duchess of Coburg, grandmother to the English baby as well as the German, seems from the first to have dreamt of a future union. When he was two years old, she wrote: "The little fellow is the pendant to the pretty cousin (Princess Victoria), very handsome, but too slight for a boy; lively, very funny; all good-nature and mischief."

The little fellow had an imposing list of names—Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emmanuel. Some unhappy family difficulties deprived him, when but a baby, of a mother's care; but his grandmother became and continued a true mother to him and to his older brother Ernest. He was carefully educated—as his after career in England amply showed—fond of study, particularly natural history. His own and his brother's collections at an early age actually formed the nucleus of the Ernest-Albert Museum of Natural History now at Coburg. He was, even in his boyish days, a keen and ardent sportsman.

It is on record that, when but three years old, his nurse—who, by the way, had nursed Victoria—used to talk to him of "his little bride in England, the sweet 'May Flower.'" Many letters written by his grandmother and his uncle, Leopold of Belgium, indicate that the same desire was cherished by the august relations of the two cousins. King Leopold wrote at one time that his "own opinion was that no prince was so truly qualified to make his niece (Victoria) happy as her Cousin Albert, or to fulfill so worthily the difficult duties of the Consort of an English Queen."

In May, 1836, the cousins met during a brief visit paid by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and his two sons to Kensington Palace—though it seems to have been stipulated that the object of their meeting should be kept secret from the Princess and Prince, in order that they might feel perfectly free to form a natural and genuine attachment. One may easily surmise, however, that even as the nurse had spoken such thoughts to Prince Albert, so others

had installed into the Princess's mind the idea that her cousin was her future consort. Indeed, in her own journal, Her Majesty plainly states that if she ever thought of anyone at all as her future husband, it was Cousin Albert.

There are pleasant little stories told of the cousins at Kensington Palace, the little Princess riding in the gardens on her pony with a bright young lad in close attendance. Afterwards on her finger was frequently seen a small enamelled ring, containing a tiny diamond, which had been given her by the Saxon cousin as a parting gift; not, as some impulsive lady readers may surmise, an engagement ring, for no engagement was at that time in any way suggested.

On the Queen's accession, Prince Albert wrote her, congratulating her on becoming Queen of the mightiest land in Europe, and trusting that, in her new dignity, she would not forget her little cousin at Bonn.

The Prince was present at the Queen's coronation in 1838, and rumor said that he was engaged to Her Majesty. But this was an error, no engagement, formal or implied, had been made, and she had written to King Leopold to say that she would not think of marriage for four years at least. Those who understood the difficulties of her position better than she, earnestly pressed upon her the advisability of a marriage, but two years more of the "lonely elevation of a throne" passed before she could be brought to accept their views.

Leopold, indeed, paid little attention to her statement. He knew what resolutions are worth when love steps in, and, to give Cupid the necessary opportunity, he sent Prince Albert again to England. As before, he was accompanied by his brother, the two bearing this letter of introduction from the King:

"My Dearest Victoria,—Your cousins will themselves be the bearers of these lines. I recommend them to you. They are good and honest creatures, deserving your kindness; not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy. I have told them that your great wish is that they should be quite at their ease with you."

The concluding wish had quickly to be realized, for notwithstanding the solemn etiquette of a Court, it was discovered that though the princes had arrived their luggage had not; hence they could not appear at dinner, but as the Queen herself records, "came in after it in spite of their morning clothes." Leopold's ruse seemed likely to be successful, to judge from a letter soon afterwards received from his royal niece. "Albert's beauty is most striking," she said, "and he is most amiable and unaffected; in short, very fascinating." Cupid was evidently at his usual work. From all that appears, a very happy and merry time seems to have been spent at Windsor—all serious thoughts of love or marriage were apparently banished, and as friends and cousins they were "gay and bright together, merry and light-hearted from morning to evening, riding out together and enjoying themselves very much as young people usually do."

SHE RECEIVES HER COUSINS

The two visitors were certainly received with the most distinguished attention. Every evening there was a formal dinner, and three times weekly a dance succeeded it. The Queen now put off the monarch, and was the woman alone. She danced with Prince Albert, and showed him many attentions which she could never show to others. "At one of the Castle balls, just before the Queen declared her engagement with her royal cousin to her Council, she presented his Serene Highness with her bouquet. This flattering indication of her favor might have involved a less quick-witted lover in an awkward dilemma, for his uniform jacket was fastened up to the chin, after the Prussian fashion, and offered no button-hole wherein to place the precious gift. But the Prince, in the very spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh, seized a penknife and immediately slit an aperture in his dress next to his heart, and there triumphantly deposited the royal flowers."

The Queen, upon whom it was incumbent to make advances, lost no time in making her feelings evident. "How do you like

England?" she asked her handsome guest. "Very much," he replied. The following day, we are told, the question and answer were repeated; and then the Queen, blushingly, put the pointed query: "If your Highness is so much pleased with this country, perhaps you would not object to remaining in it, and making it your home?" The reply does not need to be stated; no one can doubt its tenor.

In fact, Albert had come to England on this occasion with the distinct purpose of seeking to win his cousin's hand, an intention which he had confided, under seal of the strictest confidence, to his friend and cousin, Count Albert Mensdorff. Where both were so inclined but one result could follow. Just how it came about is variously related. The stories that have come down from the Court annals of that time show that the Queen had a strong sentiment in favor of the young man who had come to woo her. "The affair had been hanging on for weeks," said a Court lady to a private lady. "The Queen never seemed able to say the final word that we were expecting."

SHE TELLS ALBERT OF HER LOVE

Certainly, from what we have said, she was making rapid approaches to this final word. It came on the 15th of October of the year with which we are now concerned, 1839. Albert had been out hunting with his brother, and returned to the castle about noon. Half an hour afterwards he received word that the Queen wished to see him, and went to her room, where he found her alone. A few minutes' conversation on indifferent subjects passed, then the young Sovereign, in "a genuine burst of love," told him that he had won her heart, and would make her very happy, if he would sacrifice himself and share her life with her. The Prince had but one answer to make. With the warmest demonstrations of affection he expressed his glad desire to "sacrifice" himself in that way.

This is one form of a story which is told variously, but of which all that is actually known comes from her own words. The

Duchess of Gloucester, after the betrothal had been announced to her family and the Privy Council, asked her if she had not been very nervous in making her declaration to this august body.

"Yes, indeed," answered the Queen; "but not so nervous as I was a fortnight ago, when I had to do something much harder—propose to Prince Albert."

This subject is also unveiled in a correspondence between King Leopold and Queen Victoria. The King, who, as we have seen, strongly desired a marriage between the two cousins, wrote to her at about the time the engagement took place:

"Albert is a very agreeable companion. His manners are so quiet and harmonious that one likes to have him near one's self. I always found him so when I had him with me, and I think his travels have still further improved him. He is full of talent and fun, and draws cleverly." Then comes a very direct hint in the King's letter: "I trust that Albert may be able to strew roses without thorns in the pathway of life of our good Victoria. He is well qualified to do so."

The following letter from the Queen to the King, written a few hours after the interview, while not a direct answer to the above, not then received, was an answer in effect:

"I *do* feel so guilty. I know not how to begin my letter, but I think the news it will contain will be sufficient to ensure your forgiveness. Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning. . . . I feel certain he will make me very happy. I wish I could say I felt as certain of making him happy; but I shall do my best."

In another letter to King Leopold, she said: "I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion, it is) as small as I can. . . . I am so bewildered by it all that I hardly know how to write; but I do feel very happy."

At the same time the Prince acquainted his grandmother, who was similarly interested in the matter, with the happy news. He wrote as follows:

"The Queen sent for me to her room and disclosed to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me of this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away with it."

The Queen's uncle replied in these noble words:

"I had, when I learned your decision, almost the feeling of old Simeon, 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'"

How shrewdly the King had gauged the Prince's character and the difficulties before him is admirably illustrated in the history of later years, when, after not a little misconception and jealousy, the Prince Consort won for himself by his high qualities the nation's love and respect.

It was by no means a betrothal for "reasons of state," but one arising from genuine love on both sides, and after the inevitable words had been said the young lovers were supremely happy. They had many tastes and sympathies in common. The Prince had considerable facility as an artist, and still more as a composer. The music he composed to the songs written by his brother was beyond the average in sweetness of melody, and some of his sacred compositions, notably the tune "Gotha," were of a high order, and found their way into the psalmodies. He also sang well and played with skill. During his stay at Windsor Castle Victoria frequently accompanied him on the pianoforte, and at a later period they often sang together the admired productions of Rossini, Auber, Balfe, and Moore. Before he left the Castle, his engagement being then known, the Prince drew a pencil portrait of himself, which he presented to the Duchess of Kent.

Albert remained for a month at Windsor, and we hear of a beautiful emerald serpent ring which he presented to his lady love. He returned to the Continent on the 14th of November. After so many happy weeks the Queen felt her loneliness very much, and she spent a good deal of her time in playing over the musical compositions which she and her lover had enjoyed together. She had

also another reminder of him in the shape of a beautiful miniature, which she wore in a bracelet on her arm when she subsequently announced her intended marriage to the Privy Council.

The Queen had more than one trying ordeal before her. She left Windsor with the Duchess of Kent on the 20th of November for Buckingham Palace, and immediately summoned a council for the 23d.

AN EMBARRASSING TASK

Her task before the Council was an embarrassing one, but her courage, as she tells us, was inspired by the sight of the Prince's picture in her bracelet. "Precisely at two I went in," writes the Queen in her journal. "The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt my hands shake, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy and thankful when it was over. Lord Lansdowne then rose, and in the name of the Privy Council asked that this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed. I then left the room, the whole thing not lasting above two or three minutes. The Duke of Cambridge came into the small library where I was standing, and wished me joy."

Greville thus describes how she got through with this task :

"All the Privy Councilors had seated themselves, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and the Queen came in, attired in a plain morning gown, but wearing a bracelet containing Prince Albert's picture (the Queen tells us she wore it to give her courage). She read the declaration in a clear, sonorous, sweet-toned voice, but her hands trembled so excessively that I wonder she was able to read the paper which she held."

The Queen had also to undergo the ordeal of announcing her intended marriage to Parliament. As though to give her courage, enthusiastic crowds lined the route when she went to do so. The House of Lords thrilled with emotion when in a few simple words, uttered, as always, very clearly and sweetly, her Majesty announced that she was about to become a wife. Both Houses expressed

warm sympathy, Sir Robert Peel, the leader of the Opposition, claiming the right to join with the government in its felicitations.

Still, there were difficulties. The Duke of Wellington complained in Parliament that in her announcement of marriage the Queen had not described the Prince as a Protestant. It was explained that the word was considered superfluous, because everyone knew that the Coburg family was Protestant, and that a British Sovereign could not marry a Roman Catholic. True, there is no such prohibition ; but as Lord Brougham pointed out, there is a penalty ; and that penalty is *merely the forfeiture of the crown !*

SUBJECT OF PRECEDENCE

Much difficulty was made about the precedence of the husband-to-be. The Duke of Wellington said : "Let the Queen put the Prince where she likes, and settle it herself ; that is the best way." This rough-and-ready solution not being approved by Parliament, the Prince's position remained undefined. So much was this the case, that Lord Albemarle considered that, as Master of the Horse, he himself, and not the Prince, should sit in the Sovereign's carriage on state occasions. The Iron Duke could not see this, and said : "The Queen can make Lord Albemarle sit on the top of the coach. under the coach, behind the coach, or wherever else her Majesty pleases."

The formation of the Prince's household was another bone of contention. Baron Stockmar came to England to arrange this important matter, and to sign the marriage contract. In spite, however, of the ability of his representative and his own written wishes, one of the offices was filled up in a manner that caused Prince Albert anxiety and pain. The private secretary of Lord Melbourne was appointed his private secretary, though the Prince had no knowledge of him, and though the appointment might prejudice the Tories.

The Queen was vexed at the grant of the House of Commons to her future husband being only £30,000 a year, instead of

PRINCE CONSORT
By F. Winterhalter.

PRINCE ALBERT STAG HUNTING
From painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

ROYAL SPORTS
From painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

£50,000, as proposed. The Prince was also mortified, for he had been dreaming of the encouragement which the larger income would have enabled him to give to men of arts and letters. But though he could not conceal this from the Queen, he assured her that while he possessed her love he could not be made unhappy.

And thus, with scenes of love-making and scenes of diplomacy and legislation, the time went on towards the day fixed for the ringing of the happy marriage bells. Obstacles, as we have seen, arose in their path, vexations came to them, but these were simply clouds in the path of the sunlight of love, which shone happily on, through and in spite of them all.

CHAPTER VI

Happy Marriage Bells

THE royal marriage was fixed for the 10th of February, 1840, and as the time approached there was an active bustle of preparations for the great event. It is interesting to find from a contemporary writer that her Majesty's bridal attire was chiefly of home manufacture. The pure white satin for the wedding dress was made in Spitalfields, while the Honiton lace with which it was trimmed (valued at £10,000, nearly $50,000) was made in the village of Beer, near Honiton, and gave employment to about two hundred women from March to November. The lace veil was made in the same village.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, too, had his preparations to make, and it is recorded that he inquired of her Majesty how the service was to be read, particularly with respect to the promise "to obey." Her answer is characteristic of her true woman's heart: "While as Queen I must maintain my rights, as a woman I am ready to fulfil a wife's duties." She therefore desired the marriage service should be read exactly as customary.

Among the incidents preceding the marriage is one connected with the love letters which flew like happy birds of passage between the affianced lovers, whose royal position did not prevent their being moved by feelings like those of common mortals. One day a gentleman arrived at Windsor, and stated that he had an important letter which he was charged to deliver to her Majesty in person. He was waited on by several great officials, and the letter demanded, but he refused to deliver it to any one but the Queen. Victoria, however, declined to see him, and, as he still insisted, he was in the end handed over to a policeman, who took the letter

from him by force. It proved that he was a clerk of the post-office, who, on a letter from Germany coming into his hands, took it into his head to try by its means to gain a personal interview with his Queen. As he appeared to have no ulterior design, beyond seeing and speaking to the Queen, he was reprimanded and permitted to return to his duties.

THE ARRIVAL OF ALBERT

Prince Albert reached England a few days before the date fixed for the ceremony, and was received with much enthusiasm by the people of the several places which he had to traverse on his way to London. He was escorted by Lord Torrington and Colonel Grey, who had been sent to Coburg for the purpose, and who took with them the Order of the Garter, with which the Prince was invested with much ceremony. From Dover, where they passed the night after landing, he wrote to his lady love: "Now I am once more in the same country with you; what a delightful thought! It will be hard for me to wait till to-morrow evening."

Albert brought with him the Swiss valet who had been with him since he was seven years of age, and Eos, his favorite greyhound. These were not bound by etiquette and previous arrangement to delay their appearance until the 8th, and were sent forward from Canterbury. The Queen speaks in her journal of the pleasure which the sight of "dear Eos" gave her the evening before the arrival of her betrothed. In connection with this greyhound may be mentioned a boyish prank played by Albert in 1839, on the very eve of his engagement. The carriage having stopped in a little village to change horses, the people who had gathered to see the Prince had to content themselves with the long muzzle of Eos, thrust out of the window, the Prince stooping so that he could not be seen. It was exactly what any boy who loved a bit of fun might have done.

At Buckingham Palace on Saturday, February 8th, Prince Albert found his bride-elect standing at the outer door eager to

welcome him, with the whole household in the rear. Half an hour after his arrival the Lord Chamberlain attended to administer the oath of naturalization; then followed a grand State dinner. At the same time he was made a Field-Marshal of the British Army. On the following day he visited the Queen Dowager (Adelaide) and other members of the Royal Family. On Monday morning, the wedding day, he wrote to his grandmother: "In less than three hours I shall stand before the altar with my dear bride. In these solemn moments I must once more ask your blessing, which I am well assured I shall receive, and which will be my safeguard and my future joy. I must end. God be my stay."

The marriage took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James'. The Queen, anxious to give pleasure to her people, had fixed the hour at noon instead of in the evening, as was usual with royal marriages. The morning of the happy day was cold and rainy, but, in spite of this, the crowds were enormous. The royal party and great officers of State assembled at Buckingham Palace, and went in procession to the chapel in St. James' Palace, which had been splendidly decorated. The Queen "looked extremely pale as she passed along, crowned with nothing but those flowers which are dedicated to the day of bridal."

THE SPLENDID CEREMONY

Long and glowing accounts have been published of the splendid ceremony, the magnificent dresses, the flashing jewels. We give a brief account from one who was present:

"The colonnade within the Palace, along which the bridal procession had to pass and repass, had been filled since early morn by the *élite* of England's rank and beauty. Each side of the way was a parterre of white robes, white, relieved with blue, white and green, amber, crimson, purple, fawn, and stone color. All wore wedding favors of lace, orange-flower blossoms, or silver bullion, some of great size, and many in most exquisite taste. Most of the gentlemen were in Court dress, and the scene, during the patient

hours of waiting, was made picturesque by the passing to and fro, in various garbs, of burly yeomen of the guard, armed with their massive halberts; slight-built gentlemen-at-arms, with partisans of equal slightness; elderly pages of State and pretty pages of honor; officers of the Lord Chamberlain and officers of the Woods and Forests; prelates in their rochets and priests in their stoles; and singing boys in their surplices of virgin white."

The Queen herself was dressed in pure white satin, trimmed with orange-flower blossoms and the Honiton lace I have already mentioned. On her head was a wreath of orange blossoms, surmounted by the bridal veil. Her bridesmaids numbered twelve,—all unmarried daughters of peers, and conspicuous amongst her pages was "Baby Byng," a merry little fellow, said to be only five years old. Her wedding ring was of plain gold: according to her own expressed desire that it should be "an ordinary wedding ring."

For those of our readers who care to read the details of a ceremony which is interesting in all cases, but doubly so when such high personages as a Prince and a Queen are the leading actors, we append the following description:

At twenty minutes past twelve a flourish of trumpets and drums gave notice of the approach of the royal bridegroom, and shortly afterward the band played the triumphant strains of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" The Prince wore a Field-Marshal's uniform, with the star and ribbon of the Garter, and the bridal favors on his shoulders heightened his picturesque appearance. One who stood near him thus made notes of his person:

"Prince Albert is most prepossessing. His features are regular; his hair pale auburn, of silken glossy quality; eyebrows well defined and thickly set; eyes blue and lively; nose well proportioned, handsome mouth, teeth perfectly beautiful, small mustaches, and downy complexion. He greatly resembles the Queen, save that he is of a lighter complexion; still, he looks as though neither care nor sorrow had ever ruffled or cast a cloud over his placid and

reflective brow. There is an unmistakable air of refinement and rectitude about him, and every year will add intellectual and manly beauty to his very interesting face and form."

As the Prince moved along he was greeted with loud clapping of hands from the men and enthusiastic waving of handkerchiefs from the assembled ladies. In his hand he carried a Bible bound in green velvet. Over his shoulders was hung the collar of the Garter, surmounted by two white rosettes. On his left knee was the Garter itself, which was of the most costly workmanship, and literally covered with diamonds.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S PROCESSION

When the bridegroom's procession reached the chapel the drums and trumpets filed off to one side, and, the procession advancing, his Royal Highness was conducted to the seat provided for him on the left hand of the altar. At half-past twelve the drums and trumpets sounded the national anthem as a prelude to the arrival of the bride. Every person arose as the doors were again opened, and the royal procession came in with solemn steps and slow. The spectacle was now magnificent, as floods of sunshine streamed through the windows upon the many gorgeous costumes in which the royal and distinguished persons who appeared in the procession were attired. The Princesses attracted much attention. First came the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester, still very beautiful, and dressed in lily-white satin ; then the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, in pale blue, with blush roses round her train ; next the Duchess of Cambridge, in white velvet, leading by the hand the lovely little Princess Mary, who was dressed in white satin and swansdown, the mother all animation and smiles at the applause which greeted her child ; and lastly the Duchess of Kent, regal in stature and dignity, and dressed in white and silver, with blue velvet train. The Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Sussex succeeded, the latter "looking blithe and full of merry conceits."

Immediately after Lord Melbourne, who carried the Sword of

State, came the Queen herself, the central figure, and one of universal interest. She looked anxious and excited, and with difficulty restrained her agitated feelings. Her train was borne, as already stated, by twelve young ladies, the daughters of well-known peers.

The bridesmaids, like their royal mistress, were attired in white. Their dresses were composed of delicate net, trimmed with festoons of white roses over slips of rich *gros de Naples* with garlands of white roses over the head. The Duchess of Sutherland walked next to the Queen, and the ladies of the bedchamber and the maids of honor closed the bride's procession.

The Chapel Royal was specially prepared and decorated for the ceremony. The altar and *haut pas* had a splendid appearance, the whole being lined with crimson velvet. The wall above the communion-table was hung with rich festoons of crimson velvet edged with gold lace. The Gothic pillars supporting the galleries were gilt, as were the moldings of the oaken panels, and the Gothic railing round the communion-table. The communion-table itself was a rich profusion of gold plate. The entire floor was covered with a blue and gold pattern carpet, with the Norman rose. The whole of the remaining part of the interior was decorated; and the ceiling adorned with the arms of Great Britain in various colored devices.

The entire service was precisely that of the Church liturgy, the simple names of "Albert" and "Victoria" being used. To the usual questions Prince Albert answered firmly "I will," and the Queen—in accents which, though full of softness and music, were audible at the most extreme corner of the chapel—gave the same answer.

Upon the conclusion of the service, the Duke of Sussex, who had given her away, kissed his niece, the bride, and she walked across and affectionately embraced the Queen Dowager. She then shook hands cordially with the various members of the royal family, who now took up their positions in the procession as arranged for the return.

The procession, being formed, left the chapel much in the same order as it had entered. But her Majesty and her newly-wedded consort now walked together hand-in-hand, ungloved—Prince Albert with sparkling eyes and a heightened color smiling down upon the Queen, and she appearing very bright and animated.

SIGNING OF THE MARRIAGE REGISTER

The signing of the marriage register was the next thing to be performed. It is always an important part in the marriage ceremony. Among those who signed it was the Duke of Wellington, who had also signed the register of the Queen's birth. That great soldier told the following to a friend. It is worth quoting, as it shows a pathetic desire on the part of the very new bride to honor her husband: "When we proceeded to the signatures, the King of Hanover was very anxious to sign before Prince Albert; and when the Queen approached the table, he placed himself by her side, watching his opportunity. She knew very well what he was about, and just as the Archbishop was giving her the pen, she suddenly dodged round the table, placed herself next to the Prince, then quickly took the pen from the Archbishop, signed, and gave it to Prince Albert, who also signed next, before it could be prevented."

Lady Lyttelton, one of the ladies-in-waiting, says:

"The Queen's look and manner were very pleasing, her eyes much swollen with tears, but great happiness in her countenance, and her look of confidence and comfort, when they walked away as man and wife, was very pleasing to see. I understand she is in extremely high spirits since. Such a new thing for her to dare to be unguarded in conversing with anybody; and with her frank and fearless nature, the restraints she has hitherto been under, from one reason or another, with everybody, must have been most painful."

Another account mentions a rather pretty incident. As the newly-wedded couple were returning in their carriage from the church to the palace, the Prince held her hand in his, but in such a way as to leave the wedding-ring visible to the assembled crowd.

Great good-humor prevailed amongst the masses of self-invited wedding guests in the streets, and there were many amusing incidents, one being that the band of the guards as they marched past played "Haste to the Wedding."

On the way back the bride was no longer pale, but had a glow of happiness on her cheek and an expression of confidence and comfort in her eyes. The sun shone out, and there was real "Queen's weather" the rest of the day. The cheers of the people could not but give her high pleasure, and she bowed repeatedly and graciously smiled as the carriage passed onward through her host of joyful subjects. All the way to St. James' Palace enthusiastic acclamations filled the air, and everywhere was the waving of brides' favors and snowy handkerchiefs.

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST

The wedding was of course followed by a wedding breakfast, at which appeared the most marvelous wedding cake ever seen. More than nine feet in circumference, and sixteen inches deep, it was elaborately constructed, with strange and curious designs in snow-white frosted sugar. It was valued at one hundred guineas, and required four men to lift it on to the table, being three hundred pounds in weight. On the top was Britannia blessing the royal couple, the figures nearly a foot high, and among the other ornaments was a cupid with a volume spread open upon his knees, in which he wrote "10th of February, 1840." All around and over the cake were wreaths and festoons of orange blossoms and myrtle, entwined with roses.

Each of the bridesmaids received a magnificent brooch the gift of the bride. Each of these was in the shape of a bird, the body being formed of turquoises, the eyes of rubies, and a diamond for the beak. The claws were of pure gold and rested on large and valuable pearls. The design was furnished by the Queen, and the workmanship was exquisite.

After the wedding breakfast the happy pair drove down to Windsor through twenty-two miles of spectators, and innumerable

"V.'s" and "A.'s," and other decorations. The illuminations were lit when they reached the royal borough, and the Eton boys "cheered and shouted as only schoolboys can." The Queen's traveling dress was of white satin trimmed with swans-down. Eton College presented one of the finest spectacles on the route. Opposite to the college was a representation of the Parthenon at Athens, which was brilliantly illuminated by several thousand variegated lamps; it was surmounted by flags and banners, and under the royal arms was displayed the following motto: "*Gratulatus Etona Victoriæ et Alberto.*" Beneath the clock tower of the college there was a blaze of light, and a number of appropriate devices were displayed in various colored lamps. A triumphal arch, composed of evergreens and lamps tastefully displayed, extended across the road. The Etonians, wearing white favors, were marshaled in front of the college. They received the Queen with loud acclamations, and escorted her to the Castle gates.

ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR

By the time Windsor was reached the shades of evening had gathered. The whole town could be perceived therefore brilliantly illuminated before the royal carriage entered it. A splendid effect was created by the dazzling lights as they played upon the faces of the multitude. The crowd on the Castle hill was so dense at half-past six that it was with the utmost difficulty a line was kept clear for the royal carriages. The whole street was one living mass, whilst the walls of the houses glowed with crowns, stars, and all the brilliant devices which gas and oil could supply. At this moment a flight of rockets was visible in the air, and it was immediately concluded that the Queen had entered Eton. The bells now rang merrily, and the shouts of the spectators were heard as the royal cortége approached the Castle.

At twenty minutes before seven the carriage arrived in High Street, Windsor, preceded by the advance guard of the traveling escort. The shouts were now loud and continuous, and from the

windows and balconies of the houses handkerchiefs were waved by the ladies, whilst the gentlemen huzzaed and waved their hats. Owing to the crowd, they proceeded slowly, the Queen and her royal consort bowing to the people. She looked remarkably well, and Prince Albert seemed in the highest spirits at the cordiality with which he was greeted. When the carriage drew up at the grand entrance the Queen was handed from it by the Prince, and immediately took his arm and entered the Castle.

A splendid State banquet in celebration of the wedding was given at St. James' Palace in the grand banqueting-room. All over England that day and night people held high festival. There was free admission to places of amusement, and the poor were feasted.

Then followed a very brief honeymoon, the happy days spent quietly at Windsor—as quietly, that is, as the loyalty and enthusiasm of the people would permit. On the 12th they were joined by the bridegroom's father, the bride's mother, and all the people of the Court. The Duke of Coburg returned home after a fortnight's visit, and his son felt severely this virtually final separation. "He told me," the Queen wrote, "that if I continued to love him as I did now, I could make up for all. . . . What is in my power to make him happy I will do."

After the brief period named the newly-married people returned to London, and continued the work of acting chief parts in State ceremonials. There never was so gay a season. Balls, dinners, and drawing-rooms followed in quick succession, and congratulatory addresses fell in showers.

The events just described were made the text of a poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which is well worth giving as a fitting poetical tribute to the happy occasion:

"But now before her people's face she bendeth hers anew,
And calls them, while she vows, to be her witness thereunto.
She vowed to rule, and in that oath her childhood put away;
She doth maintain her womanhood in vowing love to-day.
O lovely lady! let her vow! such lips become such vows,

And fairer goeth bridal wreath than crown with vernal brows.
O lovely lady! let her vow! yea, let her vow to love!
And though she be no less a Queen, with purples hung above,
The pageant of a court behind, the royal kin around,
And woven gold to catch her looks turned maidenly to ground;
Yet may the bride-veil hide from her a little of that state,
While loving hopes of retinues about her sweetness wait.
She vows to love who vowed to rule (the chosen at her side),
Let none say, God preserve the Queen! but rather, Bless the Bride!
None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none violate the dream,
Wherein no monarch, but a wife, she to herself may seem.
Or, if ye say, Preserve the Queen! oh, breathe it inward low—
She is a *woman*, and *beloved!* and 'tis enough but so.
Count it enough, thou noble Prince, who tak'st her by the hand,
And claimest for thy lady-love our lady of the land!
And since, Prince Albert, men have called thy spirit high and rare,
And true to truth, and brave for truth, as some at Augsburg were,
We charge thee by thy lofty thoughts, and by thy poet-mind,
Which not by glory and degree takes measures of mankind,
Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,
And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the royal thing.

And now upon our Queen's last vow what blessings shall we pray?
None straitened to a shallow crown will suit our lips to-day:
Behold, they must be free as love, they must be broad as free,
Even to the borders of heaven's light and earth's humanity.
Long live she! send up loyal shouts, and true hearts pray between
'*The blessings happy peasants have, be thine, O crowned Queen!*' "

CHAPTER VII

Pleasures and Pains of Royalty

WE have followed the Prince and Queen through their era of betrothal and marriage. It seems in place now to say something concerning their life as a newly-married couple, before speaking of the various unpleasant circumstances incident to their exalted position. The bride and groom were not only happy in their mutual love, but also in the similarity of their tastes. How thoroughly this was the case may be seen by the following description of the daily routine of their lives:—

"They breakfasted at nine, and took a walk every morning soon afterwards. Then came the usual amount of business (far less heavy, however, than now), besides which, they drew and etched a great deal together, which was a source of great amusement, having the plates 'bit' in the house. Luncheon followed at the usual hour of two o'clock. Lord Melbourne (the Prime Minister at the time) came to the Queen in the afternoon, and between five and six the Prince generally drove her out in a pony phæton. If the Prince did not drive the Queen, he rode, in which case she took a drive with the Duchess of Kent or the ladies. The Prince also read aloud most days to the Queen. The dinner was at eight o'clock, and always with company. . . . The hours were never late, and it was very seldom that the party had not broken up at eleven o'clock."

Frequently the amusement of the royal pair was music. Of this a lady-in-waiting thus writes:—

"We had another charming evening with the Queen and Prince last night in their private apartment, and played till eleven o'clock. These practices must be very improving; and it is fortunate that Matilda Paget and I read music with facility, for we generally have to play overtures and classical pieces at sight. Last night we played Beethoven's 'Septuor,' and the Queen observed that it was quite a relief to find, when we came to the last bar, that we were all playing together, for had any of us gone wrong it would have been

rather difficult to find one's place again. I enjoy nothing so much as seeing the Queen in that nice quiet way; and I often wish that those who don't know her Majesty could see how kind and gracious she is when she is perfectly at her ease, and able to throw off the restraint and form which must and ought to be observed when she is in public."

The same lady, after describing their round games and their playing cards for new pence and the smallest silver coins, adds: 'It always entertains me to see the little things that amuse her Majesty and the Prince."

THEY WERE AN EXAMPLE

The Prince, in order to arouse an interest in fresco-painting, employed distinguished artists to decorate in this way a pavilion in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. He and the Queen watched the progress of the work with great interest, and this is the impression which they made on Mr. Uwins, one of the most gifted of the artists engaged. He wrote in a letter: "History, literature, science, and art seem to have lent their stores to form the mind of the Prince. . . . The Queen, too, is full of intelligence, her observations very acute, and her judgment apparently matured beyond her age. . . . Coming to us twice a day, unannounced and without attendants, courting conversation, and desiring reason rather than obedience, they have gained our admiration and love. In many things they are an example to the age."

The following small incident illustrates this last assertion about example. A lady asked a nobleman who was dining at the Queen's table to take wine with her. Being a total abstainer, his lordship had to decline. Upon this the lady turned to the Queen, and said: "Please, your Majesty, here is Lord ——, who declines to take wine at your Majesty's table." Smiling graciously, the Queen replied: "There is no compulsion at *my* table."

As might be expected from their artistic tastes, the royal couple were fond of visiting studios. One of the painters thus honored had a son who seems to have been an *enfant terrible.*

This boy, having undertaken to be cicerone to his father's work, pointed out to her Majesty that the elves were likenesses of himself and a brother; "only, you know, we don't go about without clothes at home," he volunteered the confidential explanation. The same child horrified an attentive audience by declining to receive a gracious advance made to him by the Queen, asserting with the utmost candor: "I don't like you."

"But why don't you like me, my boy?" inquired her Majesty.

"Because you are the Queen of England, and you killed Queen Mary."

Her Majesty laughed heartily, and corrected the anachronism.

The happiness of their home life was marred by an accident which might have proved disastrous. The Queen, looking from her window, saw Prince Albert carried at a headlong pace through the park, his horse having been in some way frightened and taken the bit between his teeth. She did not see the result. The scared animal dashed among the trees, and the Prince was swept from his saddle by a bough and flung heavily to the ground. Happily, no harm came to him except bruises to his hip and knee. Sending a messenger to tell his anxious wife of his safety, he mounted a fresh horse and rode on to the hunt.

A peril of a different kind threatened the Queen. On the 10th of the June after her marriage, while driving in Hyde Park before dinner, she was deliberately fired at by a pot-boy seventeen years old, called Oxford. Her Majesty was looking another way, and did not understand what the ringing sound in her ears meant. The carriage stopped, but the Prince ordered the postillions to drive on. "I seized Victoria's hands," he wrote afterwards, "and asked if the fright had not shaken her, but she laughed." Both the Queen and Prince now saw the youth standing in a theatrical attitude, a pistol in each hand. "I have got another!" he exclaimed, and immediately discharged a second pistol. The Prince had drawn his wife down beside him, and the ball passed over her head. The Queen stood up to show her subjects that she was not hurt, and then, still

thoughtful for others, drove to Belgrave Square, to tell her mother about it before exaggerated reports could reach her.

When the royal pair returned to the Park, they found that all the lady and gentlemen riders on the drive-way had formed themselves into a guard to escort them home; and this was done by an equally large number of volunteers for several days afterwards. The Queen was much touched by the enthusiasm of the crowds. She smiled and bowed, but when she reached her own apartments she burst into tears. At all the theatres that night "God Save the Queen" was sung, and when next her Majesty attended the Opera the whole house rose, cheered, and waved hats and handkerchiefs. The Lords and Commons, in full dress, presented an address of congratulation, which the Queen received sitting on her throne. Oxford was confined in Bedlam Asylum, and afterwards allowed to go to Australia.

SMALL ANNOYANCES

Aside from these dangers, there were annoyances of a minor kind which ruffled the smooth sea of their happiness. The office of secretary had since the Queen's accession been discharged by Baroness Lehzen, the Queen's former governess, and this invested her with powers which, however discreetly used, were calculated to bring her into collision with the natural head of the house. Eventually the Prince practically assumed this duty and became the private secretary to his wife. All he desired, as he told his father, was "to be of use to Victoria." He was an early riser, and before breakfast got through his own large correspondence or prepared for her Majesty's consideration drafts of answers to her Minister. He would say: "Here is a draft I have made for you; read it. I should think this would do."

His wife did all in her power to make his position, which had never been properly defined, less difficult, but the fact remained that he could exercise no authority even in his own household without trenching upon the privileges of others. He felt, as he said himself, that he was only a husband, and not a master.

An anecdote of this period is worth relating, as illustrating the punctuality which was always a marked characteristic of her Majesty. Punctual herself, she expected that others should be punctual also. A noble lady who had accepted an appointment in close personal attendance on the Queen, was a little late on arriving at her post. Nothing was said on this occasion, but on the following morning, being again late, she found her royal mistress sitting, watch in hand, and regarding her in a reproachful manner.

"I fear I have unfortunately been the occasion of detaining your Majesty," was her apology.

"Yes," was the response, "full ten minutes; and I beg of you to avoid such a want of punctuality in the future."

The lady in question was much agitated by the reproof received. Her fingers trembled, and as she was endeavoring to adjust the Queen's shawl, she made a slip again and again. The Queen in a kindly way assisted her, and to put her at ease said:

"We shall all be more perfect in our duties by-and-by."

DISTURBING QUESTIONS

Leaving for the present these personal concerns, we may say something here of the affairs of state with which the new monarch was so intimately concerned. Some of these we shall treat more at length in other chapters. She had hardly succeeded to the throne when disturbing questions arose. In 1838 the Chartists gave signs of increasing activity; impatience and dissatisfaction (not at all with the Queen, but with laws and government) were manifested, tumultuous gatherings of fiery agitators were held, and savage denunciations of society in general were heard. Towards the end of 1838 one of the Chartist leaders was arrested, and riots broke out in Birmingham and elsewhere. In 1839 "A National Convention," held in London, sent a Chartist petition, signed by over a million persons, to the House of Commons. Fresh riots in Birmingham, Newport, and other places followed its rejection.

While none of these movements directly concerned the Queen and none of them were directed against her, they added not a little to the perplexities and difficulties of her position.

In 1839 a party difficulty arose, in which she was closely concerned. A hostile vote in the House of Commons induced Lord Melbourne to resign. Having been Prime Minister at and since her accession, the young Queen had learned to trust and respect him. She was as yet inexperienced in constitutional ways, and had not learned the necessity of keeping neutral in regard to party matters. She therefore openly expressed her regret at parting with the Prime Minister to whom she was attached.

The Duke of Wellington, whose advice she asked, counseled her to send for Sir Robert Peel, the leader of the Opposition. The Iron Duke had expressed his opinion on a former occasion, that he and Peel would not make good Ministers to a British sovereign. "I have no small talk," he said, "and Peel has no manners." He had yet to learn that a woman could appreciate other things than small talk and courtly manners.

Peel accepted her Majesty's commands to form a Ministry, but soon discovered that the two ladies in closest attendance on the Queen were the wife and sister of his leading opponents. He requested their resignation, but the Queen demurred, urging that personal attendants were outside the range of party politics. In such circumstances, Sir Robert Peel felt compelled to decline her Majesty's commands.

THE BED-CHAMBER PLOT

This incident, which became famous as the "Bed-chamber Plot," excited Parliament and the country to a degree that it is difficult to understand. Peel's lack of "manners" was the main cause of the difficulty. He failed to make the Queen comprehend that he wished to remove only the ladies whose positions might be regarded as political, and she feared a general raid upon her old friends and even her private attendants, including her secretary, Baroness Lehzen.

She wrote to Melbourne: "Do not fear that I was not calm and composed. They wanted to deprive me of my ladies, and I suppose they would deprive me next of my dressers and housemaids; they wished to treat me like a girl, but I will show them that I am Queen of England."

Victoria in this first showed the decision and strength of will which she had occasion to manifest in many circumstances of her later life. She was too inexperienced to perceive that she was wrong, and was sustained by Lord John Russell and Lord Melbourne, who told her that she was quite right and advised her not to yield. Thus the Whigs—to annoy their opponents—were found defending the principle that the will of the Sovereign is supreme over her Ministers, while the Tories maintained the opposite doctrine.

Angry discussions in Parliament followed, Lord Brougham making a three hours' speech which Greville calls, "A boiling torrent of rage, disdain and hatred." The result of the Queen's obstinacy was that Peel declined the office offered him and Melbourne was recalled. But the weak position from which he had retired was still farther weakened by these events.

Years afterwards the Queen, grown familiar with public policy, took the whole blame upon herself. Lord John Russell, who had been her principal adviser in the course she took, asked her in 1854 if some one else had not advised her in the matter. "No," she replied, with great candor. "It was entirely my own foolishness."

This affair made the Queen for the time unpopular. Near the end of 1839 some Tory members made violent assaults on the Queen in their speeches. Another hostile manifestation took place at a public dinner at Shrewsbury, where the Tory company present refused to drink the health of the newly-appointed Lord Lieutenant because he was the husband of the Duchess of Sutherland, one of the ladies of the Bed-chamber whom the Queen had retained.

Other matters which annoyed the Queen were the parsimony of Parliament concerning Prince Albert's income, and the question

of the Prince's precedence which was raised in the House of Lords. Such questions, unimportant as they appear to mankind in general, have an immense importance to the parties specially concerned in them. The bill for Albert's naturalization gave the Queen power to grant him precedence over all other members of the royal family.

THE DIFFICULT POSITION OF THE PRINCE

How well and judiciously, on the whole, the Prince fulfilled his functions as the Queen's adviser, history has borne testimony. If he sometimes made mistakes, he certainly made fewer than might have been expected from one in his difficult position. But his unquestioned integrity, his sincerity, honesty, and high principle, stood him in good stead; and they were a sheet-anchor upon which the Queen could always rely. Neither her Majesty nor her husband expected to find life easy in their exalted station; but as both were in deep sympathy with each other, and as love, trustful and unfeigned, was the moving spring of both, difficulties were overcome instead of becoming themselves insurmountable. The Queen's was a marriage of profound happiness and mutual trust, for it was a real union of souls.

The Prince made his way with all classes, even with those Tories who at first looked rather askance at him. He was conciliatory and judicious; and to show the way he had advanced in the public esteem, the remark which Melbourne made to the Queen on the Regency Bill may be quoted: "Three months ago they would not have done it for him; it is entirely his own character."

On June 1st, 1840, Prince Albert made his first public appearance at Exeter Hall, and his first speech in English. It is amusing to read in the Queen's own words that "he was very nervous before he went, and had repeated his speech to her in the morning by heart." On this occasion he presided at a meeting for the abolition of the slave-trade, and in the terse and thoughtful sentences he uttered gave glimpses of that power of expressing much in few

words for which he was afterwards noted. His speech was declared to be a great success,

The Queen prorogued Parliament on the 11th of August, Prince Albert accompanying her for the first time. Next day the Court left for Windsor. On the 26th his Royal Highness attained his majority, and the event was celebrated by a breakfast at Adelaide Lodge. The Prince went to London on the 28th for the purpose of receiving the freedom of the city. At this ceremony the names of six aldermen and common councilmen, who undertook to vouch for the eligibility of the Prince, were read, together with the declaration upon oath. The oath was as follows: "We declare, upon the oath we took at the time of our admission to the freedom of the city, that Prince Albert is of good name and fame; that he does not desire the freedom of this city whereby to defraud the Queen or this city of any of their rights, customs or advantages, but that he will pay his scot and bear his lot; and so we all say."

The Chamberlain then proposed the freeman's oath to the Prince, and it was remarked that he was evidently moved at that part where he swore to keep the peace toward her Majesty. Husbands do not always voluntarily swear to keep the peace toward their wives. The Chamberlain having next addressed his Royal Highness, the Prince delivered the following answer very distinctly and audibly: "It is with the greatest pleasure that I meet you upon this occasion, and offer you my warmest thanks for the honor which has been conferred upon me by the presentation of the freedom of the city of London. The wealth and intelligence of this vast city have raised it to the highest eminence amongst the cities of the world; and it must therefore ever be esteemed a great distinction to be numbered amongst the members of your ancient corporation. I shall always remember with pride and satisfaction the day on which I became your fellow-citizen; and it is especially gratifying to me, as marking your loyalty and affection to the Queen."

Prince Albert was sworn a member of the Privy Council on the 11th of September, and it is stated that so anxious was he to

discharge conscientiously every duty which might devolve upon him, that in his retirement at Windsor he set to work to master Hallam's "Constitutional History" with the Queen, and also began the study of English law with a barrister.

PLEASING INCIDENTS

An incident of this period, of a much more private character, is worth repeating. The Queen and her young husband were, according to custom, rambling in the pretty neighborhood around Claremont, when on one occasion they were caught in a sharp shower. They took refuge in a cottage, and the garrulous old woman entertained them with many remarkable stories of Princess Charlotte and other great personages who had formerly lived at Claremont. She had not, of course, the remotest idea who her visitors were. By-and-by, as the rain did not cease, she offered to lend them an umbrella. The offer was accepted; but she was very careful about her property, and exacted repeated promises that the umbrella should be returned. In due course it was sent back, when, much to her amazement, the old lady learned with whom she had been chatting so freely.

The story from Claremont reminds me that the Queen herself has recorded how she began to love a simple country life. For the first year or two the festivities and ceremonies of London life had proved very attractive, but soon she became weary of these, and sought more and more the enjoyments of home life. She writes:

"I told Albert that formerly I was too happy to go to London, and wretched to leave it, and how, since the blessed hour of my marriage, and still more since the summer, I dislike, and am unhappy to leave the country, and could be content and happy never to go to town. This pleased him. The solid pleasures of a peaceful, quiet, yet merry life in the country with my inestimable husband and friend, my all-in-all, are far more durable than the amusements of London, though we don't despise or dislike these sometimes."

Her Majesty's health was much better in the country than in town; and besides, as the Prince writes:

"I feel as if in Paradise in this fine fresh air, instead of the dense smoke of London. The thick, heavy atmosphere there quite weighs one down. The town is so large that without a long ride or walk you have no chance of getting out of it. Besides this, whenever I show myself I am still followed by hundreds of people.'

So passed away, peacefully and happily, the first year of wedded life. Jealousies, turmoils, and factions found no echo in the loving and merry life of the happy young couple. While the most vigilant attention was paid to all the duties of State, the Queen found in the society of her husband a restful solace which, she declared, did her worlds of good. There was one cry that never failed to penetrate the Royal ears—that was the cry of distress. Her Majesty was always ready promptly and generously to respond to any really genuine appeal. Thus we read of donations towards Mrs. Fry's work among prisoners, and of many acts of kindly and loving charity over which the Queen usually endeavored to draw a veil, seeking to act in the spirit of the Lord's injunction, not to let her right hand know what her left hand did.

WHAT REAL HOME LIFE OUGHT TO BE

The writer of a capital series of articles in "The Woman at Home," speaks of the home life at Royal Windsor as a splendid example of what real home life ought to be. From the glimpses given by this writer a few paragraphs of great interest may be quoted. It is stated, for example, that in the earlier years of her married life the Queen made great alterations in the internal economy and arrangements at Windsor, insisting in her own clear and incisive way on more practical and reasonable methods. For instance: "A Master of the Household was appointed to perform the duties which had hitherto belonged to three State officials, who were rarely on the premises to discharge their functions. So bad had been the regulations that if a pane of glass was broken in

the scullery window, it took many weeks before the repair could be effected, owing to the difficulty of finding out whose duty it was to attend to it. There was no one to show guests to their bedrooms, and one night the Queen was surprised in her toilet by the entrance of a bewildered gentleman who had mistaken her dressing-room for his bedroom. Hitherto the unused bread had been wasted in the royal kitchens, but the Queen now directed that it should be sent to the inmates of the almshouses within the burgh of Windsor.

"Having so far disposed of her household matters for the day, the Queen turned her attention to affairs of State. At 11 o'clock the despatch boxes were opened and their contents discussed with the Principal Secretaries of State, when necessary, or perused with the Prince. In the Foreign Secretary's box were all the recent correspondence with foreign powers and the drafts of the proposed replies for the Queen's consideration, and like minutiæ were observed in the despatches of War, Admiralty, and Home Departments. After this business had been transacted, her Majesty received visitors invited or commanded—artists, publishers, foreigners, with special introductions, people with presents for the aviary, and tradesmen with articles to sell. At 2 o'clock came luncheon, at which the Queen ate and drank heartily after her morning's work, and was ready to enjoy several hours' riding or driving in the afternoon, accompanied by the Prince, the Duchess of Kent, and often by one or other of the children. Whenever the Queen was staying at Windsor her mother occupied Frogmore House, quite near, and invariably dined with her daughter. On returning from driving, the Queen and Prince spent some time in private. Sometimes they amused themselves with drawing etchings upon copper of their children or pet animals, which were printed at their private press. At one time Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Hayter attended at Windsor Castle to give them instructions. Drawing, etching, music, and reading were the favorite recreations of the Queen and her husband.

CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
After the Painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

THE PRINCE CONSORT AS CHANCELLOR OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY
Presenting an Address to the Queen

PARDONED
The Queen and the Deserter's Death Warrant

THE QUEEN INVESTING THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER

"Dinner, which took place at 8 o'clock, was a stately affair, served by servants in scarlet and powder, while a military band played in an ante-room. The conversation took place in subdued whispers, except when the Queen addressed a guest. Politics were, by her desire, never discussed, and the gentlemen remained behind over their wine only for a very short time.

"After the ceremonious dinner was over, the Queen chatted with the ladies and gentlemen in the drawing-room, unless there were special guests to claim her attention, in a charmingly free and easy manner."

The Baroness Bunsen writes to her son in the same strain after lunching with the Queen at Stafford House: "The Queen looked well and charming, and I could not help the same reflection that I have often made before, that she is the only piece of *female royalty* I ever saw who was also a creature such as God Almighty has created. Her smile is a *real smile*, her grace is *natural*, although it has received a high polish from cultivation—there is nothing artificial about her."

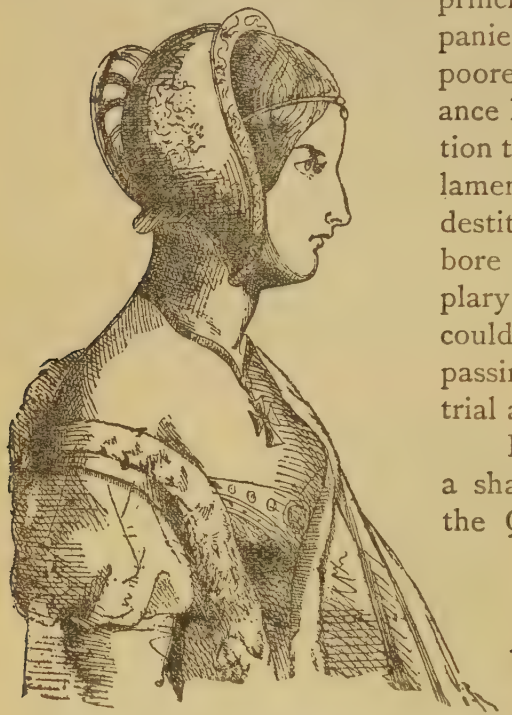
SAD EPISODES OF 1842

The year 1842 brought with it many sad episodes. Terrible news came from Afghanistan, where "the fatal policy of English interference with the fiery tribes of Northern India in support of an unpopular ruler had ended in the murder of Sir Alexander Burnes and Sir William Macnaghten, and the evacuation of Cabul by the English." Other disasters succeeded, chief amongst which was the destruction of her Majesty's 44th Regiment. The soldiers were cut down almost to a man, and only one individual of the whole British force was able to reach Jellalabad. This was Dr. Brydon, who arrived there, faint and wounded, on the 13th of January.

As the year opened, there was also war with China, which resulted in favor of Great Britain. After the taking of Chin-keang-foo by the British, and the appearance of the squadron before Nankin, hostilities were suspended, and negotiations for peace were

entered into and concluded between the Chinese Commissioners and Sir Henry Pottinger.

But the condition of things at home was very serious. Not only was there a continuous fall in the revenue, but an ever-growing agitation throughout the country on the subject of the Corn Laws. Loud and general complaints were heard of depression in all the principal branches of trade, accompanied by distress among the poorer classes; and after all allowance had been made for exaggeration there still remained a real and lamentable amount of misery and destitution. Though the people bore their sufferings with exemplary patience and fortitude, there could be no doubt that they were passing through a period of deep trial and privation.



PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA BY HERSELF

In this autograph portrait, signed by the Queen Nov. 18, 1850 she is seen in fancy costume.

It was not, therefore, without a shadow over her happiness that the Queen opened Parliament in person on the 3d of February. The ceremony was attended by more than usual pomp and splendor in consequence of the presence of the King of Prussia.

On the 12th of May the Queen gave a grand *bal masque* at Buckingham Palace, which is spoken of as "the Queen's Plantagenet Ball." The object of the ball was to endeavor to give a stimulus to trade in London, which had gradually been getting worse. At the Palace on this brilliant occasion a past age was revived with great picturesqueness and splendor. Her Majesty appeared as

Philippa, consort of Edward III., and Prince Albert as Edward III. himself; the costumes of those of the Queen's own circle belonging mostly to the same era. Fabulous sums were spent upon dresses, diamonds, and jewels, which could hardly have a direct effect upon the trade of the East End, though they undoubtedly did upon that of the West. Her Majesty's dress, however, was entirely composed of materials manufactured at Spitalfields. In her crown she had only one diamond, but that was a treasure in itself, being valued at £10,000, or $50,000, and this she wore on only a few occassions. The leading feature of the ball, according to the journals of the day, was the assemblage and meeting of the Courts of Anne of Brittany and Edward III. and Philippa. All the arrangements were made in exact accordance with the customs of the period.

Thus with alternations of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, went on the lives of England's young Queen and her equally young husband. We have alluded to these public troubles in passing, to show that the new Sovereign's couch was anything but a bed of roses, not that we propose here to give a review of public affairs in England during her reign. It is rather her private than her public life, her existence as a woman rather than her career as a Queen with which we are in this chapter concerned.

CHAPTER VIII

The Queen as Mother

ON the 21st of November, 1840, the first child of Queen Victoria was born in Buckingham Palace. Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, as she was named, became the popular Princess Royal of England, and subsequently, as the wife of Frederick III., Empress of Germany, and mother of the reigning Emperor, William II.

The Prince Consort devoted himself lovingly to the care of the young mother. He sat by her in a darkened room, and read or wrote for her. No one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to the sofa, and he always helped to wheel her on her sofa into the next room. For this purpose he would come instantly from any part of the house. As years went on, and he became overwhelmed with work (for his attentions were the same in all the Queen's subsequent confinements), this was often done at much inconvenience; but he always came with a sweet smile. "His care for me," says her Majesty, "was like that of a mother; nor could there be a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse."

THE FIRST CHRISTENING IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

With all this care, the Queen quickly recovered, and was able to open Parliament in person at the end of January. The 10th of February was a double gala, because it was the day of the first christening in the royal household, as well as the anniversary of the wedding day. The day before, when Prince Albert was skating, the ice gave way, and he had to swim for two or three minutes. He speaks of this accident and of the christening in the same letter to his grandmother:

"Victoria was the only person who had presence of mind to lend me assistance, her lady being more occupied in screaming for help. The shock from the cold was extremely painful, and I cannot thank Heaven enough that I escaped with nothing but a severe cold. The christening went off very well. Your little great-grandchild behaved with great propriety, and like a Christian; she was awake, but did not cry at all."

On the 9th of the following November (1841), just when the Lord Mayor's procession was leaving Guildhall, a second child was born, this time, to the intense satisfaction of the people of England, a son, the much-desired male heir to the throne. There was great rejoicing throughout the land, and a few days after his birth he was laden with the titles of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. Not until his sixtieth year was he to add to these the loftier title of King of Great Britain.

INTERESTING HOME LIFE

On the 11th of November the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs were received at Buckingham Palace. After having had caudle served, the party were conducted by the Lord Chamberlain to the apartments of Prince Albert, to pay a visit of congratulation to his Royal Highness. The infant Prince was brought into the room in which the company were assembled, and was carried around to all the distinguished visitors present. The Archbishop of Canterbury issued a special prayer to be offered up in all churches on behalf of the Queen and the infant Prince.

There was great happiness within the Palace. At Christmas the Queen wrote in her journal: "To think that we have two children now, and one who enjoys the sight already (the Christmas tree); it is like a dream." Prince Albert, writing to his father, said: "This is the dear Christmas Eve on which I have so often listened with impatience for your step, which was to convey us into the gift-room To-day I have two children of my own to make

gifts to, who, they know not why, are full of happy wonder at the German Christmas tree and its radiant candles."

Her Majesty gives us another sketch of a peaceful "interior": "Albert brought in dearest little Pussy (Princess Victoria) in such a smart, white merino dress, trimmed with blue, which mamma had given her, and a pretty cap, and placed her on my bed, seated himself next to her, and she was very dear and good; and as my precious, invaluable Albert sat there, and our little love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God." Writing some weeks later to King Leopold, she said: "I wonder very much whom our little boy will be like. You will understand how fervent are my prayers, and I am sure everybody's must be, to see him resemble his father in every respect, both in mind and body." In another letter she remarked: "We all have our trials and vexations; but if one's home is happy, then the rest is comparatively nothing."

The christening of the baby Prince, a very imposing ceremony, took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on the 25th of January, 1842. The King of Prussia, who was in England on a visit to the Queen, stood sponsor at the christening. The child was given the name of Albert Edward, being named Albert after his father, and Edward after his maternal grandfather, the Duke of Kent. At the conclusion of the ceremony the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung by the full choir, and the overture to Handel's oratorio of "Esther" was performed.

Another daughter was born on April 21, 1843, and named Alice Maud Mary, and on August 6, 1844, the second son, Alfred Ernest Albert, afterwards Duke of Edinburgh. Two more daughters, Helen and Louise, and a fourth son, Prince Arthur, were born during the next few years, and still later two other children, Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, completed the family.

That the birth of a prince was an event of interest in the household, we notice that, when on the May Day of 1850 the Queen's

seventh child and fourth son was born, the Prince playfully announced the birth (on the dawn after the Walpurgis Night) of a seventh grandson to the Dowager Duchess of Coburg: "This morning at about a quarter past eight . . . a little boy glided into the light of day, and was received by the sisters with *jubilates*. 'Now we are just as many as the days of the week,' was the cry, and then a bit of struggle arose as to who was to be Sunday. Out of well-bred courtesy the honor was accorded to the new-comer."

The infant proved the finest of all the royal babies, and as he was born on the eighty-first birthday of the Duke of Wellington, the Queen resolved that the tiny prince should bear the hero's name, Arthur,—a name dear also to British ears as that of a great and good king, although sometimes deemed a merely legendary one. The little prince was named also William, after his godfather, the present Emperor of Germany, Patrick for Ireland's saint, and Albert after his royal father.

A MODEL MOTHER

That Victoria was a model mother is well known to history, for her domestic life has been as open and well known to her people as has been her public career.

Before the birth of the Queen's first child, that wise physician, Baron Stockmar, wrote thus to the Prince Consort about the infant's nurse: "Impress upon Anson the necessity of conducting this affair with the greatest conscientiousness, *for a man's education begins the first day of his life.*" If the Prince before entering upon the responsibilities of parenthood had in this way thought upon details that are below the notice of too many fathers, he was not more anxious than was his wife, who became, as everyone knows, a model mother.

In March, 1842, her Majesty wrote to Lord Melbourne as follows:

"We are much occupied in considering the future arrangement of our nursery establishment, and naturally find considerable difficulties in it. As one

of the Queen's kindest and most impartial friends, the Queen wishes to have Lord Melbourne's opinion upon it. The present system will not do, and must be changed; and how it is to be arranged is the great question and difficulty. . . . . Stockmar says—and very justly—that our occupations prevent us from managing these affairs as much our own selves as other parents can, and therefore that we must have some one in whom to place *implicit confidence*. He says a lady of rank and title, with a sub-governess, would be the best."

Lady Lyttelton was chosen for the responsible post, but the Queen did not think that this absolved her from her duty as a mother, and she speaks of it as a "hard case" that she could not always be with her little ones when they said their prayers.

She started with the wise maxim that the children should be brought up as simply and in as domestic a way as possible; that (not interfering with their lessons) they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things. No foolish luxuries were allowed in the royal nursery. One of the nurses writes that the children "were kept very plain indeed; it was quite poor living—only a bit of roast beef and perhaps a plain pudding;" and the nurse goes on to say that her royal mistress was "quite fit to have been a poor man's wife as well as a Queen."

PERSONAL CARE OF HER CHILDREN

For the guidance of the instructors of the Princess Royal the following memorandum was drawn up by the Queen: "I am *quite* clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and an after-life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding view; and that she should be taught to know *as yet* no difference of creeds, and not to think she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers."

"HUSH"

Her Majesty, the Queen, with the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales.
By Sir Edwin Landseer R.A.

ROYAL GROUP, 1848
By F. Winterhalter.

In spite of her many engagements, the Queen often made time to hear some of the lessons of her children herself. One day an under-governess received the news of the serious illness of her mother. Hearing this, her Majesty came to her, and said: "You shall go to your mother, my dear, at once, and I will hear the children's lessons every day myself, so you need not be anxious about them."

The girl's mother died, and on the anniversary of the sad event the governess, when giving a Scripture lesson, could not help bursting into tears. One of the children stole out of the room and told the Queen. That kind-hearted monarch, observing, "Oh, poor girl! it is the anniversary of her mother's death," hurried to the school-room, and said to Miss ——: "My poor child, I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added: "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a locket for her mother's hair, marked with the date of her death.

It was because the Queen valued her children that she was so considerate to their instructors. What a rebuke the above is to the many vulgar women who ill-treat and insult those whom they consider worthy of teaching their children!

The children were carefully kept away from the Court, and it is recorded that many of the Queen's ladies scarcely knew the royal children save by sight and by catching brief glimpses of them as they walked in the gardens with their parents, or sometimes came to dessert after dinner. The most carefully selected governesses and professors taught the children English, French, German, and the arts.

But although the Queen always was kind and tender to her children, she was not wanting in that firmness which a model mother should possess. "Little nobodies may be permitted to be

saucy to others, but the royal children were never allowed any such vulgar privilege. They had to do as they were told, and to be kind and respectful."

Two of the Princesses, when very young, happened to go into a room in which a servant was polishing the grate. In a spirit of girlish mischief, they insisted upon helping her, and when they obtained possession of the brushes, instead of polishing the grate, they polished the woman's face. The servant, when going away, encountered Prince Albert, and was overwhelmed with confusion. The Prince, seeing the poor woman's black face, inquired the reason, and was told the truth. The Queen was made aware of the circumstance, and she was presently seen crossing the court towards the servants' quarters, leading the two Princesses by the hand. The woman, who by this time had probably washed her face, was brought forward, and her Majesty then made her daughters ask the servant's pardon.

MATERNAL DISCIPLINE

Here is another example of the Queen's maternal discipline. One day when she was at a military review, the Princess Royal, then thirteen years of age, who sat on the front seat of the carriage, seemed disposed to be rather familiar and coquettish with some young officers of the escort. Her Majesty gave several reproving looks at her, without avail. At length, in flirting her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, she dropped it, *not* accidentally. Instantly two or three young heroes sprang from their saddles to regain it. "Stop, gentlemen!" exclaimed the Queen. "Leave it just where it lies. Now, my daughter, get down from the carriage and pick up your handkerchief."

A footman let down the steps, and the little lady, alighting, lifted from the dust the piece of cambric and lace. She blushed a good deal, and tossed her head saucily, but she had received a wholesome, if disagreeable, lesson.

Another anecdote shows the firmness of both mother and daughter. Hearing their father address the family physician as "Brown," the children began to do the same. The Queen corrected them, and all called him Mr. or Dr. Brown except the Princess Royal. Her Majesty heard her, and said that if she again did so she would be sent to bed. Next morning the wilful child said to the physician: "Good-morning, Brown;" then added, seeing her mother's eyes fixed on her: "And good-night, Brown, for I am going to bed;" and to bed she accordingly went.

A sailor once carried one of the Queen's daughters on board the royal yacht. As he set her down on the deck, he said: "There you are, my little lady." The child, who had not liked being carried, shook herself, and said: "I am not a little lady; I'm a princess." Her mother, who overheard her daughter's speech, said quietly: "You had better tell the kind sailor who carried you that you are not a little lady yet, though you hope to be one some day."

Nor did the Queen cease to influence her children when they had become men and women. We would hear less of the revolt of sons and daughters if more parents had tact and wisdom such as her Majesty displayed in dealing with the Prince of Wales on the attainment of his majority. Then she wrote to him, announcing his emancipation from parental authority and control. It is one of the most admirable letters ever penned. She tells him that he may have thought the rule she and the Prince Consort adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare was their only object, and well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would eventually be exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them; that he was now to consider himself his own master, and that they should never intrude any advice upon him, although always ready to give it whenever he thought fit to seek it. "It was," says Greville, "a very long letter, and it seemed to have made a profound impression on the Prince, and to have touched his feelings to the quick. He brought it to Gerald Wellesley in floods

of tears, and the effect it produced is a proof of the wisdom which dictated its composition."

One of the early visits of the royal family to pleasant Balmoral was connected also with a domestic event of great importance to the Mother Queen. The young Prince of Prussia, Frederick William—afterward the renowned general and great and good Crown Prince, and Emperor for a brief season—came to woo and win a fair young English Princess for his bride. With the permission of his parents and the King of Prussia he laid his proposal before the Queen and Prince, and was accepted by them, but asked not to say anything of his love and hopes to the Princess till after her confirmation. Prince Albert's keen observation was satisfied with the young Prince, of whom he drew a perfectly true character: "His chiefly prominent qualities are great straightforwardness, frankness and honesty. . . . He speaks of himself as personally greatly attracted by Vicky." The young people had met before, and were known to each other, and the attraction was mutual.

CONFIRMATION AND BETROTHAL OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL

Prince Frederick William, however, could not keep his secret, and at last obtained permission to tell it; and so as he and his lady love ascended Craig-na-ban, on the afternoon of the 29th of September, "he picked a piece of white heather," the Queen tells us, "the emblem of good luck, and gave it to the Princess Royal," and then told his tale—to hear that it was welcome to the sweet little royal maiden, and that his love was returned.

The tender heart of the Queen was deeply moved by this first wooing in her family; herself so young, her daughter almost a child, it must have been an almost bewildering event. The Prince wrote in warm praise of his young daughter's conduct, of its "child-like simplicity and candor." Balmoral ever after had pleasant memories for the Princess Royal who later became the Empress of Germany, as it had sweet and sacred ones for her royal mother.

In March, 1856, the betrothed Princess Royal was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford, the Queen's Almoner. Prince Albert led his daughter in; her godfather, King Leopold, came with the Queen. The Bishop spoke of the young Princess' devout and earnest manner; and of Princess Alice being much affected.

The Princess Royal was very highly gifted. The previous year, when only fifteen she had contributed a fine painting of her own design and execution to a collection of paintings by amateurs, done and sold for the benefit of the widows of officers who were killed in the Crimea. Her Royal Highness' master, Edward Corbould, was very proud of it. It sold, after some contention and bidding for more than $1000.

But the life of this gifted little Princess was in very great peril shortly afterwards. In June, 1856, as she was one day sealing a letter, the sleeve of her light muslin dress caught fire. Happily Miss Hildyard was sitting near, and at once wrapped the hearthrug round the Princess. Mrs. Andersen, the celebrated pianist, who was giving Princess Alice a lesson at the piano rushed to her assistance, and they succeeded in extinguishing the fire, but not in saving the Princess from suffering. The arm was burnt from below the elbow to the shoulder. Lady Bloomfield tells us that her Royal Highness never uttered a cry, but said, "Don't frighten mama, send for papa first." She showed the greatest courage and fortitude, and no doubt won still deeper admiration from her princely lover.

CHAPTER IX

Tours at Home

IN 1842 the Queen and her husband began a series of tours through almost every part of the British Isles celebrated for beautiful scenery or extensive industries. The first of these tours was to Scotland, whither they were conveyed in the royal

ROYAL PALACE OF ST. JAMES

yacht. Sea-sickness did not spare the illustrious travelers; but in spite of this kill-joy, the testimony of the captain was that "nothing could be more agreeable and amiable than the Queen and the Prince on board the yacht, conversing all the time with perfect ease

and good humor, and on all subjects, taking great interest and very curious about everything in the ship, dining on deck in the midst of the sailors, making them dance, talking to the boatswain, and, in short, doing everything that was popular and ingratiating."

They both felt dreadfully tired and giddy when they landed at Leith Roads at eight o'clock on the morning of the 1st of September. Great preparations had been made to give a magnificent welcome at Edinburgh, but somebody blundered, and the royal carriages arrived when the provost and his satellites were, if not slumbering and sleeping, certainly not in readiness to offer silver keys on a velvet cushion.

IN THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDS

The day after, the Queen had three experiences which she considered worthy of a place in her Journal. She tasted oatmeal porridge and "Finnan haddies," and was turned back in her drive by "a Scotch mist." On the 3rd of September, wearing the royal Stuart tartan, she paid an announced visit to Edinburgh, from Dalkeith Palace, in order that the baulked ceremonies might be again attempted, and that the local magnates might have another chance of honoring their Sovereign and covering themselves with glory.

From Edinburgh, her Majesty traveled to the Highlands. Everywhere she had a splendid reception, but this was especially the case at the seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane. "The firing of the guns," wrote the Queen, "the cheering of the crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its rich background of wooded hills, altogether formed one of the finest scenes imaginable. It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times was receiving his Sovereign. It was princely and romantic." How ready was her Majesty to be pleased with everything we may infer from the fact that she professed to be "getting quite fond of the bagpipes!" But, as she wrote with simple pathos, looking back upon it all, long afterwards: "Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy."

At Drummond Castle the Prince Consort made his first attempt at deer-stalking, under the guidance of Campbell of Moonzie. The Prince had arranged to return at a particular hour to drive with her Majesty. Moonzie, who was an ardent and agile deer-stalker, had got into the swing of the sport, till then unsuccessful. When the men lay crouching among the heather, watching intently for the herd expected to come that way, the Prince said it was time to return. "But the deer, your Royal Highness?" faltered the Highlander, looking aghast, and speaking in the whisper which the exigencies of the case required. The Prince explained that the Queen expected him. It is to be feared that the Highlander, in the excitement of the moment, and the marvel that any man—not to say a Prince—could give up the sport at such a crisis, suggested that the Queen might wait, while the deer certainly would not. "The Queen commands," said her true knight, with a quiet smile.

GUARDED BY HIGHLANDERS

The Queen was especially charmed with the beautiful situation of the ancient city of Perth, and the enthusiastic reception which the multitudes there assembled gave to her. Prince Albert, too, was delighted, and likened the appearance of the place to Basle. At Scone Palace, which is within two miles of Perth, a very natural object of peculiar interest was the mound on which all the Scottish Kings had been crowned. From this palace, it is said, came the "Stone of Scone," which is in the coronation chair. At Dunkeld in the Highlands the royal party were met and escorted by a guard of Athole Highlanders armed all with halberts, and headed by a piper. One of them danced the sword-dance, with which the travelers were greatly amused, and others of them figured in a reel.

Wherever the Queen rambled during her stay by the shores of Loch Tay, she was guarded by two Highlanders, and it recalled to her mind "olden times, to see them with their swords drawn." Walking one day with the Duchess of Norfolk, the Queen and her noble companion met a "fat, good-humored little woman." She

A HUNT IN WINDSOR FOREST
By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT OSBORNE
By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A

cut some flowers for the ladies, and the Duchess handed to her some money, saying: "From her Majesty." The poor woman was perfectly astounded, but, recovering her wits, came up to the Queen, and said naively that "her people were delighted to see the Queen in Scotland." Wherever the royal visitors were, or went, the inevitable strains of the bagpipes were heard. They played before the Castle at frequent intervals throughout the day, from breakfast till dinner-time, and invariably when they went in or out of doors. When rowed in boats on the lake, two pipers sat in the bows and played; and the Queen, who, as we have said, had grown "quite fond" of the bagpipes, was reminded of the lines of Scott, with whose poems she had, from an early age, possessed the most intimate familiarity:—

> "See the proud pipers in the bow,
> And mark the gaudy streamers flow
> From their loud chambers down, and sweep
> The furrow'd bosom of the deep,
> As, rushing through the lake amain,
> They plied the ancient Highland strain."

Although, by no means, an excessive quantity of time—only a fortnight—was consumed in the tour, some idea of the rapidity with which distances were traversed, and the extent of ground covered, may be gathered from the fact that no fewer than 656 post-horses were employed. The Queen touched the hearts of the Highlanders, among whom Jacobitism remains—not as an element of personal devotion to a fallen house, but not the less as a deep chord of pathos and poetry—by commanding a Scottish vocalist, at a concert given in her honor at Blair Athole, to sing two of the most beloved of Jacobite songs:—"Cam' ye by Athole," and "Wae's me for Prince Charlie." When she once more embarked at Granton on her homeward route, she left memories of pleasure and affection which far exceeded the intensely ardent excitement which had preceded and greeted her landing. On the last day which she spent in Scotland, the Queen wrote in her journal: "This is our last

day in Scotland; it is really a delightful country, and I am very sorry to leave it." And the day after watching its vanishing coast, "As the fair shores of Scotland receded more and more from our view, we felt quite sad that this very pleasant and interesting tour was over; but we shall never forget it."

In August of the following year the Queen and Prince Albert made a yachting excursion about the South coast, which gave rise to an interesting little incident. It was raining when they landed at Southampton, and the landing-stage was not properly covered. Another instance in which "some one had blundered." But the corporation officials were equal to the exigency. They had not forgotten the romantic story of how Sir Walter Raleigh helped Queen Elizabeth over the mud, and at once took off their red gowns and spread them on the pier to make a dry footway for their royal lady guest. A few months afterwards the students of Cambridge acted with similar ready courtesy.

THE QUEEN IN IRELAND

For twelve years after her accession to the throne, the Queen was a personal stranger to the shores of Ireland. Amongst the numerous fruits of the tranquillity restored to Ireland, after the disturbances and sedition which had culminated in the "Young Ireland" rising of 1848, was a visit paid by the Queen to her subjects on the west of St. George's Channel in the autumn of 1849. Immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, the Queen and Prince Albert proceeded to Cowes, where a royal squadron was ready to receive them. Under its escort, and being accompanied by their two eldest children, they steered for Cork. The Queen selected as the first spot of Irish ground on which to land, the port which, up to the date of her disembarkation had been known as Cove of Cork. She gave a command, that in commemoration of the circumstance, the Cove should thenceforth be designated Queenstown. Having re-embarked, the royal party steamed up the beautiful bay to the city of Cork itself, where a magnificent

reception awaited them. The squadron proceeded at a slow rate. In spite of its arrival at a much earlier date than had been anticipated, the news spread like wild-fire, and the country people assembled in prodigious numbers on the shores of the Cove, which were crowded with multitudes of excited Celts, whose wild shouts mingled with the firing of cannon and small arms, and the ringing of bells, made the whole scene animated beyond description. From Cork the Queen proceeded to Dublin. There her reception was described by an eye-witness as "a sight never to be forgotten."

The Queen, turning from side to side, bowed low repeatedly. Prince Albert shared in and acknowledged the plaudits of the people; while the royal children were objects of universal attention and admiration. Her Majesty seemed to feel deeply the warmth of her reception. She paused at the end of the platform for a moment, and again making her acknowledgments, was hailed with a tremendous cheer as she entered the terminus of the short railway line which connects Kingston with Dublin. On her departure, a few days later, an incident still more gratifying to the Irish people occurred. As the royal yacht approached the extremity of the pier near the lighthouse, where the people were most thickly congregated, and also were cheering enthusiastically, the Queen suddenly left the two ladies-in-waiting with whom she was conversing, ran with agility along the deck, and climbed the paddle-box to join Prince Albert, who did not notice her until she was nearly at his side. Reaching out to him, and taking his arm, she waved her hand to the people on the piers. She appeared to give some order to the captain; the paddles immediately ceased to move, and the vessel merely floated on. The royal standard was lowered in courtesy to the thousands cheering on shore, and this stately obeisance was repeated five times.

This gracious and well-timed visit to Ireland was a very significant proof of the royal confidence in the unshaken allegiance of the bulk of the Irish people Nearly thirty years had elapsed

since a British sovereign had appeared in Ireland; and between the visit of George IV. and that of Queen Victoria, there was in common only the circumstance that both were royal visits.

Queen Victoria and her visit represented those popular principles and sympathies which are the brightest jewels of the British Crown, and are now set firmly in it for ever. Her visit, at once august and affectionate, was a visit to a nation which was not only loyal but free. "And joy came well in such a needful time." The joy was exuberant and universal. As the loyalty was rendered to a young Queen, it partook of the romantic and strictly national nature of gallantry. To witness that joy must have been the fittest punishment for the disaffected.

THE ENTRY OF THE QUEEN INTO DUBLIN

"We do not remember," says an authority not given to rhapsody or exaggeration, "in the chronicles of royal progresses, to have met with any description of a scene more splendid, more imposing, more joyous, or more memorable, than the entry of the Queen into the Irish capital." A similar scene was witnessed when, more than fifty years later (1900), the widowed Queen revisited the island. The houses were absolutely roofed and walled with spectators. They were piled throng above throng, till their occupants clustered like bees about the vanes and chimney-tops. The noble streets of Dublin seemed to have been removed, and built anew of her Majesty's lieges. The squares resembled the interiors of crowded amphitheatres. Façades of public buildings were formed for the day of radiant human faces. Invention exhausted itself in preparing the language of greeting and the symbols of welcome. For miles the chariot of the gay and gratified Sovereign passed under parti-colored (not *party*-colored) streamers, waving banners, festal garlands, and triumphal arches. The latter seemed constructed of nothing else than solid flowers, as if the hands of Flora herself had reared them. At every appropriate point jocund music sent forth strains of congratulation; but banners, flowers, arches

and music were all excelled by the jubilant shouts which broke upon the air, loud, clear, and resonant, not only above drum and trumpet, but above even the saluting thunders of the fleet.

Perhaps, apart from the mere loyal enthusiasm of the occasion, the most important significant incident of this her first visit was that it did not fail to be remarked that the first institution which her Majesty visited in the capital was the central establishment of the Irish National Schools—the first-fruits of Irish liberty, and the noblest possession of the Irish people. The Queen knew that in these excellent schools the youth of all persuasions were trained together, not in the love and pursuit of knowledge alone, but in the habit of tolerance and the spirit of charity. The Queen, by visit, passed her personal approval and sanction upon a system which is equally the antithesis of sectarian discord and the promoter of religious independence.

Here, also, she discovered (or already knew, as was much more likely), that there was imparted the most useful, solid, and practical instruction, one of a character most precisely adapted to the wants, pursuits, interests, and occupations of the classes in whose behalf it was devised. In her survey and inspection of the normal schools the Queen was attended by the Protestant and the Romanist Archbishops, and the representatives of other Christian denominations friendly to the great scheme stood beside and around her.

Again, four years later, when the first International Exhibition was held at Dublin, the Queen renewed her acquaintance with her Irish subjects. Making a somewhat lengthened stay at the vice-regal residence, she charmed the people by the freedom with which she mingled amongst them, and by the special attention and the bounteous patronage which she bestowed upon the little-developed but beautiful specimens of their indigenous textile industries in the exhibition building. A third and a much more prolonged visit was made in the autumn of 1861, the Queen having honored Lord Castlerosse and Mr. Herbert at Muckross, two gentlemen whose seats and demesnes are situated on the shores of the beauteous

Lakes of Killarney, by accepting their hospitable invitations. Over the lakes, their islets, and their surrounding mountains and mountain passes the Queen roved as freely and unrestrainedly as was her wont in the retreats in which she had year after year sojourned, after the turmoil of the London season, in the Scottish Highlands.

VISIT TO THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

We shall let her describe this portion of her visit:

"At eleven o'clock of Tuesday we all started in our own sociable, and another of our carriages, and on ponies, for Ross Castle, the old ruin which was a celebrated stronghold, and from which the Kenmare family take their name. Here there was an immense crowd and a great many boats. We got into a very handsome barge of eight oars, beautifully rowed, Lord Castlerosse steering. The four children and Lady Churchill, Lady Castlerosse, and Lord Granville were with us.

"We rowed first round Inisfallen Island and some way up the Lower Lake. The view was magnificent. We had a slight shower, which alarmed us all, from the mist which overhung the mountains, but it suddenly cleared away and became very fine and very hot. At a quarter to one we landed at the foot of the beautiful hill of Glena, where, on a small sloping lawn, there is a very pretty little cottage. We walked about, though it was overpoweringly hot, to see some of the splendid views. The trees are beautiful—oak, birch, arbutus, holly, yew—all growing down to the water's edge, intermixed with heather. The hills, rising abruptly from the lake, are completely wooded, which gives them a different character to those in Scotland, though they often remind me of the dear Highlands. We returned to the little cottage, where the quantity of midges and the smell of peat made us think of Alt-na-Giuthasach. Upstairs, from Lady Castlerosse's little room, the view was towards a part of the Lower Lake, the outline of which is rather low. We lunched, and afterwards re-embarked, and then took that most beautiful row up the rapid, under the Old Weir Bridge, through

the channel which connects the two lakes, and which is very intricate and narrow. Close to our right, as we were going, we stopped under the splendid hill of the Eagle's Nest to hear the echo of a bugle, the sound of which, though blown near by, was not heard. We had to get out near the Weir Bridge to let the empty boats be pulled up by the men. The sun had come out and lit up the really magnificent scenery splendidly, but it was most oppressively hot. We wound along till we entered the Upper Lake, which opened upon us with all its high hills—the highest, the Reeks, three thousand four hundred feet high—and its islands and points covered with splendid trees—such arbutus (quite large trees) with yews making a beautiful foreground. We turned into a small bay or creek, where we got out and walked a short way in the shade and up to where a tent was placed, just opposite a waterfall called Derryconochy, a lovely spot, but terribly infested by midges. In this tent was tea, fruit, ice, cakes, and everything most tastefully arranged. We just took some tea, which was very refreshing in the great heat of this relaxing climate. The vegetation is quite that of a jungle—ferns of all kinds and shrubs and trees—all springing up luxuriantly. We entered our boats and went back the same way we came, admiring greatly the beauty of the scenery, and this time went down the rapids in the boat. No boats, except our own, had followed us beyond the rapids. But below them there were a great many, and the scene was very animated and the people very noisy and enthusiastic. The Irish always give that peculiar shrill shriek—unlike anything one ever hears anywhere else.

"On the following day, at a quarter past eleven, we started on a most beautiful drive. We drove with Mrs. Herbert and Bertie in our sociable, driven from the box by Wagland (my coachman since 1857, and a good, zealous servant who entered the royal service in 1831); and though the highest mountains were unfortunately occasionally enveloped in mist, and we had slight showers, we were enchanted with the extreme beauty of the scenery. The peeps of the lake:

the splendid woods full of the most magnificent arbutus, which in one place form for a few yards an avenue under which you drive, with the rocks,—which are very peculiar—all made it one of the finest drives we had ever taken. Turning up by the village and going round the Torc Mountain reminded us of Scotland—of the woods above Abergeldie, of Craig Daign and Craig Clunie. It was so fine. We got out at the top of Torc Waterfall and walked down to the foot of it. We came home at half-past one. At four we started for the boats, quite close by. The Muckross Lake is extremely beautiful; at the beginning of our expedition it looked dark and severe in the mist and showers which kept coming on, just as it does in the Highlands. Mr. Herbert steered. Our girls, Mrs. Herbert, Lady Churchill, and Lord Granville were in the boat with us. The two boys went in a boat rowed by gentlemen, and the rest in two other boats. At Mr. and Mrs. Herbert's request I christened one of the points which runs into the lake with a bottle of wine, Albert holding my arm when we came close by, so that it was most successfully smashed.

"When we emerged from under Beickeen Bridge we had a fine view of the Lower Lake and the scenery of yesterday, which rather puzzled me, seeing it from another *point de vue*. At Benson's Point we stopped for some time merely rowing about backwards and forwards, or remaining stationary, watching for the deer (all this is a deer forest as well as at Glena), which we expected that the dogs would find and bring down into the water. But in vain; we waited till past six and no deer came. The evening had completely cleared and became quite beautiful; and the effect of the numbers of boats full of people, many with little flags, rowing about in every direction and cheering and shouting, lit up by the evening light, was charming. At Darby's Garden the shore was densely crowded, and many of the women in their blue cloaks waded into the river, holding their clothes up to their knees."

QUEEN VICTORIA PRESENTING THE VICTORIA CROSS
This was the first Presentation after her accession to the Throne

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON PRESENTING A BIRTHDAY GIFT TO HIS GODSON, PRINCE ARTHUR

CHAPTER X

Osborne and Balmoral

LIFE in the palace has its advantages, but it has its disadvantages also. The rules of etiquette which restrict the lives of sovereigns are apt to grow irksome, and even the most luxurious of royal palaces may become what the Empress Eugenie called the Tuileries—*une belle prison.* To escape this durance the Queen purchased in 1845 a rural home on the Isle of Wight, the estate of Osborne, where she had a new house built—the scene of many happy days, and, after many happy years, of her passing away.

She wrote to King Leopold: "It sounds so pleasant to have a place of one's own, quiet, retired, and free from all woods and forests, and other charming departments, which are really the plague of one's life."

TAKING POSSESSION OF THE NEW HOUSE

The park and grounds attached to this Island residence were spacious and beautiful, comprising more than three hundred acres, chiefly sloping to the east and well stocked with noble timber. The views were extensive, commanding a wide outlook over the ocean waters, with Portsmouth and Spithead in the distance.

The taking possession of the new house—on the 15th of September, 1846—is thus capitally described by Lady Lyttleton: "Our first night in this house is well past. Nobody smelled paint or caught cold, and the worst is over. It was a most amusing event coming here to dinner. Everything in the house is quite new, and the drawing-room is very handsome; the windows lighted by the brilliant lamps in the room must have been seen far out at sea. I was pleased by one little thing. After dinner we were to drink the

Queen and Prince's health as a *house-warming;* and after it the Prince said, very naturally and simply, but seriously: 'We have a hymn' (he called it a *psalm*) 'for such occasions; it begins——' and then he repeated two lines in German, which I could not quote right, meaning a prayer to bless our going out and coming in. It was dry and quaint, being Luther's. We all perceived that he was feeling it. And truly, entering a new house, a new palace, is a solemn thing to do, to those whose probable span of life in it is long, and in spite of rank, and health, and youth, downhill now. . . . I forgot much the best part of our breaking-in, which was, that Lucy Kerr (one of the maids-of-honor) insisted on *throwing an old shoe into the house after the Queen*, as she entered for the first night, being a Scotch superstition. It looked too strange and amusing. She wanted some melted lead and sundry other charms, but they were not forthcoming. I told her I would call her Luckie, and not Lucy."

THEIR OSBORNE HOME

The German hymn repeated by the Prince has been translated as follows into English:

"God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in and make them sure;
God bless our daily bread, and bless
Whate'er we do, whate'er endure;
In death unto His peace awake us,
And heirs of His salvation make us."

Osborne became especially the children's home, there, free from the influence of the stately but tiresome etiquette of Windsor, they reigned supreme. The Queen sought here to bring them up "as simply and in as domestic a way as possible," and regretted that her constant occupation prevented her being with them when they said their prayers. She commemorated one of her birthdays at Osborne by putting them in possession of the celebrated Swiss Cottage, in front of which were nine gardens for the nine

children, for working in which they received the exact market price for their labor. There was a carpenter's shop for the boys, who, under their father's directions, built a fort entirely with their own hands, even making the bricks. For the Princesses, the lower part of the cottage was fitted with kitchen, larder, dairy, etc., where they learned domestic duties, and might be found, up to their elbows in flour, deep in the mysteries of pastry-making and cooking. They gave the food they cooked to the poor, except when occasionally their mother and father dined with them. This delightful cottage also contained a museum, where the children kept the specimens of natural history they were encouraged to collect and many curiosities. Amongst the latter were some garments of two infants who were the sole survivors of a shipwreck, and who were brought up on the estate, under her Majesty's supervision.

HER HIGHLAND HOME

Balmoral Castle, which was the Scottish home of Queen Victoria, is in the East Highlands, in the Valley of the Dee. The Queen and Prince Consort first went there in 1848, on the recommendation of their physician, Sir James Clark.

The neighborhood of Balmoral is esteemed the driest and healthiest in Scotland. It is 900 feet above sea level. The air is pure and bracing, the soil gravelly, and there is less rain than in the West Highlands.

It is a beautiful district, whether in spring, when the birches are in tender leaf and the broom bursting into yellow bloom; or in summer, when the hills are pink with heather; or in autumn, the Queen's favorite season there, when there is an indescribable glory upon hill and valley, of golden birch, purpling heather, scarlet rowan, and brown bracken.

Millais says Scotland is like a wet pebble; a Scotch pebble he means, with its colors deepened and enriched by moisture. And this is pre-eminently true of Deeside. The district has its wilder aspects, too. It is a land of glens and rushing streams, of corries and crags.

The castle stands upon a "haugh" or open space by the Dee, the hills receding for background. Byron's "Dark Lochnagar," 3,800 feet high, closes the vista to the south. Byron passed some time in this neighborhood when a boy, and Lochnagar and Dee's "rushing tide" are met with more than once in his poems.

Both the Queen and the Prince were impressed with the beauty of Balmoral, and, above all, with its solitude and peace, after the rush of Court life in London and Windsor. The Prince rejoiced especially in the deer that came "stealthily about the house," and with his usual promptitude had a shot at them on the third day after their arrival. The royal family made the ascent of Lochnagar that year, partly on ponies, partly on foot, and it is said were lost some hours in a thick mist. The mountain has a long, sharp back, ending in a peak, as seen from the east, and in a nook by this peak they ate their luncheon. This was the first of many ascents.

In 1852, the Prince bought the estate for £31,500 ($157,500). Later on he purchased Birkhall, in its immediate vicinity, for the Prince of Wales, who resided there at one time with his tutor. The Prince Consort made extensive plantings on the Birkhall estate for a deer forest, and intended ultimately to build a larger house for his son. But Death, as he so often does, cut short these plans, and the estate was afterward bought of the Prince of Wales by the Queen.

Abergeldie, which lies between the two other estates, was held by lease. It has long been the property of the Gordons. Together with the great forest of Balloch Buie, a still more recent purchase, the whole comprises a little over 40,000 acres.

The estate extends along the Dee for twelve miles. A public road once ran up the valley on both sides of the river. But after Balmoral became the property of Prince Albert the road was closed upon the south side, traffic being diverted to the north bank by a bridge just by the castle gate.

On the first arrival of the royal family they drove from Aberdeen, a distance of fifty miles, having come by sea to that point. But

soon a railway began to creep up the valley by degrees, threatening destruction to their seclusion, and was at last stopped at Ballater, eight miles distant, by Act of Parliament.

There was an old castle on the estate at that time, a picturesque old affair, as extant engravings show, which had grown up into its more lordly condition from a farm-house. This proved quite inadequate for the family, however, and in 1853 the corner-stone of a new house was laid. In 1855 it was ready for partial occupancy.

THE CONSIDERATENESS OF THE PRINCE CONSORT

Several incidents which took place during the building of the castle illustrate the considerateness of the Prince Consort. The Crimean War broke out, with the usual result of an advance in the price of all merchandise, including building materials. This was, of course, very unfortunate for the builder, who had made his contract upon the basis of previous prices. But Prince Albert came to his relief by taking the contract off his hands, and paying him a good salary as overseer of the works, at the same that he paid full wages to the workmen.

At another epoch in the building a fire broke out, threatening destruction to all that had been accomplished. It was manfully fought, Prince Albert helping to pass the buckets on from the river, and at last subdued, though not before it had burned the workshops and consumed the workmens' tools, together with the little sums of money put by from their wages in their chests. Prince Albert afterwards ascertained the amount of these sums, and made up their loss to the men.

The castle is of light grey granite of a fine quality, and of the old Scotch baronial architecture, with round turrets and extinguisher tops, and with crow-stepped gables. Its great tower is a hundred feet high; upon it is a clock which gives the time to the neighborhood, and a flag-staff, from which the royal standard floated when the Queen was in residence.

As you look at the castle from the north bank, its towers seem to rise out of a mass of forest trees. But it is really very open about it, with pleasure-grounds to the west and north, sloping to the Dee.

When Prince Albert was making his selection of the site, he fixed upon that which would receive the sun's rays the greater part of the day. Taken altogether, it impresses you as a stately and beautiful home. But beautiful as it is by day, it takes on a more marked loveliness under the magic play of the moonlight, with its less clearly defined shadows. The castle accommodates about one hundred and thirty.

THE QUEEN LOVED BALMORAL BEST OF ALL

The Dee in the more immediate vicinity is bordered by large trees, under which runs a footpath. So near is the house to the river, that from any part of it, if the windows be open, the rush of its waters is heard. A granite slab upon the lawn indicates the high-water mark of the Dee, at the time of the June freshet in 1872, when two little children fell into a burn or brook which enters the Dee just above Balmoral, and, being swept into the larger stream, were drowned, a tragic incident that called out the active sympathies of her Majesty. Dee, like all mountain streams, is as ruthless in flood as he is mild and placable in ebb, though never wholly to be trusted, with his swift currents that drop twenty-five feet to the mile in the upper course.

Little wonder is it that the Queen loved Balmoral best of all her residences. Its winning beauty would explain that, even aside from the fact that house and grounds were the work of the Prince Consort, formed in accordance with his taste, and therefore doubly dear. He left this property to the Queen in his will, and but little change has taken place in it since his death. Even when necessary additions have been made, they have been so arranged as not to interfere with the general plan. The house was built at first for a

residence of six weeks or so in the autumn—as a hunting-lodge. And as such it was used until the Prince's death.

In the spring following Prince Albert's death, the Queen went for the first time at that season—arriving on May Day. Since that time she went regularly in May, reaching there before her birthday, May 24th. She remained until into June, and returned again in August in time for the Prince Consort's birthday on the 26th. She remained until the middle of November.

When the Queen was in Scotland she attended the service of the established church there, which is the Presbyterian. In Balmoral Castle the Chapel, or the "Service-room," as it was called in the household, is finished wholly in Balloch Buie wood, a dark, handsome wood enriched with many knots. The chairs are of the same wood, seated with dark leather. The seat of the large armchair used by the Queen is embroidered with the Scotch thistle; a small table stands beside it, with silk cushions for Bible and hymnal. Against the walls are seats or settles of dark carved wood.

Upon a raised platform in one corner stands the desk, covered with a dark red velvet cloth embroidered with passion-flowers and lilies in *appliqué*. Upon a bracket above is a small figure of the Christ. Framed pictures in black and white hang upon the walls —sacred subjects, like Fra Bartolomeo's "Descent from the Cross."

There is a small organ which was played by the Princess Beatrice or by some lady-in-waiting. The carpet is peacock-blue.

The service here was Presbyterian, and was performed by one of the Queen's chaplains. This service-room was completed within recent years, but previous to that time the Queen worshipped at the Presbyterian kirk which stands, or stood, just across the Dee on the north side. It was taken down in the spring of 1893, to be replaced by a handsomer structure.

The Queen for some time would not consent to the change, for she loved the "dear little kirk;" and although she did not attend the weekly service as formerly, she partook of the Communion there, every autumn from 1873 to her last visit to Balmoral.

One of the most interesting features of this Highland Home of the Queen are the cairns which have been erected there. It must be understood that a cairn was, in its first intention, simply a pile of stones to mark a burial-place; then to commemorate some event of importance. Cairns are found in every part of Scotland, and top almost every hill in the Highlands.

THE MEMORIALS AT BALMORAL

One of the most interesting of the ancient cairns on Deeside is the Cairn-a-Quheen, or Cairn of Remembrance.

"Cairn-a-Quheen" was the battle-cry of the Farquharsons when any marauding or warlike expedition was on foot. The clan mustered in the immediate vicinity of the cairn, each man bringing a stone. These stones were left on the muster ground; and on their return, when the survivors again assembled, each man picked up a stone and took it away with him. Those that were left denoted the number of the slain, and were added to the cairn. Cairn-a-Quheen is on the north side of the Dee, not far from Balmoral Castle.

It does not surprise us, therefore, that the Queen, who was such a lover of old Highland customs, should have built a cairn to commemorate the purchase of Balmoral. It is called the "Queen's Cairn," and is the oldest upon the estate, a former one having been demolished to make way for it. It stands upon the highest point of Craig Gowan.

This cairn was built one fine October day, in 1852. The royal family, accompanied by the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, went up to the spot, where were assembled the servants and tenants. The Queen placed the first stone, and Prince Albert the second. Then the children each placed one according to their ages. Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, was the youngest at that time, a wee laddie of two years and six months.

After the family, the ladies and gentlemen each placed a stone; then all advanced together.

And so the cairn arose to the music of the pipes, and with much gay laughter and merriment. All the people danced reels, including the old women in their mutches, and the little children, among them Lizzie Stewart, with hair a-flying, who was for many years one of the Queen's wardrobe-maids.

When the cairn was almost complete, Prince Albert climbed up and placed the topmost stone. Then three cheers were given. And so it stands to this day. Lichens have gathered upon it, and heather has rooted itself in its crevices. It is about eight feet high, a cone in shape, hollowed at one side. In this hollow is inserted an oval slab of granite bearing this inscription :—

"*This cairn was erected in the presence of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to commemorate the purchase of the Balmoral Estate, Oct. 11, 1852.*"

Each child had a cairn built to commemorate his or her marriage. By a path winding along the back of Craig Gowan, and crossing a dry ravine by a rustic bridge, over which was the last bit of work planned on the estate by Prince Albert, you reach the base of Craig Lowrigan, on the summit of which is the cairn erected by the Queen to the memory of the Prince. You pass through a gate, and a wide, smooth path is before you, up which, though steep in places, the Queen's garden chair could readily go.

The path ascends through a wood of fir and larch. On any fine February day one might stroll up the hill and the robins would be singing and the doves cooing in the woods below, although the wind from off Lochnagar's snow-streaked sides might be piercing cold.

The summit is treeless, but has a low growth of heather and cranberry. The shallow pools of water often have a thin coating of ice, and there are plenty of deer tracks about, but no deer visible.

The cairn is a pyramid of granite blocks, built without mortar. It is about forty feet square at the base and thirty-five feet high, and can be seen for miles up and down the valley. On one side are cut the initials of the Queen and her children ; on that fronting the valley is the following inscription :

TO THE BELOVED MEMORY
OF
ALBERT, THE GREAT AND GOOD
PRINCE CONSORT,
RAISED BY HIS BROKEN-HEARTED WIDOW
VICTORIA R.
AUGUST 21, 1862

"He being made perfect, in a short time fulfilled a long time,
For his soul pleased the Lord,
Therefore hastened He to take him
Away from among the wicked."

—Wisdom of Solomon, iv. 13, 14.

There are not many left on the estate who knew the Prince Consort personally. Even most of the children of his day have gone away. One of those, who remain, remembers him. "He looked particularly well on horseback. He was always busy—always thinking and planning what good thing he could do; how he could improve and make things better."

One of the old servants was fond of speaking of "his kindness of heart and his invariable good humor. Met you always with a smile. If your work pleased him, he said so, and if it did not please him, he said so; but always with the same kind smile. Always ready to own if he had made a mistake. A busy, systematic man. The punctualest man. To each hour its work. He might be talking with you, when out would come his watch. 'Time's up,' he would say, and was off like a bird."

The venerable face of the old servant grew mildly radiant as he talked of his master; for the Prince was greatly beloved at Balmoral. The words "beloved master" on the obelisk are not perfunctory, as is so often the case with mortuary terms of endearment.

The cottagers are fond of telling a good story of the Queen's three sons.

The three had been fishing some distance from Balmoral, and were waiting at the appointed place for the wagonette to take them

home. A boy with a wagon machine came along, and, seeing them standing there, asked where they were going.

"To Balmoral."

"Would they ride with him?"

"Oh, yes," and they all got in.

"And what may you do at Balmoral?" asked the boy of the Prince of Wales, who sat beside him; the whole three, it seems, being strangers to the lad.

"I am the Prince of Wales."

"Ay? and who may that chap be?" indicating with his thumb over his shoulder the second son of her Majesty.

"He is the Duke of Edinburgh."

"And t'other one?" with another jerk of his thumb.

"The Duke of Connaught."

The boy wore an air of thought for some moments, then he spoke again.

"Perhaps yo'd like to know who I am?" he said.

The Prince intimated that he would.

"I am the Shah of Persia," said the lad, not to be outdone in this assumption of titles.

From internal evidence, I should judge that this story originated at or about the time of the visit of the Shah of Persia and his suite to Balmoral. They were not entertained at the Castle, with the exception of a lunch, but at the neighboring house of Glenmuick. A ball was given there in their honor, largely attended by the neighborhood. The Shah was not impressed with the beauty of the ladies, nor with the dancing. Like all Orientals, he could not understand why people should go through the fatigue of dancing when they could have it done for them.

Going from one castle to another, from Balmoral to Windsor, or in the opposite direction was quite an event, and the story of a trip is most entertaining, especially when we have at hand an eye-witness to tell the story, which we shall, in the main, give in his words. The Queen's train as here described is the one which was

draped in purple and used to carry the body of the Queen from London to Windsor for burial. The description is of the train as used only a short time before the Queen's death :

The Queen's train as it is made up at Ballater is somewhat imposing. It is drawn by two engines. Aside from the Queen's two carriages there are nine others, and added to these two guard and luggage vans.

Very nearly in the centre are the Queen's carriages. In entering the rear you step into the compartment devoted to the women in attendance.

Ordinarily the steps of railway cars are stationary, but those of the Queen's carriage are dropped, and when unused folded into a leather box. The handles of the doors are heavily gilded and handsome.

All the compartments are thickly padded, walls and ceiling. The ceilings are in white silk. This first compartment is upholstered in fawn, and has two long couches which can be converted into four comfortable night couches. Here the Queen's dresser rides, together with one of the wardrobe maids. These wardrobe maids alternately do night duty, *i. e.*, one always sleeps within the Queen's call, and the one whose night it is to serve rides in this compartment, a door at the other end leading directly into the Queen's bedroom.

The walls of this royal sleeping-room are upholstered in dark red. The shades are green. So are the beds which stand, two of them, either side of the narrow passage at the upper end of the compartment. The Princess Beatrice always shares the compartments of the Queen. An electric bell is within reach of the beds.

It was here, between the bedroom and the sitting-room, that the big Englishman who took me through the carriages, and who has the train in charge, called my attention to an extremely beautiful door which, he said, was made of 'Ungarian hash.'

A lavatory separates the bed and sitting-rooms. This is finished in light wood, and the bowls and other toilet receptacles are of silver plate.

The sitting-room is upholstered in light blue silk of that vivid hue called "royal blue." Blinds and curtains are of blue; so are the *lambrequins*, which are surmounted with the royal arms.

Large easy-chairs, a sofa, and two tables make up the furniture. There are stationary lamps with blue shades and a clock. A door leads from the sitting-room into the compartment where the personal attendant rides. In this compartment are four deep-cushioned chairs which can be converted into night couches. Thick rugs cover the floors of all the compartments. There is no particular splendor about these interiors; they are handsome, solid, comfortable; in one word, 'English.'

The body of each carriage is almost black on the outside, highly polished, and bears in colors the royal arms, the Scotch thistle and the star of India. The upper part is in panels of white and gilt, and there is a narrow carved cornice in black, with here and there a gilt lion's head or a crown in high relief. The ends of the beams, or whatever they may be technically called, which project at the bottom of the carriage, are also finished in large gilt lions' heads. The running gear is painted to simulate gilt.

The Queen's carriages are built with a view to noiselessness and the greatest possible smoothness of motion. They have five floors; two of wood laid upon each other at right angles, two of rubber and one of cork. The thick padding of the inside also tends to noiselessness. There are no brakes upon these carriages, but very powerful brakes are brought to bear upon the train from the engines and from the guard's van in the rear. So the occupants are not subjected to those sudden jerks when stopping with which the most of us travelers are familiar.

THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE

The train as it stood the day of the Queen's departure, on one of her latest trips, had next the engine and guard's van two saloon cars, occupied by a sheriff, directors and numerous officials representing the railway systems over which the train was to pass.

These were followed by the saloon for the Queen's Indian secretary, Munshi Abdul Karim, and Indian attendants. Next came that devoted to the use of her private secretary, Dr. Reid, her physician, and other gentlemen. Then the Queen's carriages, followed by that of the children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and attendants. The eighth saloon was for the ladies-in-waiting; the ninth for the dressers and ladies' maids; tenth for upper servants and pages; eleventh and last for men servants.

Everything was spick-and-span, the dusting of panels and polishing of windows being kept up till the very last minute; a handsome train, illustrative of the triumph of the nineteenth century over those dark ages when the few folk who ventured to travel entered upon their journey in great fear and discomfort, the Church putting up prayers for their safety, as the English litany bears witness to-day.

The Queen had a waiting-room at Ballater, the station near Balmoral. It was fitted up only a few years ago, and finished on a day when she was expected. In fact, figuratively speaking, the last blow of the hammer may be said to have mingled with the sound of her approaching train. The officials and workmen awaited anxiously her verdict.

"Charming!" was her exclamation as she entered. The walls are panelled in satin-wood, polished but not varnished, alternating with dark wood. The softly-toned ceiling is of thick paper, which gives the effect of stucco, with a white-and-gilt cornice. There are two pretty windows of stained glass, with the rose, thistle and shamrock, and in the centre the monogram V. R. I. The double English rose and the Scotch thistle are also prominent in the ceiling. Plate mirrors are let into the walls above the fireplace, and at the opposite end; there is a thick Persian rug, and the furniture is Queen Anne, in dark red morocco. The walls of the lavatory are particularly fine, being made of Scotch fir, a handsome wood, and worked in the old linen pattern. Several smoking-rooms in English houses have since been finished in this wood and pattern, the

owners having seen and admired these walls when guests of the Queen at Balmoral. Every appointment for the toilet is kept here, even to the toilet vinegar.

Tea was sometimes served in this waiting-room for members of the royal family coming in on the train. It is a tasteful, cozy, homelike room, and when lighted up by a blazing fire of soft coal in its tiled grate it is "charming!" as the Queen said.

A BUSY SCENE

As early as nine on the day the Queen left Balmoral—her special train being scheduled for 2.25 P.M.—every variety of wagon, was on the way to the castle for the conveyance of luggage, for although there are plenty of horses in the Balmoral stables for ordinary uses, they are insufficient for the moving of the household.

During the forenoon all the saddle and carriage horses were brought down together with the ponies and children's donkeys, the latter round, fat little beasts, light grey and white. The day before, all the dogs had been sent to Windsor in company with the pipers; the pipes ignominiously swathed in bags, and the little golden brown "Marco" and a fat fox terrier named "Spot" in a comfortable dog box.

The whole morning brakes and lorries or baggage vans continued to arrive, and two of the Queen's tall footmen, in scarlet coats, were busy at the station sorting the luggage they brought.

By 2 o'clock people began to gather in the station square in expectation of the arrival of the Queen. Carriage after carriage from Balmoral drove up, all open, although it was a cold day and the wind swept freshly down the valley. But the Queen always drives with her carriage open, unless it storms, and, of course, the Court follows her example.

The Secretary and Physician, in one,—the former, a tall slight man, with grey hair and beard, and wearing a long light cloak; ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honor in another; the two wardrobe maids in a carriage by themselves.

The Indian Secretary, Munshi Abdul Karim, arrived in state, alone in his carriage, wearing a light bluish-grey turban, and apparently concentrating in himself the dignity of the whole Indian empire. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but descending with unbended solemnity, stalked majestically over the red carpet and disappeared into his own saloon.

Not so the little white-turbaned Indian upon the box. He had no sense of dignity to disturb him, and skipped down from his perch with the celerity of a monkey, picked up his master's traps and trotted after him, also disappearing into the saloon, but reappearing shortly at a window, out of which he hung in intense enjoyment of the bustle.

My own place of observation was a window in the Albert Memorial Hall, looking directly down upon the little square and close to the entrance of the station. I heard a voice behind me saying: 'I remember the first time the Queen came to Balmoral.'

I turned quickly and asked: 'Do you remember when she and Prince Albert drove from Aberdeen to Balmoral, with triumphal arches all the way? I have been wanting to see somebody that remembered that.'

'Yes,' she said, for it was a woman's voice. 'I remember it all perfectly. I was eight years old, and I wore a white frock, and all we children sang 'God Save the Queen' as she drove by. I remember how disappointed I was, for I thought she would wear a crown and ride in a gilt coach. She wore a white bonnet trimmed with a blue ribbon, the royal blue, and a blue veil, and a shawl of royal Stuart plaid folded in a point.'

So said the voice, and it gave a picturesque touch to the hour and scene. That was in 1848, and quite unlike the happy-hearted wife of that time was the woman we were about to see.

Other scraps of the Ballater folk talk caught my ear: 'There she is!' 'Oh, no, that isn't she yet!' 'She'll not be before her time!' 'She's in no hurry to get away from Balmoral!' 'Aye, aye! she'll be sorry to go!'

In the meantime the Guard of Honor had arrived and taken their stand. From our position we could see the Balmoral road where it winds around Craigendarroch, and the carriage at first taken for the Queen's proved to be that conveying the baby of the household, little Prince Donald, a fine, large carriage drawn by four horses, with postillions in scarlet jackets, and two footmen in the rumble. This carriage was closed, baby here as elsewhere being a law unto himself. He was lifted out, a soft white bundle, in his nurse's arms, and with another child toddling by her side, they also disappeared under the arched entrance.

WHEN THE QUEEN ARRIVED

Soon after, two more white-turbaned Indian attendants drove up in a brougham, and one of them, clad in a light blue gown, with white trousers and white sash, took his stand by the entrance. Then we knew that her Majesty could not be far behind.

For, as she is always the first to arrive at the castle, so is she the last to leave. When she comes in May and August, a brougham is always in waiting at the station, into which two of the attendants instantly spring and drive with all speed to the castle, to be in attendance when her Majesty arrives. And she is the first to enter the castle. When she leaves, everybody is sent off, these two attendants only waiting to see her into her carriage. Then they depart, and she is the last to drive away.

A man was stationed by the flagstaff on the hall, and as soon as the carriage with its outrider was seen coming round Craigendarroch the royal standard was run up.

The carriage slowed as it entered the square, and the Queen bowed as she passed. Her face wore a somewhat serious aspect, and there was an air of gravity about the people. With two or three exceptions they were all Ballater folk. They know her well. Many years of coming and going have made them familiar with her face. It was not curiosity that had brought them out. It was quite another feeling, and it seemed more like a family gathered to

say 'good-bye' and 'god-speed' to its head than a Queen and her subjects. There was a touching homeliness about the scene.

There were no cheers, no demonstration, as she does not wish it. Only once has that rule been broken over, and that was in 1887, her jubilee year. Then the school children were ranged beside the road; the old men over eighty came from all down the valley and stood in one line, and all the people cheered to their hearts' content while the Queen walked her horses and bowed, smiling and happy.

As her carriage, with its four beautiful greys ridden by postillions in black and white, drew up at the station, the salute was played. For a moment she sat quietly while every eye was fixed upon her; a short woman, plainly dressed in black, very like her later photographs.

For myself, as I looked at her, I lost sight of the Queen and Empress in the woman. I thought of the young girl awakened on that June morning in 1837, to be told that she was Queen of Great Britain, and who came with loosened hair and little slippered feet to ask the reverend prelate, who was one of the messengers, to pray for her.

What a life lay between that hour and this! How rich in all that consecrates life and makes for character! She has touched the heights of human happiness, and has sounded the deeps of human sorrow. 'God bless her!' I heard a voice say behind me.

The Princess Beatrice was seated beside her, and her two oldest children sat with their backs to the horses. The mother and children stepped out; and then Francie Clark, her personal Highland attendant, who had ridden in his place in the rumble, came forward, together with the blue-and-white robed Indian attendant, to assist the Queen to alight. She stood for a moment, walking-stick in hand, and then she, too, disappeared in the arched entrance. As the train moved noiselessly out we saw her at a window of her saloon, and the faces of the children, grave, like those of every one

else, looked out from the following carriage. As the train disappeared down the valley, the royal standard dropped.

The Queen's is not a fast train. Thirty-five miles an hour is its maximum. It used to be preceded by a pilot engine ; but of late years a new system has been adopted. There are ordinarily three men at work on the line in every one and a half miles. These are turned for the time into signalmen, and wherever necessary additional men are placed. Each one is supplied with a white and red flag. They are so stationed that, together, they command the line, and as the train approaches each shows his white flag if all is clear ; should there be any obstruction, he shows the red. When night comes on lanterns are substituted for flags, the white light for safety, the red for danger. So that really every foot of the line from Balmoral, or rather Ballater, to Windsor, is under supervision as the royal train moves on.

About three hours after the special, the train left conveying the horses, donkeys, ponies and carriages—eight horse-trucks, with three boxes in each and a compartment for the man in charge, and four carriage-trucks. The horses were blanketed and guarded as to their legs, the donkeys remonstrating after their fashion to the embarkation. There was a carriage for the hostlers and additional servants, and all were under the charge of the head coachman, Sands, a typical English coachman of extensive breadth, who might have stepped out from among his jolly compeers in 'Pickwick.'

CHAPTER XI

The Busy Woman

THERE was probably no one, no woman at least, in all her Empire whose days were more completely filled with successive duties than those of the Queen of Great Britain. For she had not only her own private family and the management of her Balmoral and Osborne estates to look after, but also her large family of subjects. And in neither did she throw the responsibility on her agents. It is said of her that no living statesman was so thoroughly conversant with the workings of every department—of every cog, one may say—in the vast governmental machine as the Queen. And every detail in regard to the management of her private estates was laid before her.

The Queen was an early riser, that is, early as regarded from the English upper-class standpoint, who in their lives turn night into day. And she frequently chose to breakfast at a certain small cottage in the near neighborhood of Balmoral.

This cottage was originally a gardener's cottage, and is built of lath and plaster, and was intended merely for temporary use. But the Queen took a fancy to it, and used it for some years. It consists of three rooms, in one of which the Queen breakfasted, and in the largest of which she wrote. The walls of the latter room are lined with Balmoral tartan, a tartan designed by Prince Albert. It makes a softly dark grey background slightly tinted with red.

On this background hang family photographs and portraits in black and white of a somewhat earlier date. You would especially remark one of the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, to whom the nation owed so much for the wise and judicious training of her daughter. There is an engraving of John Brown with the dogs at

Osborne, and photographs of the favorite coolies "Noble" and "Sharp." And, what would immediately attract a bookish eye, there is Cassell's admirable National Library in its compact little shelves upon a cabinet in one corner. A plain room, plainly furnished, with large round table for writing, and more suggestive of home than public life, but, for that matter, the whole atmosphere of Balmoral is homely. One end of this room is so made that it can be entirely thrown open, giving that open-air feeling of which the Queen was so fond. The cottage itself is secluded, screened from the Castle by intervening shrubberies, and looking out on smooth lawns and secluded paths bordered by quite primeval woods.

THE QUEEN'S DAILY LIFE

The Queen was fond of a quiet spot like this in which to work. At Osborne she had a summer-house, and at Windsor she resorted to a tent upon the lawn of Frogmore House. And even when she was temporarily at a place, as at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, which stands in anything but a secluded spot, she contrived, with the help of screens and umbrellas, a place to write in the open air.

When the Queen was at Balmoral two extra trains were run up and down Deeside, called the Queen's messenger trains. These bore dispatches to and from London. The up train arrived at 5 o'clock A.M., and, to attend to these dispatches after they had been sorted by her private secretary, was a part of the morning's business. There were innumerable papers to sign, and the simple drying of the signatures was no small task. In this she was assisted by her personal attendant, Francie Clark, who was always at hand. The dispatches were returned upon the 4 o'clock messenger express. At 11 A.M. came the Balmoral mail, for which a messenger was always in waiting at the station with a fast horse and a yellow-bodied gig stamped with the invariable V.R.

In looking over the newspapers the Queen intimated whatever she would like preserved, and it was one of the duties of the wardrobe maids to cut such paragraphs out and paste them into an

album supplied for this purpose. And innumerable were the albums that grew out of this habit. The cutting was not necessarily concerning a matter of public interest, or any distinguished individual. It may be simply a neighborhood incident, like the drowning of the young soldier of her guard in the summer of 1891, or the gift to a parish minister from his people. The date was always affixed to these cuttings, so that when the Queen asked for the date of such and such an occurrence it could be readily found.

The Queen also had a small moveable house or room made, put together with screw bolts. It could be readily taken apart and set wherever it pleased her to command, within sound of the voice of Dee, or on some sunny lawn, or in the shade of a spreading tree. It was about twelve feet square, and could be opened on the four sides or closed, just as the occupant desired, being furnished with sliding walls after the fashion of a Japanese house.

In late years the Queen was no longer able to walk about the estate as she used to do. A woman, who was a little girl in the days when Prince Albert, too, came to Deeside, has told a little incident, trivial in itself, but throwing light upon the daily life and ways of that time.

She, little Mary, in company with her brother Kenneth, was helping her neighbor Maggie to herd the cows. Their business was to see that the cows did not get at the corn; but they, being intent on play, the cows were soon left to Kenneth's herding, who was a little lad of five. When at last the cows were discovered feeding upon the corn, Maggie, true to that instinct which impels every son and daughter of Adam to look about for a scapegoat for his or her own sins, fell upon Kenneth, scolding him volubly for neglecting to look after the cows.

In the midst of her tirade she heard a voice call "Maggie!" and, looking up, saw the Queen and Prince Albert in a path upon the hillside above. Maggie hesitated, but again the clear voice of the Queen called "Maggie!" and reluctantly Maggie went forward.

"Maggie," she said, kindly, "you should remember that Kenneth is a little boy, and does not understand about keeping the cows off the corn. It would be a better way to put up a string so they cannot get at it."

The children were inwardly amused at the idea of a string being a sufficient guard, but, mindful of what was due to the Queen, did not smile. Not so Prince Albert, who laughed heartily at her, and the two walked merrily off together.

"The Prince," adds the story teller, "liked to walk about in that way, with the Queen on his arm, just all by themselves, and with no attendants and no fuss."

And there were climbs over the hills, and rough, mossy ground, and walks about the wood, the Prince catching sight of deer perhaps, and starting in pursuit with his gun, the Queen waiting and sketching. When they first came to Balmoral the Queen "ran about everywhere," says an old servant. She "went up to the top of Craig Gowan every day, except on the day of the Braemar games."

And every Sunday came a little family walk, the Prince and Queen and all the children together. This treat was looked forward to with great delight. "Grant," or whatever the servant's name, the children would say, "to-morrow is Sunday, and we are all going to walk with papa and mamma."

But all that is long past. The Queen in her last weeks went about the grounds in her garden chair—a basket chair, with thick rubber bands on the wheels for ease and smoothness of motion. Francie Clark led the pony or donkey, and the dogs went with her in charge of the dogmen—"Roy" and "Marco" and the rest. The little beasties did not accompany her in her long drives, though "Sharp" used occasionally to break away and follow till he caught up her carriage, to return sitting proudly by his royal mistress' side.

The Queen drove morning and afternoon. She drove very fast, and, as she did not care to drive habitually with four horses,

and as she is good to her animals, she had a change of horses in readiness at certain stations. If she drove to Ballater, eight miles, a pair of horses were sent down to the hotel stables some time before. The horses taken out of the carriage there were groomed, fed, and rested before being taken back. The same was done when she drove up to Braemar, also eight miles, and then on to the Linn of Dee, where the carriage road up the valley comes to an end.

Formerly she used to take all-day drives across country, finding great refreshment in this progress through wild, solitary glens, by broad, still moors, and within sound of rushing waters from burn and brooklet. But all that was given up with advancing years, together with the picnics when her children were younger, when John Brown boiled the tea-kettle gipsy fashion in shelter of some cairn or cliff, and they drank their tea amid the rosy heather.

Though the Queen loved her solitary drives and walks at Balmoral, yet here, as elsewhere, she occasionally graciously showed herself to her eager people. On Saturday, which was the great excursion day into the valley, she oftentimes drove, and chose her road, so as to meet the crowded brakes. She doubtless enjoyed the sight of these her people taking their pleasure, and they were simply delighted to see her. As they drove up to the station to take the train you hear them on all sides :

"We saw the Queen !"

"We met the Queen !"

Apparently that incident was the crowning pleasure of the day.

In her daily drive she called to inquire for any ailing tenant, or, if death had visited any cottage, to express her sympathy,

To one of her old women whom she had been in the habit of visiting yearly, she sent word one year (1892) that, as the Queen was not able to go and see her, she must come and see the Queen.

Sometimes there was an unexpected call upon her time and sympathy, as when the young soldier of her guard was drowned. He was salmon-fishing, and slipped in some way and struck his head so that he was stunned and unable to save himself, though

TOWER OF LONDON
Famous in English History. The Crown Jewels are kept here.

THE CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND

These jewels of untold value are kept in a well protected case in the Tower of London. They include the Ancient and Modern Crowns

the river in that place was shallow. The Queen drove to the barracks to the funeral service, bringing a wreath to place with her own hands upon his coffin. And as the train moved away, bearing to his mother her dead son, she stopped her carriage upon the railway bridge and watched it out of sight down the valley.

And in studying the life and character of the Queen, one is struck with her domesticity. One feels that had she been born in a private station she would have been one of the most domestic of women, a true housewife.

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Of all her Majesty's personal servants, none has been better known to the world at large than her late faithful Highland attendant, John Brown. He and his forbears before him were natives of Deeside. His father lived at "The Bush," a farm opposite Balmoral on the north side of the Dee.

Prince Albert found John Brown at the stables, discerned his excellent qualities, and gave him the post of gillie. After serving in that capacity for some time, he was promoted to the responsible service of leading the Queen's pony in their mountaineering expeditions. The pony was to be led when the ground was at all rough or bad, across ferries, or when it was desirable to get on faster; the leader in the latter case running by the pony's side in a steady trot.

He, together with John Grant, another old and valued servant, always accompanied the Queen and Prince in those delightful incognito excursions in which the Prince took such pleasure, a pleasure heartily shared by her Majesty.

The Queen herself writes of the two, that they were "discreet, careful, intelligent, attentive, ready to do what is wanted; the latter (Brown) particularly, is handy and willing to do anything and everything, to overcome every difficulty, which makes him one of the best of servants everywhere."

And so, step by step, by faithful performance of every duty, by unswerving integrity, by a single-mindedness that seems to be a

characteristic of his race, the Highland Celt, John Brown, at last gained an honored place in his Royal Mistress' esteem.

His old acquaintance in the valley say good things of him.

"Favorite servants, as a general thing," said a Highlander, "gain their high places by underhand practices; by catering to the weaknesses or follies of their employers. But John Brown wasn't that kind of a man. He was honest to bluntness; spoke his mind right out to high and low."

There was never any doubt as to what honest John Brown thought of a thing, a trait of character her Majesty was fully capable of appreciating.

It was John Bright, I think, who said of the Queen that she was the most absolutely straightforward and truthful person he had ever known. Being such, she naturally expected and desired the same truthfulness in those about her.

His fellow-servants all liked John Brown, and speak well of him. He was always ready to do them any service.

"No humbug about him," says one who was long associated with him.

This bluntness was not likely, however, to commend him to every one. People who speak out their minds concerning men and measures are not generally popular. To render oneself universally agreeable, it is necessary to prophesy smooth things.

And John Brown, doubtless, spoke his mind to his Royal Mistress at times as well as to others. In fact, tradition declares that he did. Did her Majesty appear in a comfortable old cloak, her faithful servant might say, with a bluntness that would send a shiver down the back of a trained and obsequious courtier, "And what is that thing you've got on the day?"

And there is a little story of how one time her Majesty was sketching at the Glassalt Shiel, and no table could be supplied of the exact height required. One after another was sent out to the waiting Queen, and one after another they were sent back. A cloud seemed to darken the royal atmosphere, as so often happens

in the case of ordinary mortals. In fact, there is a singular uniformity in human nature. The last table was sent back; the shiel could supply no more, and in their despair the servants appealed to John Brown. What should they do?

He picked up one of the rejected tables, carried it out, and set it down with his usual prompt emphasis before his Royal Mistress. She looked up.

"They canna mak' one for you," said honest John Brown.

The Queen laughed; the cloud dispersed, and that table proved to be the exact height for sketching.

This bluntness of both speech and manner came in excellent play when he was called upon to repress impertinence. As, for instance, at one time, when one of the Queen's horses fell lame at Ballater, and the pair were taken out while the carriage waited in the square for a fresh relay. The Queen remained in her carriage, and the visitors—it was summer—soon began to gather about, keeping, however, at a decently respectful distance, with the exception of one woman. She, possessed with that curiosity which apparently knows no limit but its own gratification, came up, and, leaning upon the carriage, stared directly in the Queen's face. Her Majesty lowered her umbrella before her, but, luckily, at that moment John Brown appeared, and with a wide sweep of his arm, and in his roughest tone and manner, warned off the intruder.

"Be off there! be off there! away with you!" Really one feels that anything else, any courtier-like grace of manner, would have been wholly out of place.

"I believe," said the same old fellow-servant who had declared there was "no humbug" in John Brown, "I believe he would have stood between the Queen and a bullet any day." And his loyalty was unimpeachable. It was the loyalty of the Highlands. Every one has read or been told how, when Prince Charlie was in hiding, with many thousand pounds upon his head, not one of his faithful Highlanders would betray him, though they were living in abject poverty in their wretched huts.

In the Castle Park, not far from the cottage where the Queen wrote, stands a life-size statue in bronze, by Boehm, of this faithful servant. The likeness is excellent, I am told by those who knew him. It is a rugged, shrewd, kindly face, with a smile half-breaking through. It is so like, affirms an old cottager, that it makes her feel creepy to look at it—as though he might speak the next moment; and, she adds, with a touch of Highland superstition, that she would not like to pass it after dark!

He is in the ordinary Highland dress which he wore in daily attendance upon the Queen. Upon his breast are two medals; one for long and faithful service, the other for saving the Queen's life when, on February 29, 1872, a young man rushed up to her carriage in Buckingham Palace Gardens with a petition and pistol in his hands.

John Brown lies in the little kirkyard at Crathie, a green, well-kept spot, not far from the Castle gate, but on the opposite side of the Dee. In the centre stands the picturesque, ivy-clad ruins of a small kirk. His grave is marked by a plain headstone of native granite, placed there by the Queen. A thistle is carved in the pediment, and it is bordered with oak and ivy leaves in low relief. The following is the inscription:

THIS STONE IS ERECTED
IN AFFECTIONATE
AND GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
JOHN BROWN,
PERSONAL ATTENDANT
AND BELOVED FRIEND OF
QUEEN VICTORIA,
IN WHOSE SERVICE HE HAD BEEN
FOR 34 YEARS.

BORN AT CRAITHENAIRD, 8TH DECEMBER, 1826.
DIED AT WINDSOR CASTLE, 27TH MARCH, 1883.

"That Friend on whose fidelity you count, that friend given to you by circumstances over which you have no control, was God's own gift."

Her Majesty's two wardrobe maids, who were with her for many years, are natives of the estates of Balmoral and Birkhall.

In her Majesty's household, her Indian Empire was represented by her Indian Secretary, Abdul Karim, and her personal Indian attendant. The Munshi, with whom her Majesty studied Hindustanee, was liked at Balmoral for his amiability of character. These Indians lived in a part of the Castle especially devoted to their use, and where their food was cooked by their native servant. And a fine odor of curry was said to pervade that section even in their absence.

She gave her Balmoral servants—which term includes grieves, keepers, etc.—a great pleasure at the time the Colonial Exhibition was in progress in London, a pleasure still talked over among them. She invited them in relays of eight or ten for a ten days' stay at Windsor Castle. During that time they not only visited the exhibition, but many of the numberless places of interest in London, a competent guide being supplied.

The Queen was patient with her maids, though she liked no better than the rest of us to tell over and over what she wished done. Her justice could always be relied upon. If a grievance could be brought to her knowledge, redress was sure. She was not easily deceived. Did she once get a clue, she probed to the bottom; absolute truthfulness was insisted upon; no subterfuges tolerated. Deceived where she had trusted, she "did not easily forgive; but at the last she forgave." She did not bestow her confidence at once; she reserved her judgment. Such were some of the royal traits hinted at in conversations; personal opinions formed by observation and knowledge by those who knew her best.

CHAPTER XII

Journeys in Foreign Lands

THE first visit paid by an English Sovereign to France, since Henry VIII. and Francis I. met on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, was when Queen Victoria crossed on September 1st, 1843, to Tréport, in Normandy, to stay with Louis Philippe and his family at Château D' Eu.

On the passage over, the following incident took place on board the new royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert.* Her Majesty had just been remarking what a comfortable seat she had selected for herself on deck, in a place protected by the paddle-box, when considerable commotion was observed among the sailors. The Queen, much puzzled, asked what was the matter, and inquired whether there was going to be a mutiny. The captain laughed, but remarked that he really did not know what *would* happen unless her Majesty would be graciously pleased to remove her seat.

"Move my seat," said the Queen; "why should I? What possible harm can I be doing here?"

"Well, ma'am," said Lord Adolphus, "the fact is, your Majesty is unwittingly closing up the door of the place where the grog tubs are kept, and so the men cannot have their grog!"

"Oh, very well," said the Queen, "I will move on condition that you bring me a glass of grog."

This was accordingly done, and after tasting it, the Queen said: "It would be very good if it were stronger!" a remark which delighted the men.

Louis Philippe had been a personal friend of the Duke of Kent, and for this and other reasons her Majesty received an effusive welcome. The bluff-looking Citizen King came on board the

yacht, caught up the little English Sovereign, kissed her on both cheeks, and carried her on to a splendid barge provided with a crimson silk awning.

There were every day of the Queen's stay drives in char-à-bancs into the neighboring forest, ending in *dejeuners* and *fetes-champetres*. These she enjoyed heartily, both because they were novel to her, and because they were spontaneous and untrammelled. "So pretty, so merry, so rural!" she declared. "Like the *fetes* in Germany," Prince Albert said—the long, frequently rough drives under the yellowing trees in the golden September light, the camp-chairs, the wine in plain bottles, the improvised kitchen hidden among the bushes, the many young people of high rank all so gay, the King full of liveliness and brusqueness, his Queen all motherliness and consideration—everything was delightful.

This excursion was followed by one to Belgium, when the old cities of Flanders put on their fairest array, and the staid inhabitants were stirred up to joyous enthusiasm.

FIRST VISIT TO GERMANY

Speaking of her first visit to Germany, in August, 1845, her Majesty said long afterwards that it made her inclined to cry, so pure and tender had been the pleasure. How could this have been otherwise, considering that at Rosenau Castle she slept in the room in which her Albert had been born, and was shown by him "the tiny little bedroom" where he and his brother used to sleep? At Aix-la-Chapelle the King of Prussia received the visitors, and accompanied them to Cologne. Here the inhabitants did their best to get rid of the unsavory odors for which their town is infamous by pouring eau-de-Cologne on the roadways. The Rhine was made one vast *feu-de-joie* by reason of blazing rafts, rockets, and musketry. We can well believe her Majesty when she says that Bonn University, which was her husband's *alma mater*, interested her much. At Gotha there was an open-air masque, in which artisans and peasants played parts, and the royal personages mixed

with them, dancing, laughing, talking, and pelting the children with flowers, cakes, and bonbons. "They were," wrote Queen Victoria, "quite poor children, and yet so well dressed in nice, clean things (their Sunday dress); and this is because they are peasants, and do not aspire to be more. Oh, if our people would only dress like peasants, and not go about in flimsy faded silk bonnets and shawls."

THE QUEEN VISITS PARIS

In August, 1856, the Queen again crossed to France and visited the Emperor Napoleon in Paris. The occasion was memorable from the fact that it was the first time an English Sovereign had been in the capital of France since 1422, when the infant Henry IV. was crowned in that city. In a drive which she took with the Emperor she explained her friendly attitude toward the Orleans family, which it had been said would displease the Emperor. She told him that they were her friends and relations, and that she could not abandon them in their adversity, though politics were never touched upon between her and them. The Emperor understood the situation and accepted the explanation. Prince Albert's birthday was celebrated in the course of her visit, and the Emperor gave him a picture by Meissonier, and the Empress a mounted cup carved in ivory.

The Emperor did his utmost to make the visit agreeable to his royal guest, showing her all that was memorable and attractive in his beautiful city. Balls of surpassing splendor were given in Paris and Versailles. There was a grand review of troops in the Champ de Mars, when the Queen regretted that she had not been on horseback, though the day was not fine. From the review the visitors drove to the Hôtel des Invalides to see the tomb of the first Napoleon. "There," says her Majesty, "I stood, at the arm of Napoleon III., his nephew, before the coffin of England's bitterest foe, I, the granddaughter of that king who hated him most, and who most vigorously opposed him, and this very nephew, who bears his name, being my nearest and dearest ally."

AT BALMORAL.
The Queen makes a Morning Call on a Sick Neighbor.

THE QUEEN DISTRIBUTING THE CRIMEAN MEDAL
At the Houseguards Parade Grounds.

COSTUME BALL IN THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FRANCE

In her "Diary" the Queen records her deep gratitude for "these eight happy days;" and the little Prince of Wales liked Paris so much that he tried to persuade the Empress to retain him and his sister after the departure of his royal parents. The Empress said that she could not do so, as the Queen and his father could not spare them. "Oh, yes," the Prince told the amused lady, "they can; there are six more at home."

Another visit was paid in 1858 by the Queen to the Emperor and Empress at Cherbourg. Towards sunset of a lovely day the *Victoria and Albert* ran into the harbor, and her Majesty, always thinking of her country's needs, wrote: "It makes me very unhappy to see what is done here, and how well protected the works are, for the forts and the breakwater (which is treble the size of the Plymouth one) are extremely well defended. The works at Alderney, by way of counterdefence, look childish."

After a State dinner, there were speeches, a description of which by the Queen we quote, as it shows what a very sympathetic wife she was: "The Emperor made an admirable speech, in a powerful voice, proposing my health and those of Albert and the royal family. Then, after the band had played, came the dreadful moment for my dear husband, which was terrible to me, and which I should never wish to go through again. He did it very well, though he hesitated once. I sat shaking, with my eyes riveted to the table. This over, we got up, and the Emperor in the cabin shook Albert by the hand, and we all talked of the terrible 'emotion' we had undergone, the Emperor himself having 'changed color,' and the Empress having also been very nervous. I shook so I could not drink my cup of coffee."

In 1867 the Queen received two illustrious visitors at Windsor, the Queen of Prussia, and the Sultan of Turkey, the latter of whom was entertained with lavish hospitality. Later came the Empress of France to visit her at Osborne. In August her Majesty left England on a visit to Switzerland, traveling incognito as the Countess of Kent. On her way she stopped for a day or two at

the English Embassy, Paris, where the Empress Eugenie called upon her.

This visit is worthy of mention from the fact that three years afterwards the Empress became a fugitive from France, and a resident at Chislehurst, England, where the Queen called to see her, and no doubt made kind efforts to soften the bitterness of her exile. In the following year the Emperor, released by his German captors, came to reside with his wife at Chislehurst, and the Queen again visited that place of royal refuge, accompanied by Prince Leopold. The Emperor was much downcast by his misfortunes, and was suffering both in body and mind, but this manifestation of friendship greatly touched him. He was the third royal fugitive from France who had sought a home in England during the century.

FIRST VISIT TO THE CROWN PRINCESS

Her Majesty frequently went abroad to see her children after they had married and made their homes on the Continent. Of her first visit to the Crown Princess she writes: "There on the platform stood our darling child, with a nosegay in her hand. . . . and long and warm was the embrace as she clasped me in her arms; so much to say and to ask, quite the old Vicky still."

In 1869 the Queen again went to Switzerland, traveling incognito, as she frequently preferred to do, as the Countess of Kent. She also made trips to the south of France, and was greatly pleased with Mentone, and the kindness there shown to her. One day an old man tried to throw a bouquet of wild flowers (very beautiful they are at Mentone) into the royal carriage, but missed it, and the blossoms fell in the road. The Queen at once stopped the carriage for the giver to pick them up and present them, receiving them with a nod and a smile of welcome.

Italy became a favorite country to the Queen, and she especially enjoyed Florence, largely from the fact that it had been a favorite place to Prince Albert. She made several visits to that city, where she spent her mornings there at times in the picture

galleries, through whose rooms she was moved in a wheeled chair; at times in the park, where she enjoyed taking an airing. Lunch followed, and after it the drive, which was rendered less agreeable by the crowd which gathered to see her. One of these drives is thus described:

"The road in front of the Villa Fabricotti is becoming crowded with English and Italians, for it is nearly four o'clock, and the Queen is expected. After some time, wheels are heard. All stand up to make their obeisance, when a turbaned Indian drives out of the gate in a carriage with some mysterious leather boxes on the front seat, which everybody now knows contains the Queen's tea equipage; only this, and nothing more. At length an outrider appears, and after him a carriage, in which one sees, as it quickly passes, a black parasol, a white hat and veil, and, beside the lady thus distinguished, the outline of another presence.

"Her Majesty likes to drive into the country among the vineyards. She visits village churches, talks to the priests, looks at their quaint processions, and accepts flowers from the children. She has been seen driving along with an outrider in spotless state before her, but a ragged boy, if not two, coiled round the carriage bar behind! After one of these continental tours, the writer visited the place, and was told by some of the people that they had no fear of her Majesty, and that she gave no trouble. It was the dignity of the Indian servants that overawed them."

The places in which the Queen spent her holidays never failed to receive some substantial favor in remembrance. On one of her late visits to Florence, for instance, she left 6,000 francs for the poor and a contribution to the English church. A gold snuff-box was presented to the chief of police, scarf-pins to the other officers, a rich present to the postmaster, and 100 francs to each of the mounted guards who had ridden beside the Queen's carriage in her afternoon drives.

Of the Queen's visits to the Continent there was one that had in it the elements of a domestic drama, and which is worthy of

being told at greater length. It occurred in 1884, and was attended by a decided manifestation of Queen Victoria's strength of will and the arbitrary disposition which developed in her as she grew older. The first act in the drama was the death on December 14, 1878, of the Princess Alice, Victoria's second daughter, and wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt.

AN EXCITING DRAMA

After the death of his wife, the Grand Duke seems to have paid much attention to Madame de Kalomine, wife of the Russian *chargé d'affairs* at Darmstadt. This handsome woman had given her husband no little trouble, he having already had to fight three duels on her account. The Grand Duke's admiration led to a scene in which the lady herself was the sufferer. Warned by an anonymous letter, he met her as she was riding home alone from a *tete-a-tete* promenade with the Grand Duke in the Heiligenberg woods, and accused her of being the paramour of the sovereign at whose Court he was accredited; he lashed her face repeatedly with his riding-whip, causing her horse to bolt. Falling from her saddle and slightly injured, she was carried home, and remained confined three weeks to her bed with an attack of brain fever. On her recovery she found that in consequence of a private telegram from the Grand Duke her husband had been recalled, and had been dispatched on a special mission to Japan.

About a week after Mme. de Kalomine's recovery the Grand Duke visited her, and having declared his love, urged her to ask for a divorce on the ground of her husband's ill-treatment, and afterward to marry him. Louis IV. of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was then only a little over forty years old, was still one of the handsomest and finest specimens of manhood in Europe, and it was not difficult for him to persuade her to separate from M. de Kalomine, who, with his correctly-trimmed whiskers, short, stout figure, and generally graceless appearance, presented but a sorry contrast to the Grand Duke.

Ten months later, in the spring of 1884, Mme. de Kalomine obtained her divorce, and the date on which she was free to marry again fell just two days before that fixed for the wedding of Princess Victoria of Hesse to Prince Louis of Battenberg. Mme. de Kalomine lived so retired and quietly during the whole time that although the Grand Duke's admiration for her was whispered about the city, nobody dreamed that anything serious was about to happen.

The day before the arrival of Queen Victoria to attend the wedding of her granddaughter, Mme. de Kalomine entreated the Grand Duke to hesitate before finally uniting himself to her. She had fears as to the future, and reminded him that Queen Victoria was most anxious that he should marry Princess Beatrice as soon as ever the "Deceased Wife's Sister Bill" had been passed in the English Parliament. The Grand Duke smilingly remarked in reply that his respected mother-in-law would know nothing about the matter until after the ceremony, when it would be too late for any kind of obstruction.

On the following day Queen Victoria reached Darmstadt with Princess Beatrice. At length the day—April 30, 1884—fixed for the marriage of Princess Victoria arrived. The wedding was to take place without much pomp and ceremony in the evening. At 11 o'clock on the morning of the same day the secret marriage between the Grand Duke and Mme. de Kalomine took place in the Palace Chapel. The only persons present were the Ministers of Justice and of the Interior. At the moment of the benediction a terrible thunder-storm appeared to predict troubles and sorrows to the newly-married couple, who immediately retired to the very room used by the late Princess Alice as her boudoir, where they remained several hours, while the old Minister of the Interior guarded the door, frightened out of his wits lest the Queen should notice her son-in-law's prolonged absence.

At 5 o'clock the grand ceremony of Princess Victoria's marriage took place. The royal cortege entered the chapel, the Grand

Duke leading his daughter, the Queen following alone, then Princess Beatrice, and following her the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Battenberg family, etc.

ALMOST A SCANDAL

The Queen was not present at the subsequent State banquet, preferring to dine alone with her younger grandchildren. Suddenly, about 11 o'clock at night, when she was about to retire to rest, the Crown Prince of Germany arrived and demanded an immediate audience on matters of the very highest importance. The Queen, frightened by the agitation depicted on his countenance, exclaimed, "Good heavens, Fritz, what has happened?" In a few words he informed her of the secret marriage which had taken place in the morning. On hearing this the Queen uttered a terrible cry. What! the husband of her favorite daughter Alice had dared to desecrate the memory of his dead wife by marrying a divorced woman—a mere nobody! She became so red in the face and experienced such difficulty in getting her breath that the Crown Prince, fearing an apoplectic fit, was about to summon help, when she stopped him. "Where are they now?" she exclaimed.

The Prince informed her that they had retired to rest over two hours ago. Furiously the old lady tore open her door, and was about to rush to the Grand Duke's apartments, when the Crown Prince, foreseeing the scandal which would ensue, held her back by main force until she had become a little more calm. She then decided to summon the Grand Duke to her presence.

The latter was suddenly awakened from his sweet slumbers by the knocking at the door of a chamberlain, who, in trembling accents, informed his master that the Queen insisted on his appearance before her at once. His wife, very rightly fearing the worst, clung to him in despair, crying that she would never see him again. Her husband soothed her with promises as best he could, and twenty minutes later stood in the presence of his irate mother-in-law, with whom were gathered the Crown Prince and Princess of

Germany, Princess Beatrice, and his own Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of Justice whom the Queen had summoned.

"You must drive that horrible woman away this very night," exclaimed the latter, "and you must sign this decree of expulsion which I have already had drawn up by your Ministers. Good God! if I could drive the creature out of the place with my own hands," shrieked the Queen frantically. The Grand Duke, who, although a giant in stature, was blessed with the weakest of characters, and had absolutely no strength of mind, after some hesitation gave way to his mother-in-law's wrath and signed the document.

His bride, who, notwithstanding her fright, had finally dropped off to sleep, was awakened about two hours later by the disagreeable old grand-mistress of the robes, who communicated to her in the most offensive manner possible the royal decree of expulsion and stated that she had orders not to leave her until she left the Palace. The unfortunate woman, on seeing her husband's signature to the document, understood that she was forsaken by the man who, but a few hours previously, had sworn to love and protect her. While she was hurriedly dressing, with the assistance of her Russian maid, a post-chaise, with an escort of about forty mounted police, stopped at the nearest door of the Palace, and she was hustled into it and rapidly driven to the nearest frontier. The only person to wish her God-speed was the old nurse of Princess Elizabeth (subsequent Grand Duchess Serge of Russia), who conveyed messages of sympathy and affection from her young mistress to the unfortunate woman, and brought to her the Princess' own rug, as the night was bitterly cold. As she drove away she caught a glimpse of the pale face of her husband peering out from the window while at the next she perceived the angry face of the Queen.

The ex-Mme. de Kalomine took refuge at a convent just across the frontier. Two days later a Royal messenger arrived bearing a written offer on the part of the Grand Duke to create her Countess of Romrod, and to confer on her the estate of the

same name, on the condition that she would surrender all her rights as wife of the sovereign, and never again set foot within his dominions.

She contented herself with returning the letter with an indorsement to the effect "that the Grand Duke's wife is not prepared to sell her rights." Summoning the leader of the opposition party at Darmstadt, who happened to be a very clever lawyer, she placed the whole matter in his hands. The latter commenced by having a certified copy of the marriage, with the Grand Duke's signature, published in all the German papers, and then proceeded to defend his client in the action for divorce, on the ground of incompatibility of temper, which the Grand Duke had brought against her. So cleverly was she defended, that the action was about to fall to the ground, when, at the last moment, the presiding Judge, won over by the promise of a much coveted title of nobility, suddenly remembered that the Grand Duke held a command in the German army, and that officers are not allowed to marry without the Emperor's permission. On these preposterous grounds the marriage was declared annulled and illegal and the divorce decreed.

Immediately after the expulsion of the newly-married wife the Queen carried her recreant son-in-law off to England, and took him to Balmoral, keeping him there for over three months. By that time he had got over any feelings of regret for his beautiful wife. The whole story was afterwards told in a book, entitled "*Roi de Thessalie*," supposed to be written by the doubly divorced woman herself, in which the characters were transparently veiled under fictitious names whose significance was evident.

PRINCE ALBERT DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS

PRINCE ALBERT HUNTING NEAR BELVOIR CASTLE

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1867

EDWARD VII. AS THE PRINCE OF WALES
WHEN VISITING THE UNITED STATES IN 1860

CHAPTER XIII

Notable Events in the Queen's Life

THE long reign of the Queen was marked by many notable events which, although we may not give them separate treatment, yet deserve limited mention ; for she and her Ministers spent many anxious hours in seeking to wisely guide the course of events. A few of these we sketch in this chapter, and at such length as will give a clear understanding of each.

AN ABSURD SYSTEM OF POSTAL SERVICE

When Victoria ascended the throne, the postal system was an absurdity. The rates of postage were high and various. They varied both as to distance and as to the weight and even the size or the shape of a letter. The London postal district was a separate branch of the postal department and the charge for the transmission of letters was made on a different scale in London from that which prevailed between town and town. Then if the letter were written on more than one sheet of paper, it was subject to a higher scale of charge. But the worst evil was the privilege possessed by members of Parliament of franking letters to a certain limited extent, and by members of the government of franking to an unlimited extent. Franking was the right of sending letters through the post free of charge by merely writing one's name on the outside. The privileged person could send both his own and any other's letters through the mail in this way. This simply meant that the letters of the class who could best afford to pay for them went free of charge, and that those who could least afford to pay had to pay double, for they had to bear the expense of carrying their own letters and those of the privileged as well.

The greatest grievances were felt everywhere because of this absurd system. It had, along with its other disadvantages, that of encouraging what may be called the smuggling of letters. Everywhere sprang up organizations for the illicit conveyance of correspondence at lower rates than those imposed by the Government. The proprietors of almost every kind of public conveyance are said to have been engaged in this unlawful, but certainly not very unnatural or unjustifiable traffic. Five-sixths of all the letters sent between Manchester and London were said to have been conveyed for years by this process. One great mercantile house was proved to have been in the habit of sending sixty-seven letters by what we may call this underground postoffice, for every one on which they paid the government charges. Newspapers were marked with dots and other understood symbols, which conveyed a few general facts from the sender to the recipient. It was not merely to escape heavy cost that these stratagems were employed. As there was an additional charge when a letter was written on more sheets than one, there was a frequent and almost a constant tampering by officials with the sanctity of sealed letters for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not they ought to be taxed on the higher scale.

A BETTER SYSTEM ESTABLISHED

Mr. (afterward Sir) Rowland Hill is the man to whom England, and indeed all civilization, owes the adoption of a better system. When a little weakly child, he began to show a precocious love for arithmetical calculations. His favorite amusement was to lie on the hearthrug and count up figures by the hour together. As he grew up he became teacher of mathematics in his father's school.

Afterward he was appointed secretary to the South Australian Commission, and rendered much valuable service in the organization of the colony of South Australia. His early love of masses of figures it may have been that in the first instance turned his attention to the number of letters passing through the post-office,

the proportion they bore to the number of the population, the cost of carrying them, and the amount which the post-office authorities charged for the conveyance of a single letter. A picturesque and touching little illustration of the veritable hardships of the existing system seems to have quickened his interest in a reform of it. Miss Martineau thus tells the story:

"Coleridge, when a young man, was walking through the lake district, when he one day saw the postman deliver a letter to a woman at a cottage door. The woman turned it over and examined it, and then returned it, saying she could not pay the postage, which was a shilling. Hearing that the letter was from her brother, Coleridge paid the postage, in spite of the manifest unwillingness of the woman. As soon as the postman was out of sight she showed Coleridge how his money had been wasted, as far as she was concerned. The sheet was blank. There was an agreement between her brother and herself that as long as all went well with him he should send a blank sheet in this way once a quarter; and she thus had tidings of him without expense of postage. Most persons would have remembered this incident as a curious story to tell; but there was one mind which wakened up at once to a sense of the significance of the fact. It struck Mr. Rowland Hill that there must be something wrong in a system which drove a brother and sister to cheating in order to gratify their desire to hear of one another's welfare."

Mr. Hill gradually worked out for himself a comprehensive scheme of reform. He put it before the world early in 1837. The public were taken by surprise when the plan came before them in the shape of a pamphlet which its author modestly entitled "Post-office Reform; its importance and practicability." The root of Mr. Hill's system lay in the fact, made evident by him beyond dispute, that the actual cost of the conveyance of letters through the post was very trifling, and was but little increased by the distance over which they had to be carried.

His proposal was therefore that the rates of postage should be diminished to the minimum; that at the same time the speed of conveyance should be increased, and that there should be much greater frequency of despatch. His principle was, in fact, the very opposite of that which had prevailed in the calculations of the authorities. Their idea was that the higher the charge for letters the greater the return to the revenue. He started on the assumption that the smaller the charge the greater the profit. He therefore recommended the substitution of a uniform charge of one penny (equal to two cents of our money) per half-ounce, without reference to the distance within the limits of the United Kingdom which the letter had to be carried. The plan met the uncompromising opposition of the post-office authorities but was finally authorized by Parliament in 1840, the only changes being the device of prepayment by stamps and the preservation of the franking privilege for official letters sent on business directly belonging to her Majesty's service.

Some idea of the effect it has produced upon the postal correspondence of the country may be gathered from the fact that in 1839, the last year of the heavy postage, the number of letters delivered in Great Britain and Ireland was a little more than eighty-two millions, which included some five millions and a half of franked letters returning nothing to the revenues of the country; whereas, in 1900, nearly two thousand millions of letters were delivered in the United Kingdom. The population during the same time had not nearly doubled itself. The principle of this reform has since been put into operation in every civilized country in the world and we shall probably see, before long, an inter-oceanic postage rate as low as the one people sometimes thought Sir Rowland Hill a madman for recommending for a small inland post.

Few of us of the twentieth century understand why it was that the 10th of April, 1848, was a memorable day in England. It marks the ignominious collapse of a movement which threw London into wild alarm. Public preparations had been made

against an outbreak of an armed and furious populace. The Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, had taken charge of arrangements for guarding the public buildings and defending the metropolis generally. A vast number of Londoners had enrolled themselves as special constables for the maintenance of law and order. Nearly 200,000 persons, it is said, were sworn in for this purpose. An odd incident of the famous scare was that the French prince Louis Napoleon, who was then living in London, was one of those who volunteered to bear arms in preserving order. Various remote quarters of London were filled with horrifying reports of encounters between the insurgents and the police or the military, in which the former invariably had the better of it, and, as a result, were marching in full force to the particular district where the momentary panic prevailed.

"THE PEOPLE'S CHARTER."

The cause of the unusual alarm—an alarm perhaps unparalleled in the great city—was the determination of the Chartists to present a monster petition to the House of Commons making certain demands, and, in fact, offering Parliament a last chance to yield quietly to the programme.

The Chartists had arisen early in the reign. The winter of 1837–'38 was one of unusual severity and distress. There would have been much discontent and grumbling in any case among the class described by French writers as the *prolétaire;* but the complaints were aggravated by a common belief that the young Queen was wholly under the influence of a frivolous and selfish Minister, who occupied her with amusements while the poor were starving. It does not appear that there was at any time the slightest justification for such a belief; but it prevailed among the working classes and the poor very generally, and added to the sufferings of genuine want the bitterness of imaginary wrong. Popular education was little looked after; so far as the State was concerned, might be said not to be looked after at all. The laws of political economy were

as yet only within the appreciation of a few, who were regarded not uncommonly, because of their theories, somewhat as phrenologists or mesmerists might be looked on in a more enlightened time.

FOLLOWING THE CORONATION OF THE QUEEN

Only a few weeks after the coronation of the Queen a great Radical meeting was held in Birmingham. A manifesto was adopted there which afterwards came to be known as the Chartist petition. With that movement Chartism began to be one of the most disturbing influences of the political life of the country. It sometimes seemed to threaten an actual uprising of all the *prolétaire* against what were then the political and social institutions of the country. It might have been a very serious danger if the state had been involved in any external difficulties. It was backed by much genuine enthusiasm, passion, and intelligence. It appealed strongly and naturally to whatever there was of discontent among the working classes. Thousands of ignorant and miserable men all over the country joined the Chartist agitation who cared nothing about the substantial value of its political claims. They were poor, they were overworked, they were badly paid, their lives were altogether wretched. They got into their heads some wild idea that the people's charter would give them better food and wages and lighter work if it were obtained, and that for that very reason the aristocrats and the officials would not grant it. No political concessions could really have satisfied these men. If the charter had been granted in 1838, they would no doubt have been as dissatisfied as ever in 1839.

A conference was held in 1837, between a few of the Liberal members of Parliament who professed Radical opinions and some of the leaders of the working-men. At this conference the programme, or what was afterwards known as the "Charter," was agreed upon and drawn up. The name of "Charter" appears to have been given to it for the first time by O'Connell. "There's your Charter," he said to the secretary of the Working Men's Association; "agitate for

it, and never be content with anything less." It is a great thing accomplished in political agitation to have found a telling name. A name is almost as important for a new agitation as for a new novel. The title of "The People's Charter" would of itself have launched the movement.

Quietly studied now, the People's Charter does not seem a very formidable document. There is little smell of gunpowder about it. Its "points," as they were called, were six. Manhood suffrage came first. It was then called universal suffrage, but it only meant manhood suffrage, for the promoters of the movement had not the slightest idea of insisting on the franchise for women. The second was annual Parliaments. Vote by ballot was the third. Abolition of the property qualification (then and for many years after required for the election of a member to Parliament) was the fourth. The payment of members was the fifth, and the division of the country into equal electoral districts, the sixth of the famous points. Of these proposals some, it will be seen, were perfectly reasonable. Three of them—manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, and abolition of the property qualification—have now been made part of the English constitutional system. Half of the demands have thus been crystallized into law.

THE GREAT MASS MEETING

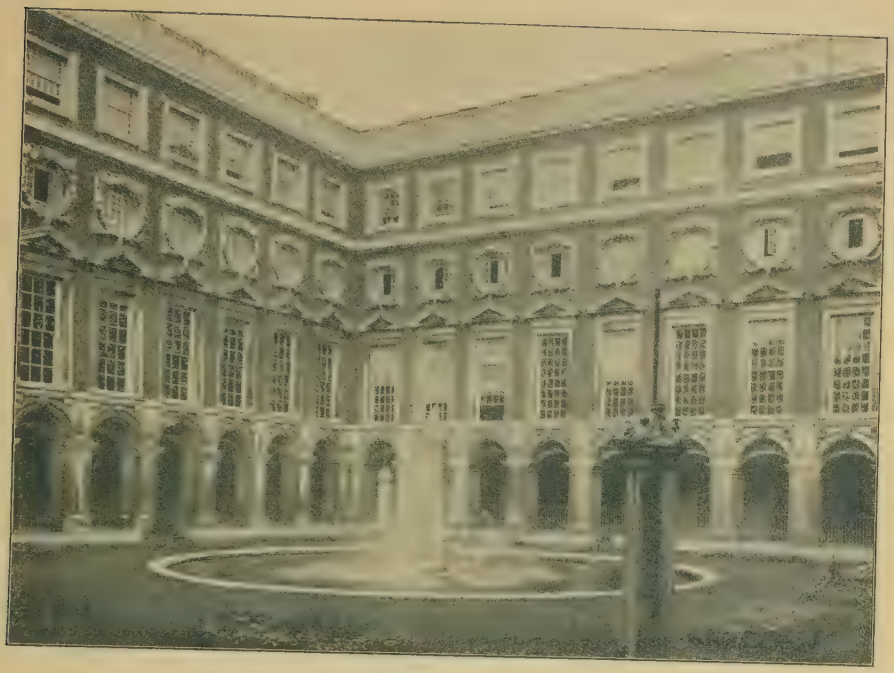
The Chartist movement had a solid basis in the real economic evils from which the working classes were suffering, but, as such agitation always tends to do, it gathered and roused the disciples of mere discontent, who applauded the leaders who talked loudest and fiercest against the law-makers and the constituted authorities. It was this feature of the movement—naturally the most prominent feature—which made London tremble at the prospect of the 1848 mass meeting. The petition was to be presented by a deputation who were to be conducted by a vast procession up to the doors of the House of Commons. The procession was to be formed on Kennington Common, the space then unenclosed which is now

Kennington Park, on the south side of London. There the Chartists were to be addressed by their trusted leader, Feargus O'Connor, and then they were to march in military order to present their petition. The object undoubtedly was to make such a parade of physical force as to overawe Parliament and the government, and demonstrate the impossibility of refusing a demand backed by such a reserve of power. There were many of the Chartists who hoped for something more than a mere demonstration of physical force and who would have been heartily glad if some untimely or unreasonable interference on the part of the authorities had led to a collision. Now came the great failure. The proposed procession was declared illegal and all peaceful and loyal subjects were warned not to take any part in it. This doomed the demonstration, for it divided the Chartists. Many of them desired to parade in defiance of the order, but O'Connor strongly insisted on obedience to the commands of the authorities.

THE GREAT CHARTIST PETITION

The separation of the Chartists who wanted force from those who wanted orderly proceedings reduced the project to nothing. The meeting on Kennington Common, so far from being a gathering of half a million of men, was not a larger concourse than a temperance demonstration had often drawn together on the same spot. Some twenty or twenty-five thousand persons were on Kennington Common, of whom at least half were said to be mere lookers-on, come to see what was to happen, and caring nothing whatever about the "People's Charter."

The great Chartist petition itself, which was to have made so profound an impression on the House of Commons, proved as utter a failure as the demonstration on Kennington Common. Mr. O'Connor in presenting this portentous document boasted that it would be found to have five million seven hundred thousand signatures in round numbers. The calculation was made in very round numbers indeed. The committee on public petitions were



THE FOUNTAIN COURT
In Hampton Palace

HAMPTON COURT—SOUTH FRONT
Famous in the History of England as the Home of Kings.

WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE THAMES

THE LONG WALK—WINDSOR CASTLE

requested to make a minute examination of the document and to report to the House of Commons. The committee called in the services of a little army of law-stationers' clerks, and went to work to analyze the signatures. They found, to begin with, that the whole number of signatures, genuine or otherwise, fell short of two millions. But that was not all. The committee found in many cases that whole sheets of the petition were signed by one hand. It did not need much investigation to prove that a large proportion of the signatures were not genuine. The name of the Queen, of Prince Albert, of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Colonel Sibthorp, and various other public personages, appeared again and again on the Chartist roll.

Some of these eminent persons would appear to have carried their zeal for the People's Charter so far as to keep signing their names untiringly all over the petition. A large number of yet stranger allies would seem to have been drawn to the cause of the charter. "Cheeks the Marine" was a personage very familiar at that time to the readers of Captain Marryat's sea stories; and the name of that mythical hero appeared with bewildering iteration in the petition. So did "Davy Jones;" so did various persons describing themselves as Pugnose, Flatnose, Wooden-legs, and by other such epithets, acknowledging curious personal defects. We need not describe the laughter and scorn which these revelations produced. There really was not anything very marvelous in the discovery. The petition was got up in great haste, and with almost utter carelessness. Its sheets used to be sent anywhere, and left lying about anywhere, on a chance of obtaining signatures. The temptation to schoolboys and practical jokers of all kinds was irresistible. Wherever there was a mischievous hand that could get hold of a pen, there was some name of a royal personage or some Cheeks the Marine at once added to the muster-roll of the Chartists.

The effect of this unlucky petition was conclusive. The terror of the agitation was gone. More than that, the humiliation of the

whole movement was so overwhelming that Chartism was thenceforth a subject only for ridicule. So sudden and complete was its descent from terrible respectability to ignominious folly that it was drowned in a sea of laughter and buried in an eternal oblivion.

TROUBLES IN CHINA AND THE OPIUM WAR

The opium dispute with China was going on when the Queen came to the throne. The Opium War broke out soon after. On March 3, 1843, five huge wagons, each of them drawn by four horses, and the whole under escort of a detachment of the Sixtieth Regiment, arrived in front of the Mint. An immense crowd followed the wagons. It was seen that they were filled with boxes; and one of the boxes, having been somewhat broken in its journey, the crowd were able to see that it was crammed full of odd-looking silver coins. The lookers-on were delighted, as well as amused, by the sight of this huge consignment of treasure; and when it became known that the silver money was the first instalment of the China ransom, there were lusty cheers given as the wagons passed through the gates of the Mint. This was a payment on account of the war indemnity imposed on China. Nearly twenty-two and a half million dollars was the sum of the indemnity, in addition to one million and a quarter which had already been paid by the Chinese authorities. Many readers may remember that for some time "China money" was regularly set down as an item in the revenues of each year with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to deal. The China War, of which this money was the spoil, was not perhaps an event of which the nation was entitled to be very proud. It was the precursor of other wars; the policy on which it was conducted has never since ceased altogether to be a question of more or less excited controversy; but it may safely be asserted that if the same events were to occur in our day it would be hardly possible to find a Ministry to originate a war, for which at the same time it must be owned that the vast majority of the people, of all politics and classes, were only too ready then to find excuse and even justification. The

wagon-loads of silver conveyed into the Mint amid the cheers of the crowd were the spoils of the famous Opium War.

The charter and the exclusive rights of the East India Company expired in April, 1834; the charter was renewed under different conditions, and the trade with China was thrown open. One of the great branches of the East India Company's business with China was the opium trade. When the trading privileges ceased, this traffic was taken up briskly by private merchants, who bought of the company the opium which they grew in India and sold it to the Chinese. The Chinese Government, and all teachers, moralists, and persons of education in China, had long desired to get rid of or put down this trade in opium. They considered it highly detrimental to the morals, the health and the prosperity of the people. All traffic in opium was strictly forbidden by the Government and laws of China. Yet the English traders carried on a brisk and profitable trade in the forbidden article. Nor was this merely an ordinary smuggling, or a business akin to that of the blockade-running during our Civil War. The arrangements with the Chinese Government allowed the existence of all establishments and machinery for carrying on a general trade at Canton and Macao; and under cover of these arrangements the opium traders set up their regular headquarters in these towns. The English Government was slow to act, but at length announced to Captain Elliott, the chief superintendent of British trade in China, that her Majesty's Government could not interfere for the purpose of enabling British subjects to "violate the laws of the country with which they trade" and that "any loss therefore which such persons may suffer in consequence of the more effectual execution of the Chinese laws on this subject must be borne by the parties who have brought that loss on themselves by their own acts." This very wise and proper resolve came, however, too late. The British traders had been allowed to go on for a long time under the full conviction that the protection of the English Government was behind them and wholly at their service.

When the Chinese authorities actually proceeded to insist on the forfeiture of an immense quantity of the opium in the hands of British traders, and took other harsh but certainly not unnatural measures to extinguish the traffic, Captain Elliott sent to the Governor of India a request for as many ships-of-war as could be spared for the protection of the lives and property of Englishmen in China. Before long British ships arrived, and the two countries were at war.

BEGINNING OF THE WAR

It is not necessary to describe the successive steps by which the war came on. It was inevitable from the moment that the English superintendent identified himself with the protection of the opium trade. The English believed that the Chinese authorities were determined on war, and only waiting for a convenient moment to make a treacherous beginning. The Chinese were convinced that from the first the English had meant nothing but war. Such a condition of feeling on both sides would probably have made war unavoidable, even in the case of two nations who had far much better ways of understanding each other than the English and Chinese. It is not surprising if the English people at home knew little of the original causes of the controversy. All that presented itself to their mind was the fact that Englishmen were in danger in a foreign country; that they were harshly treated and recklessly imprisoned; that their lives were in jeopardy, and that the flag of England was insulted. There was a general notion, too, that the Chinese were a barbarous and ridiculous people who had no alphabet, and thought themselves much better than any other people, even the English, and that, on the whole, it would be a good thing to take the conceit out of them.

It was probably true that the English Government could not have put down the opium trade; that even with all the assistance of the Chinese Government it could have done no more than drive it from one port only to see it make its appearance at another. But this is no excuse for the action of the English Government, which

should have announced from the first, and in the firmest tone, that it would have nothing to do with the trade and would not protect it. Instead of this, the Government allowed the traders to remain under the impression that it was willing to support them until it was too late to undeceive them with any profit to their safety or the credit of the Government.

The Chinese authorities acted after awhile with a high-handed disregard of fairness, and of anything like what we should call the responsibility of law; but it is evident that they believed they were themselves the objects of lawless intrusion and enterprise. There were on the part of the Government great efforts made to represent the action as an attempt to prevent the Ministry from exacting satisfaction from the Chinese Government, and from protecting the lives and interests of Englishmen in China. But it is unfortunately only too often the duty of statesmen to recognize the necessity of carrying on a war, even while they are of opinion that they whose mismanagement brought about the war deserve condemnation. When Englishmen are being imprisoned and murdered, the innocent just as well as the guilty, in a foreign country—when, in short, war is actually going on—it is not possible for English statesmen in opposition to say, "We will not allow England to strike a blow in defense of our fellow-countrymen and our flag, because we are of opinion that better judgment on the part of our Government would have spared us the beginning of such a war." There was really no inconsistency in recognizing the necessity of carrying on the war, and at the same time censuring the Ministry who had allowed the necessity to be forced upon the country. Sir Robert Peel quoted with great effect, during this time, the example of Fox, who declared his readiness to give every help to the prosecution of a war which the very same day he proposed to censure the Ministry for having brought upon the country. With all their efforts, the Ministers were only able to command a majority of nine votes as the result of the three days' debate.

The war, however, went on. It was easy work enough so far as England was concerned. It was on their side nothing but a succession of cheap victories. The Chinese fought very bravely in a great many instances; and they showed still more often a Spartan-like resolve not to survive defeat. When one of the Chinese cities was taken by Sir Hugh Gough, the Tartar general went into his house as soon as he saw that all was lost, made his servants set fire to the building, and calmly sat in his chair until he was burned to death. One of the English officers writes of the same attack, that it was impossible to compute the loss of the Chinese, "for when they found they could stand no longer against us, they cut the throats of their wives and children, or drove them into wells or ponds, and then destroyed themselves. In many houses there were from eight to twelve dead bodies, and I myself saw a dozen women and children drowning themselves in a small pond the day after the fight."

The noted English writer, Justin McCarthy, gives this account of the rapid series of operations:

"We quickly captured the island of Chusan, on the east coast of China; a part of our squadron went up the Peiho River to threaten the capital; negotiations were opened, and the preliminaries of a treaty were made out, to which, however, neither the English Government nor the Chinese would agree, and the war was re-opened. Chusan was again taken by us; Ningpo, a large city a few miles in on the mainland, fell into our hands; Amoy, farther south, was captured; our troops were before Nankin, when the Chinese Government at last saw how futile was the idea of resisting our arms. Their women or their children might just as well have attempted to encounter our soldiers. With all the bravery which the Chinese often displayed, there was something pitiful, pathetic, ludicrous, in the simple and child-like attempt which they made to carry on war against us. They made peace at last on any terms we chose to ask. We asked in the first instance the cession in perpetuity to us of the island of Hong-Kong. Of course we got

it. Then we asked that five ports, Canton, Amoy, Foo-Chow-Foo, Ningpo, and Shanghai, should be thrown open to British traders, and that consuls should be established there. Needless to say that this, too, was conceded. Then it was agreed that the indemnity already mentioned should be paid by the Chinese Government—some twenty-two and a half million dollars, in addition to six million and a quarter as compensation for the destroyed opium."

The whole chapter of history ended not inappropriately, perhaps, with a rather pitiful dispute between the English Government and the English traders about the amount of compensation to which the latter laid claim for their destroyed opium. The Government was in something of a difficulty, for it had formerly announced that it was resolved to let the traders bear any loss which their violation of the laws of China might bring upon them. But, on the other hand, they had identified themselves by the war with the cause of the traders; and one of the conditions of peace had been the compensation for the opium. At last the matter was compromised; the merchants had to take what they could get, and that was considerably below their demands.

CHAPTER XIV

Victoria's Achievements for Peace

ONE of the most notable features of the Queen's reign was its peaceful character. Never had a monarch ruled so long with so few great wars. Among the achievements for peace of the Victorian age, are the inception and successful accomplishment of the first great world's fair in London and the settlement of the *Alabama* claims by arbitration. The inception of the former was due, as we shall see, to the Queen's royal spouse, and owed its success to his persistency and tact and to the Queen's lively and sympathetic interest.

The other was no less due to the Queen's marked friendliness for America than to her love of universal peace, a love which made her extend her strong sympathy to the peaceful settlement of the *Alabama* dispute and, more recently, to the great cause of world-wide peace as fostered at the conference which met at the Hague.

The Queen's desire for peace abroad as thus shown, was in harmony with her wishes for her country at home. There was no jealousy between Parliament and Sovereign. Each tried to do the will of the other. At the beginning of her reign, Parliament voted her the usual grant of money for the Crown without any of that reluctance it had sometimes shown toward other rulers, and the grant was received by the Queen in the same friendly spirit. Indeed, she would rather have given up part of the royal revenues than have caused ill-feeling on the part of her subjects. It is fitting that, along with the other influences for peace, a statement be made of the sources and amount of the money which thus went for the support of the Queen.

The year 1851 was made memorable by the first great international exhibition, held in Hyde Park. Here was displayed the skill in arts and manufactures of all nations and peoples. Like other expositions, this leader of them all had its special feature—the Crystal Palace. This was a structure of glass and iron large enough to cover all the contents of the exhibition and at once light, beautiful and inexpensive. The building fulfilled its immediate purpose admirably and is inseparably associated with the event and the year.

THE FIRST GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

The exhibition of 1851 was mainly due to the large conception and wise foresight of the Prince Consort. The public at the time knew but little, and many know but little to this day, of the amount of anxious thought and labor which he devoted to the success of the great undertaking that made the year 1851 memorable as a new starting-point in the industrial and social history of the world. Besides his personal merits, his own high name and his close relation to the Sovereign added a lustre to the Royal Commission which would otherwise have been totally lacking, and gave ground for that confidence to foreign powers which they displayed so signally and with so little stint. When the proposal was first made it was met by countless objections. It was so novel an idea that few welcomed it. But the hopeful perseverance of Prince Albert solved the problems and overcame the innumerable impediments which threatened more than once to mar the success of the great work.

On the first day of May the event to which the whole civilized world had been looking forward with mingled interest and curiosity —the opening of the great Congress of Industry and Art—was accomplished with a pomp suitable to the dignity and importance of the occasion.

The Queen herself has written a very interesting account of the success of the opening day. Her description is interesting as an expression of the feelings of the writer, the sense of profound relief and rapture, as well as for the sake of the picture it gives of the

ceremonial itself. The enthusiasm of the wife over the complete success of the project on which her husband had set his heart and staked his name is simple and touching. If the importance of the undertaking and the amount of fame it was to bring to its author may seem a little overdone, not many readers will complain of the womanly and wifely feeling which could not be denied fervent expression. "The great event," wrote the Queen, "has taken place—a complete and beautiful triumph—a glorious and touching sight, one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country. . . . The park presented a wonderful spectacle, crowds streaming through it, carriages and troops passing, quite like the coronation day, and for me the same anxiety—no, much greater anxiety, on account of my beloved Albert. The day was bright, and all bustle and excitement. . . . The Green Park and Hyde Park were one densely-crowded mass of human beings, in the highest good humor and most enthusiastic. I never saw Hyde Park look as it did—as far as the eye could reach. A little rain fell just as we started, but before we came near the Crystal Palace the sun shone and gleamed upon the gigantic edifice, upon which the flags of all nations were floating. . . . The glimpse of the transept through the iron gates, the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, with the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation which I can never forget, and I felt much moved. . . . The sight as we came to the middle was magical—so vast, so glorious, so touching—one felt, as so many did whom I have since spoken to, filled with devotion—more so than by any service I have ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains; the organ (with 200 instruments and 600 voices, which sounded like nothing), and my beloved husband the author of this peace festival, which united the industry of all nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed, and it was and is a day to live forever. God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has

shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God, who seemed to pervade all and to bless all."

The success of the opening day was indeed undoubted. There were nearly thirty thousand people gathered together within the building, and nearly three-quarters of a million of persons lined the way between the exhibition and Buckingham Palace; and yet no accident whatever occurred, nor had the police any trouble imposed on them by the conduct of anybody in the crowd. "It was impossible," wrote Lord Palmerston, "for the invited guests of a lady's drawing-room to have conducted themselves with more perfect propriety than did this sea of human beings."

THE SUCCESS OF THE OPENING DAY

By 11 o'clock, after which hour none of the general public could be admitted, the honorable corps of gentlemen-at-arms, in their gay uniforms, had taken up their places in the rear of the dais set for the Queen. This dais was covered with a splendid carpet, which had been especially worked for the occasion by 150 ladies, and on this was placed a magnificent chair of state, covered with a cloth of crimson and gold. High over head was suspended an octagon canopy, trimmed with blue satin, and draperies of blue and white. The trumpeters and heralds were in readiness to proclaim the arrival of the Queen, and Sir George Smart stood, baton in hand, perched up in a small rostrum, "Ready to beat time to 'God Save the Queen' for the five hundredth time in his life." The Commissioners of the Exhibition and the foreign ambassadors stood in the entrance hall, prepared to pay their respects to her Majesty on her arrival. The Queen entered, leaning on her husband's arm, and being also accompanied by the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales. The Queen wore a dress of pink satin brocaded with gold; Prince Albert a Field-Marshal's uniform; the Prince of Wales was in Highland dress, while the Princess was clad in white satin, with a wreath of flowers around her head. A tremendous burst of cheering, renewed and prolonged from all

parts of the building, greeted the announcement of the arrival of the Queen.

Her Majesty was conducted to her chair of state by the Commissioners, Cabinet and Foreign Ministers. As they stood around her chair in their bright Court dresses and brilliant uniforms, a choir of nearly a thousand voices sang "God Save the Queen." At the conclusion of its last strain, Prince Albert descended from the dais, and, taking his place with his brother Commissioners, read a long address to her Majesty, in which he recited the history, plan, and intent of the magnificent project which was so largely the product of his own heart and brain.

The Queen read a short reply, the tenor of which was to warmly re-echo the hopes and sentiments contained in the address of the Prince. The Archbishop of Canterbury then offered up a consecratory prayer, which was followed by the performance of the "Hallelujah Chorus," under the direction of Sir Henry Bishop. A very long procession, in which the Queen went hand-in-hand with her son, and Prince Albert with his daughters, was then marshaled, and, having marched round the interior of the building, the exhibition was declared formally opened.

Nor did its subsequent history in any way belie the promise of its opening day. It continued to attract delighted crowds to the last, and more than once held within its precincts at one moment nearly a hundred thousand persons, a concourse large enough to have made the population of a respectable continental capital. In another way the exhibition proved even more successful than was anticipated. There had been some difficulty in raising money in the first instance, and it was thought something of a patriotic risk when a few spirited citizens combined to secure the accomplishment of the undertaking by means of a guarantee fund. But the guarantee fund became in the end merely one of the forms and ceremonials of the exhibition; for the undertaking not only covered its expenses, but left a huge sum of money in the hands of the royal commissioners. The exhibition was closed by Prince Albert on October

15th. That at least may be described as the closing day, for it was then that the awards of prizes was made known in presence of the Prince and a large concourse of people. The exhibition itself had actually been closed to the general public on the eleventh of the month. It has been imitated again and again. It was followed by an exhibition in Dublin; an exhibition of the paintings and sculptures of all nations in Manchester; three great exhibitions in Paris; the International Exhibition in Kensington in 1862—the enterprise, too, of Prince Albert, although not destined to have his presence at its opening; an exhibition at Vienna, one at Philadelphia, the World's Fair at Chicago, 1893, and again at Paris in 1900. Where all nations seem to have agreed to pay Prince Albert's enterprise the compliment of imitation, it seems superfluous to say that it was a success.

THE ALABAMA AWARD

Queen Victoria's reign will always be memorable for the great event which marks this as distinctively an era of peace and good will for in 1872 an important diplomatic question was settled by the tribunal of arbitration held at Geneva. It was the famous claim against the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers which, during our Civil War, did so much to sweep our merchant marine from the sea. These vessels made their departure from British ports, and were, in many instances, fitted out with British munitions of war. The United States claimed that Great Britain should pay damages for violation of neutrality. The matter dragged for some time. At first the English Government declined to admit any responsibility for the losses inflicted on American commerce, but later it acknowledged a willingness to submit the question to some manner of peaceful decision. An agreement regarding the matter had been made by the two Governments and rejected by the United States Senate when, in 1871, President Grant in his message to Congress announced that the time had come for the American Government to take decided steps for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims.

After some negotiation with England, that Government consented to send a commission to Washington to confer with an American commission on all the various subjects of dispute between the two countries. The English commissioners were Earl de Grey and Ripon (afterward created Marquis of Ripon, in return for his services at Washington), Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Montague Bernard, professor of international law at the University of Oxford, and Sir Edward Thornton, English Minister at Washington. Sir John A. Macdonald represented Canada. The American commissioners were Mr. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State; General Schenck, afterward American Minister to England; Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis, Mr. Justice Nelson, Mr. Justice Williams, and Mr. E. R. Hoar.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON

The commissioners held a long series of meetings in Washington, and at length arrived at a basis of arbitration. This was set forth in a memorable document, the Treaty of Washington. The Treaty of Washington acknowledged the international character of the dispute; and it opened with a remarkable admission on the part of the English Government. It announced that "Her Britannic Majesty has authorized her high commissioners and plenipotentiaries to express, in a friendly spirit, the regret felt by her Majesty's Government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the *Alabama* and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by those vessels." This was a very unusual acknowledgment to make as the opening of a document intended to establish a tribunal of arbitration for the claims in dispute. It ought not in itself to be considered as anything of a humiliation. In public, as in private life, it ought to be honorable rather than otherwise to express regret that we should even unwittingly have done harm to our neighbor, or allowed harm to be done to him; that we have shot our arrow o'er the house and hurt our brother. But when compared with the stand which English Ministers had taken not many years before, this was indeed a considerable

change of attitude. It is not surprising that many Englishmen chafed at the appearance of submission which it presented. The treaty then proceeded to lay down three rules which it was agreed should be accepted by the arbitrators as applicable to the case. These rules were: "A neutral government is bound: First, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a power with which it is at peace, and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction to warlike use. Secondly, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men. Thirdly, to exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties."

The British Commissioners followed up the acceptance of these three rules by a saving clause, declaring that the English Government could not assent to them as a "statement of principles of international law which were in force at the time when the claims arose;" but that, "in order to evince its desire of strengthening the friendly relations between the two countries, and of making satisfactory provision for the future," it agreed that in deciding the questions arising out of the claims these principles should be accepted, "and the high contracting parties agree to observe these rules between themselves in future, and to bring them to the knowledge of other maritime powers, and to invite them to accede to them." The treaty then went on to provide for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims by a tribunal of five arbitrators, one to be appointed by the Queen, and the others respectively by the President of the United States, the King of Italy, the President of the

Swiss Confederation, and the Emperor of Brazil. This tribunal was to meet in Geneva, and was to decide by a majority all the questions submitted to it.

The tribunal of arbitration was composed of five men, and appointed in accordance with the Treaty of Washington (as we have stated), as follows: Sir Alexander J. E. Cockburn, appointed by the Queen; Charles Francis Adams, appointed by the President of the United States; Count Frederigo P. Sclopis, appointed by the King of Italy; M. Jacques Staempfli, appointed by the President of the Swiss Confederation; and Viscount d' Itajuba, appointed by the Emperor of Brazil. The Court met at Geneva, Switzerland, December 15, 1871, but not until September 14th of the following year was the final conclusion announced. The case was argued for the United States by William M. Evarts, Caleb Cushing and Morrison R. Waite; for Great Britain by Sir Roundell Palmer. Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis, of the United States, and Lord Tenterden, of Great Britain, attended the tribunal of arbitration as agents of their respective governments.

THE MEETING OF THE TRIBUNAL OF ARBITRATION AT GENEVA

Some delay was caused in the meeting of the tribunal of arbitration at Geneva by the sudden presentation on the part of the American Government of what were called the indirect claims. To the surprise of everybody, the American case when presented was found to include claims for vast and indeed almost limitless damages, for indirect losses alleged to be caused by the cruise of the *Alabama* and the other vessels. The loss by the transfer of trade to English vessels, the loss by increased rates of insurance, and all imaginable losses incident to the prolongation of the war, were now made part of the American claims. It was clear that, if such a principle were admitted, there was no possible reason why the claims should not include every dollar spent in the whole operations of the war, and in supplying any of the war's damages, from the first day when the *Alabama* put to sea.

There indirect claims were not only absurd, but even monstrous, and the English Government had not for one moment the slightest idea of admitting them as part of the case to be laid before the arbitrators at Geneva. The bare suggestion seemed more like a rude practical joke than a statesmanlike proposition. Even men like Mr. Bright, who had been devoted friends of the North during the war, protested against this insufferable claim. It was at last conceded. We now know on the best possible authority that our own Government never meant to press it.

The arbitration was on the point of being broken off. The excitement in England was intense. The American Government had finally to withdraw the claims. The Geneva arbitrators of their own motion declared that all such claims were invalid and contrary to international law. The mere fact of their presentation went far to destroy all the credit which the United States would have obtained by the firm maintenance of their just demands and their recognition by the court of arbitration.

The decision of the tribunal was in favor of the United States. The court were unanimous in finding England responsible for the acts of the *Alabama*. A majority found her responsible for the acts of the *Florida* and for some of those of the *Shenandoah*, but not responsible for those of other vessels. They awarded a sum of about sixteen and a quarter million dollars as compensation for all losses and final settlement of all claims including interest.

THE QUEEN'S INCOME

At the outset of her reign, Queen Victoria, following the example of her uncle, King William IV., made an arrangement with Parliament by which, in return for her surrender to the State of the larger part of the property of the Crown, she received for life a civil list of $2,000,000 a year, together with a promise of adequate allowances for the Princes and Princesses of the royal house.

It was not the Queen or her family who had the best of this bargain, but the State—that is to say, the taxpayers. Owing to the

careful management and extraordinary development of the Crown property, together with the amazing growth in value of building land in the last sixty years, the Treasury, during the greater part of the Queen's reign, has managed to net profits of $500,000, and during the last quarter of a century profits of over $1,000,000 a year, from the proceeds of the Crown property, after all the expenses of its management, the civil list of the Queen and the allowances of the royal princes and princesses had been deducted. So instead of Queen Victoria and her family having been a source of expense to the national exchequer, it is probable that they have benefited the State to the extent of at least $30,000,000; that is to say, they have relieved the taxpayer from that amount of fiscal burden, thanks to the bargain concluded by Queen Victoria with Parliament sixty-four years ago.

The allowances subsequently asked of Parliament by the Queen for her children, in accordance with this arrangement, were exceedingly modest. The eldest child of the Queen, her daughter Victoria, now the widowed Empress Frederick of Germany, received an allowance for her life of $40,000 per annum. King Edward, while still the Prince of Wales, was obliged to content himself until his children grew up with an allowance of $200,000, which, on the marriage of his son and of two of his daughters, was increased by another $175,000 a year, for the purpose of enabling him to make provision therefrom for them. King Edward's sailor brother, Alfred, received like his younger brother, Arthur, Duke of Connaught, $125,000 a year. But on Alfred's succeeding to the German throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha he relinquished the major part of his English allowance, which was reduced to $50,000 a year. The three younger daughters of the late Queen have each $30,000 a year, in addition to the $150,000 down which they received at the time of marriage. Similar annuities of $30,000 are granted to the widows of King Edward's brothers, the Dukes of Coburg and Albany. The old Duke of Cambridge, between whom and his first cousin, Queen Victoria, there were only a few weeks' difference in

age, draws $60,000 a year from the Treasury, while his sister, Princess Augusta of Great Britain, wife of the blind but reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, received $15,000 a year from Parliament. When one reflects what a little way annuities of $30,000 a year, and even of $125,000 a year, go in these days of colossal fortunes and extravagant expenditure, and that the recipients of these allowances are expected to maintain royal estate, and to take the lead in all public charities, it will be admitted that not only was Queen Victoria singularly modest in the demands she made upon Parliament for the maintenance of the members of the royal family, but that the latter likewise deserve credit for having managed to live within their income. At any rate, Parliament has never been called upon to pay any of their debts out of the profits derived from the State management of Crown property.

Of course, neither Queen Victoria nor her eldest son was entirely dependent upon the allowances received from the Treasury in respect to the Crown property. The Queen retained, as she had a right to do, the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which, after the deduction of all expenses, amount to about $300,000 per annum. King Edward, when still Prince of Wales, derived a similar amount each year from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which has been the property of the heir to the throne for more than eight centuries. Moreover, Queen Victoria retained possession for life of the royal palaces, art treasures, and the royal park of Windsor, all of which are Crown property. The treasures include all the gold and silver plate and the Crown Jewels, worth several millions of pounds sterling, all of which are now turned over to King Edward, but for his life only.

Queen Victoria gave Parliament to understand of her own initiative that she had no intention of calling upon the nation, under the terms of her agreement with the State, to provide for her grandchildren. It should likewise be stated that of the $2,000,000 civil list received by her late Majesty the salaries and retired allowances of the royal household consumed nearly $700,000 a year, while

the expenses of the household swallowed up $900,000 a year. One hundred thousand dollars a year was devoted to pensioning deserving people. The remaining $300,000, all that was left at the august lady's disposal, was assigned to "her Majesty's privy purse."

Victoria, as stated above, was satisfied with $2,000,000 per annum, which sixty years ago possessed double the purchasing power that it does to-day. King William, who reigned before her, got $2,500,000 a year. It is probable that King Edward will stipulate for a civil list of at least $3,000,000 a year, which the State can well afford to pay, as the revenues from the surrendered Crown lands exceed that amount.

The question may possibly arise as to how the monarch originally became possessed of the lands now known as the Crown property. Formerly all the lands of the realm belonged to the Crown, and were held by the latter by various feudal tenures. Owing to extravagance and liberality on the part of various sovereigns in granting Crown lands to their favorites and courtiers, the Crown property at the time of the accession of Queen Anne had been reduced to such an extent that its revenues scarcely exceeded the rent-roll of a country squire. It was then that an Act of Parliament was passed prohibiting the disposal of Crown property. Thanks to this law, as well as to subsequent escheats and forfeitures of other lands which went to the Crown, the Crown property by degrees developed and grew until it attained its present proportions. By the legal term "escheats" is meant that when there are no heirs to succeed to a territorial inheritance the lands escheat, or revert, to the Crown—that is, the sovereign, who is, in the eyes of the law, the original proprietor of all the lands of the realm. Formerly the sovereign was expected to defray the expenses of the judiciary and of the diplomatic service, and to pay all pensions, for which purpose he received the proceeds of a number of special taxes and imposts. These were surrendered to Parliament at the close of the eighteenth century, and in return Parliament undertook to pay the salaries of the officials and the pensions.

CHAPTER XV

The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny

OF the wars with which England was afflicted during the Queen's reign only one was on European soil, all the others being in far-off regions of Africa and Asia. Of these many conflicts three only were of marked importance, the Crimean War, with which we are at present concerned, the terrible mutiny in India, and the bitterly contested struggle in South Africa, whose effect upon Victoria's mind proved so serious.

On October 4, 1853, the Sultan of Turkey declared war against Russia, unless she would immediately withdraw the troops which had occupied the Danubian principalities. Instead of doing this, the Czar, Nicholas, ordered his generals to invade the Balkan territory. Meanwhile England and France, resolute to preserve the "balance of power" in Europe, had sent their fleets to the Dardanelles, and now they entered into alliance with the Porte against Russia, and their fleets sailed on into the Bosphorus. The destruction of a Turkish squadron in the harbor of Sinope by the Russians precipitated events, and in March, 1854, England and France declared war against Russia.

THE HORRORS OF THE WAR BEGAN TO BE FELT

By September, when the landing on the peninsula of the Crimea took place, the allied forces had already lost 15000 men, and the horrors of war began to be felt seriously in the home countries. As the conflict went on, the battle of the Alma was fought, and the allies advanced on the fortified town of Sebastopol, the feeling at home grew more intense, the Queen sharing in all its intensity the anxiety which affected her people. In October came the ever

memorable charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. When the allies approached they were soon convinced that any attack on such formidable defences would be fruitless, and that they must await the arrival of fresh reinforcements and ammunition. The English took up their position on the Bay of Balaklava, and the French to the west, on the Kamiesch.

There now commenced a siege such as has seldom occurred in the history of the world. The first attempt to storm by a united attack of the land army and the fleet showed the resistance to be much more formidable than had been expected by the allies. Eight days later the English were surprised in their strong position near Balaklava by General Liprandi. The battle of Balaklava was decided in favor of the allies, and on the 5th of November, when Menzikoff had obtained fresh reinforcements, the murderous battle of Inkermann was fought under the eyes of the two Grand Princes Nicholas and Michael, and after a mighty struggle was won by the allied armies. Fighting in the ranks were two other princely personages, the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Napoleon, son of Jerome, former King of Westphalia.

Of the engagements here named there is only one to which special attention need be directed, the battle of Balaklava, in which occurred that mad but heroic "Charge of the Light Brigade," which has become famous in song and story. The purpose of this conflict on the part of the Russians was to cut the line of communication of the allies by capturing the redoubts that guarded them, and thus to enforce a retreat by depriving the enemy of supplies.

The day began with a defeat of the Turks and the capture by the Russians of several of the redoubts. Then a great body of Russian cavalry, 3,000 strong, charged upon the 93d Highlanders, who were drawn up in line to receive them. There was comparatively but a handful of these gallant Scotchmen, 550 all told, but they have made themselves famous in history as the invincible "thin, red line."

Sir Colin Campbell, their noble leader, said to them: "Remember, lads, there is no retreat from here. You must die where you stand."

"Ay, ay, Sir Colin," shouted the sturdy Highlanders, "we will do just that."

They did not need to. The murderous fire from their "thin red line" was more than the Russians cared to endure, and they were driven back in disorder.

The British cavalry completed the work of the infantry. On the serried mass of Russian horsemen charged Scarlett's Heavy Brigade, vastly inferior to them in number, but inspired with a spirit and courage that carried its bold horsemen through the Russian columns with such resistless energy that the great body of Muscovite cavalry broke and fled—3,000 completely routed by 800 gallant dragoons.

And now came the unfortunate but world-famous event of the day. It was due to a mistaken order. Lord Raglan, thinking that the Russians intended to carry off the guns captured in the Turkish redoubts, sent an order to the brigade of light cavalry to "advance rapidly to the front and prevent the enemy from carrying off the guns."

CAPTAIN NOLAN AND THE ORDER TO CHARGE

Lord Lucan, to whom the command was brought, did not understand it. Apparently, Captain Nolan, who conveyed the order, did not clearly explain its purport.

"Lord Raglan orders that the cavalry shall attack immediately," he said, impatient at Lucan's hesitation.

"Attack, sir; attack what?" asked Lucan.

"There, my lord, is your enemy, there are your guns," said Nolan, with a wave of his hand toward the hostile lines.

The guns he appeared to indicate were those of a Russian battery at the end of the valley, to attack which by an unsupported

cavalry charge was sheer madness. Lucan rode to Lord Cardigan, in command of the cavalry, and repeated the order.

"But there is a battery in front of us and guns and riflemen on either flank," said Cardigan.

"I know it," answered Lucan. "But Lord Raglan will have it. We have no choice but to obey."

"The brigade will advance," said Cardigan, without further hesitation.

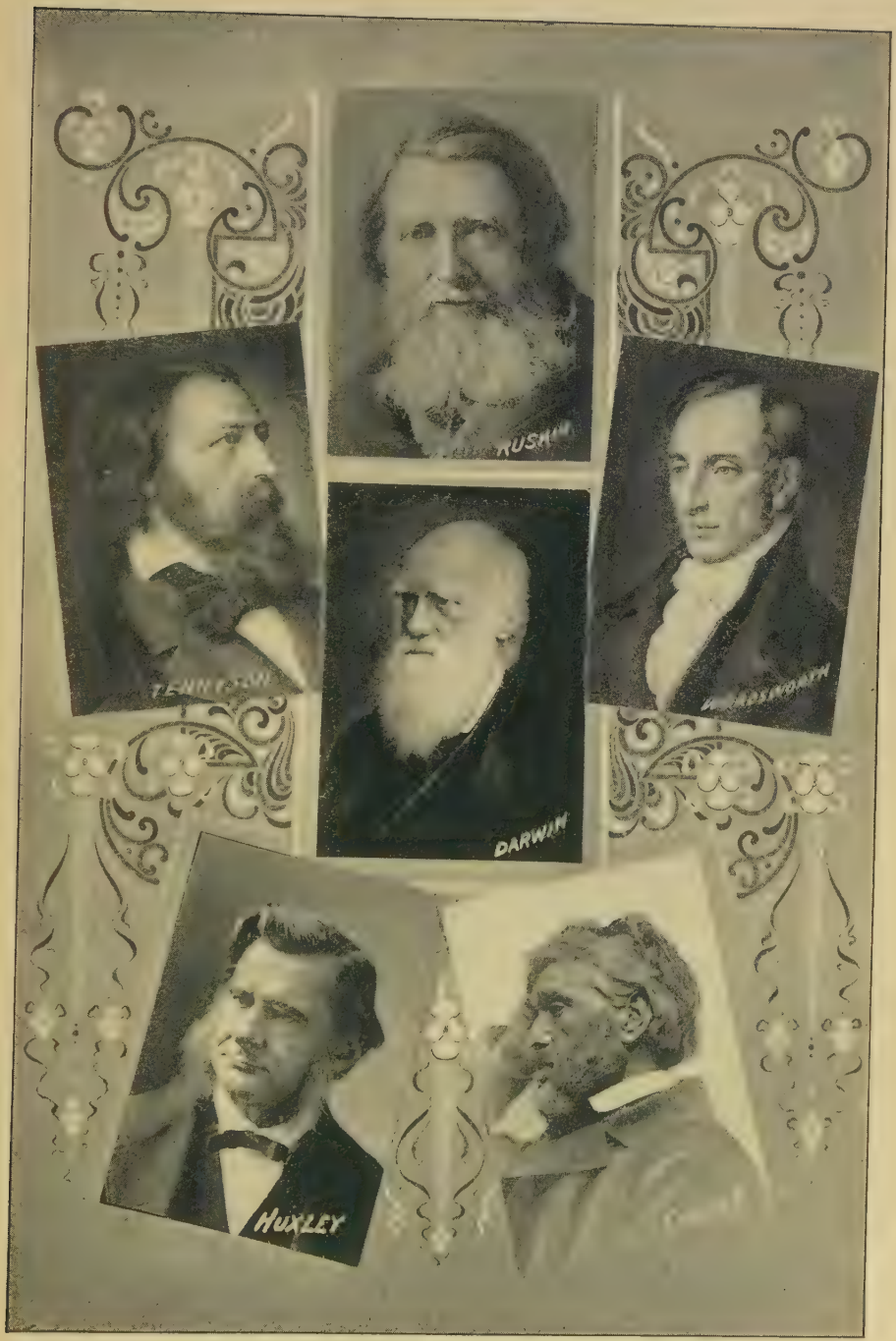
In a moment more the "gallant six hundred" were in motion—going in the wrong direction, as Captain Nolan is thought to have perceived. At all events he spurred his horse across the front of the brigade, waving his sword as if with the intention to set them right. But no one understood him, and at that instant a fragment of shell struck him and hurled him dead to the earth. There was no further hope of stopping the mad charge.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

On and on went the devoted Light Brigade, their pace increasing at every stride, headed straight for the Russian battery half a league away. As they went fire was opened on them from the guns in flank. Soon they came in range of the guns in front, which also opened a raking fire. They were enveloped in "a zone of fire, and the air was filled with the rush of shot, the bursting of shells, and the moan of bullets, while amidst the infernal din the work of death went on, and men and horses were incessantly dashed to the ground."

But no thought of retreat seems to have entered the minds of those brave dragoons and their gallant leader. Their pace increased; they reached the battery and dashed in among the guns; the gunners were cut down as they served their pieces. Masses of Russian cavalry standing near were charged and forced back. The men fought madly in the face of death until the word came to retreat.

Then, emerging from the smoke of the battle, a feeble remnant of the "gallant six hundred" appeared upon the plain, comprising



LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN

THE QUEEN'S COLDSTREAM GUARDS

BALMORAL CASTLE, SCOTLAND

The Northern Home of the Queen associated with the life of the Prince Consort.

one or two large groups, though the most of them were scattered parties of two or three. One group of about seventy men cut their way through three squadrons of Russian lancers. Another party of equal strength broke through a second intercepting force. Out of some 647 men in all, 247 were killed and wounded, and nearly all the horses were slain. Lord Cardigan, the first to enter the battery, was one of those who came back alive. The whole affair had occupied no more than twenty minutes. But it was a twenty minutes of which the British nation has ever since been proud, and which Tennyson has made famous by one of the most spirit-stirring of his odes. The French General Bosquet fairly characterized it by his often quoted remark: "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" (It is magnificent, but it is not war.)

THE ASSAULT AND CAPTURE OF SEBASTOPOL

These battles in the field brought no changes in the state of affairs. The siege of Sebastopol went on through the winter of 1854–55, during which the allied armies suffered the utmost misery and privation, partly the effect of climate, largely the result of fraud and incompetency at home. Sisters of Mercy and self-sacrificing English ladies—chief among them the noble Florence Nightingale—strove to assuage the sufferings brought on the soldiers by cold, hunger, and disease; these enemies proved more fatal than the sword.

In the year 1855 the war was carried on with increased energy. Sardinia joined the allies and sent them an army of 15,000 men. Austria broke with Russia and began preparations for war. And in March the obstinate Czar Nicholas died and his milder son Alexander took his place. Peace was demanded in Russia, yet 25,000 of her sons had fallen and the honor of the nation seemed involved. The war went on, both sides increasing their forces. Month by month the allies more closely invested the besieged city. After the middle of August the assault became almost incessant, cannon-balls dropping like an unceasing storm of hail in forts and streets.

On the 5th of September began a terrific bombardment, continuing day and night for three days and sweeping down more than 5,000 Russians on the ramparts. At length, as the hour of noon struck on September 8th, the attack of which this play of artillery was the prelude began, the French assailing Malakoff, the British the Redan, these being the most formidable of the defensive works of the town. The French assault was successful and Sebastopol became untenable. That night the Russians blew up their remaining forts, sunk their ships of war, and marched out of the town, leaving it as the prize of the victory to the allies. Soon after Russia gained a success by capturing the Turkish fortress of Kars, in Asia Minor, and, her honor satisfied with this success, a treaty of peace was concluded. In this treaty the Black Sea was made neutral and all ships of war were excluded from its waters, while the safety of the Christians of Wallachia, Moldavia and Servia was assured by making those principalities practically independent under the protection of the Powers of Europe.

Sufferings on the part of the British soldiers roused every English man and woman to sympathy and pity.

Florence Nightingale was sent out by Sidney Herbert with a party of nurses, many of them volunteers, to Scutari, and soon, by her skill and firmness, put the wretched hospital in order, and bestowed on the wounded every possible alleviation of their anguish. Forty more nurses followed, headed by Miss Stanley.

The London *Times* opened a subscription for the sick and wounded, and sent a Commissioner out to the Crimea to administer the funds thus raised for the soldiers in comforts and medicines. In less than a fortnight $75,000 had been received by the paper, and on re-opening the subscription it was increased to over $100,000, a large sum at that time. The Prince, meantime, at the head of a royal commission, founded the Patriotic Fund, to which the nation contributed a million and a quarter pounds or nearly seven million dollars. Private acts of patriotic benevolence supplemented the public munificence. The Queen herself, the elder Princesses, and

her Majesty's ladies knitted woollen comforters, mittens, and other warm clothing, which were sent out and distributed amongst the soldiers. The Prince sent warm fur coats and a liberal supply of tobacco.

THE QUEEN'S SOLICITUDE

Her Majesty, also, when sending her congratulations to her troops on the New Year, through Lord Raglan, wrote: "The sad privations of the army, the bad weather, and the constant sickness are causes of the deepest concern and anxiety to the Queen and Prince. The braver her noble troops are, the more patiently and heroically they bear all their trials and sufferings, the more miserable we feel at their long continuance. . . . The Queen heard that their coffee was given them green, instead of roasted, and some other things of this kind, which has distressed her. . . . The Queen earnestly trusts that the large amount of warm clothing sent out has not only reached Balaklava, but has been distributed, and that Lord Raglan has been successful in procuring the means of hutting the men. Lord Raglan cannot think how much we suffer for the army, and how painfully anxious we are to know that their privations are decreasing."

Great numbers of wounded and disabled soldiers were sent home from time to time, and the Queen and Prince went to see them, and ascertain how they were cared for. They visited the military hospitals at Brompton and Fort Pitt, Rochester, where many wounded men had recently arrived. They took with them the two eldest princes. A sad sight indeed those wounded and mutilated men must have been for their tender-hearted Queen. But for them her words of praise and pity were as true balm.

The Queen was satisfied that her soldiers were treated with every care and kindness at the hospitals, but her Majesty was not pleased with the little wards, with high windows "like prisons," nor with the want of a dining-hall for the invalids, who were obliged to eat in their wards. Her Majesty requested Lord Panmure (the Secretary for War) to take steps at once for the erection of proper

hospitals for the soldiers. Lord Panmure was anxious to obey the Queen, and her Majesty's idea was afterward embodied in Netley Hospital which became associated with the Queen's last year in her visits to wounded soldiers from South Africa.

THE QUEEN PRESENTS CRIMEAN MEDALS

On the 18th of May, 1855, the Queen presented their Crimean medals to the officers and soldiers who had returned wounded from the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann. The ceremony took place on the parade between the Horseguards and St. James' Park. Every spot was thronged with spectators. Soon after ten the Queen and Prince took their places on a dais raised for the occasion.

"After the customary ceremony of marching past, the line formed three sides of a square facing the dais. The names of the officers and men entitled to decorations were called over by the Deputy Adjutant-General, and each person passing in succession was presented with a medal. As each soldier came up, Lord Panmure (Secretary of War) handed the Queen the medal to which he was entitled; and the soldier, having saluted her Majesty, passed on to the rear, where they might be seen proudly exhibiting their medals to admiring groups, both of friends and strangers."

The Queen writes to the King of the Belgians: "Ernest will have told you what a beautiful and touching sight and ceremony (the first of the kind ever witnessed in England) the distribution of the medals was. From the highest prince of the blood to the lowest private, all received the same distinction for the bravest conduct in the severest actions, and the rough hand of the brave and honest private soldier came for the first time in contact with that of his Sovereign and his Queen. Noble fellows! I own I feel as if they were my own children—my heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest! They were so touched, so pleased; many, I hear, cried, and they won't hear of giving up their medals to have their names engraved upon them, for fear they should not receive the identical one put into their hands by me!"

The Queen often visited the wounded at Chatham and at Fort Pitt, and a gentleman who was then much with the young royal family (whose instructor in art he had been constituted by the Prince) has favored us with an interesting anecdote of one of many interviews between the Queen and her soldiers. It was related to him by her Royal Highness the Princess Royal (now the Empress Dowager Frederic of Germany) as an instance that "some men are by nature born courtiers, others utterly destitute of civility or courtesy." We see in it, also, how fully her Majesty's goodness to her troops was appreciated, and how a chivalrous loyalty could refine and inspire a private soldier.

THE QUEEN SEES THE WOUNDED VETERANS

The Queen, on one occasion, expressed her wish to see some of the convalescent wounded (who were equal to make the journey) at Buckingham Palace; and a certain number were sent thither in accordance with her Majesty's command. They were ranged in the hall, lining the walls all round.

Her Majesty entered shortly afterwards, and gazing with a gracious kindness and sadness on the feeble, mutilated men before her, sighed deeply, and was heard to say something of the horrors and sufferings caused by war, and to hope that the time would soon come when the swords should be beaten into ploughshares, and the spears into pruning hooks, and when men should not learn war any more.

The soldiers had risen and saluted as the Sovereign entered, and remained standing. But glancing with pity at their enfeebled forms, her Majesty directed that they should be all told to sit down, except the man to whom she spoke and the one next to him. Then when the Queen had passed him the first was told to sit down and the third to rise, while her Majesty spoke to the second. Thus two were always standing.

To one of these men the Queen said, "I see you have lost your right arm; where were you wounded?"

"In the trenches, your Majesty," was the reply.

"Now, I suppose you feel pain still at certain changes of the weather? Is it not so?" the Queen asked.

"Your Majesty," replied the soldier, "I always feel it."

As he spoke he put his fingers on his heart, but the thumb pointed to his left shoulder.

The Queen turned to the medical officer and said, "I have often heard, but could never understand how it was, that the loss of a limb on one side of the body gives rise to a pain on the opposite side; how is it to be accounted for?"

The soldier asked if he might be pardoned for explaining himself, and her Majesty said she would *rather* hear the explanation from him than from one who had not experienced it.

"Your Majesty," then said the soldier, "the time was that I had an arm with which to wield a weapon in your Majesty's service, and had I had fifty arms I would have devoted them all to serve your Majesty and my country; but now I have lost that arm—and it gives me a pain *here*."

The Queen then perceived that with his fingers he pointed to his heart. She was touched, and said most feelingly, "I thank you for that! I thank you for that!"

After speaking to about four more, and hearing all they had to say, her Majesty made some few remarks on the horrors of war, the pain to individuals, and the manifold losses to families and the country generally. At length she came to a soldier who supported himself on crutches, and asked him, "And where did *you* receive your wound?"

A gruff voice, in a rough dialect, answered laconically, "Bang through my thigh."

The Princess observed, "This man was of the same rank in life, but entirely without the inborn courtesy of the first. In short, the one *was*, and the other was *not*, born a courtier."

During these trying days the Queen lived for a part of the time with her family in her new castle in Scotland, Balmoral. Here telegraphic messages arrived quickly one after another; one

announcing that the fire on Sebastopol had been re-opened; that the French guns had destroyed one of the ships in the harbor; the destruction of another Russian ship and of part of the city being on fire was announced, followed by repeated reports of the success of the terrible struggle. At last came the tidings, "Sebastopol is in the hands of the allies."

The news reached Lord Granville, the Minister with the Queen, at half-past ten at night.

The Prince at once proposed lighting the bonfire that had been prepared the year before in consequence of a false report of victory. A high wind had blown it down on that 5th of November when our soldiers were contending with the Russian hosts at Inkermann, "and now again," adds the Queen, "most strangely it only seemed to wait our return to be lit."

In a few minutes the Prince and the gentlemen, accompanied by all the servants, and gradually joined by the population of the villages, keepers, gillies, and workmen, ascended to the top of the cairn and lighted the bonfire. It blazed forth brightly, and its flame bore over the Scottish hills tidings of the great victory, to gain which so many of their gallant sons had bled. Since the signal fires of the Armada, never had bonfire or beacon conveyed more important tidings to the people.

The first act of the Queen after hearing of the taking of Sebastopol was to telegraph her congratulations to her ally, the Emperor, and to request Lord Panmure to send her Majesty's warmest congratulations to General Simpson (who had succeeded Lord Raglan) and General Pelissier.

On May 30, 1856, peace was signed between England and France and Russia. The Tower guns were fired to announce it, and the Lord Mayor, standing on the balcony of the Mansion House, read the announcement to the assembled crowds, who cheered the news lustily.

The Tower guns fired again, the church bells rang everywhere. There was universal joy. For that war had brought grief

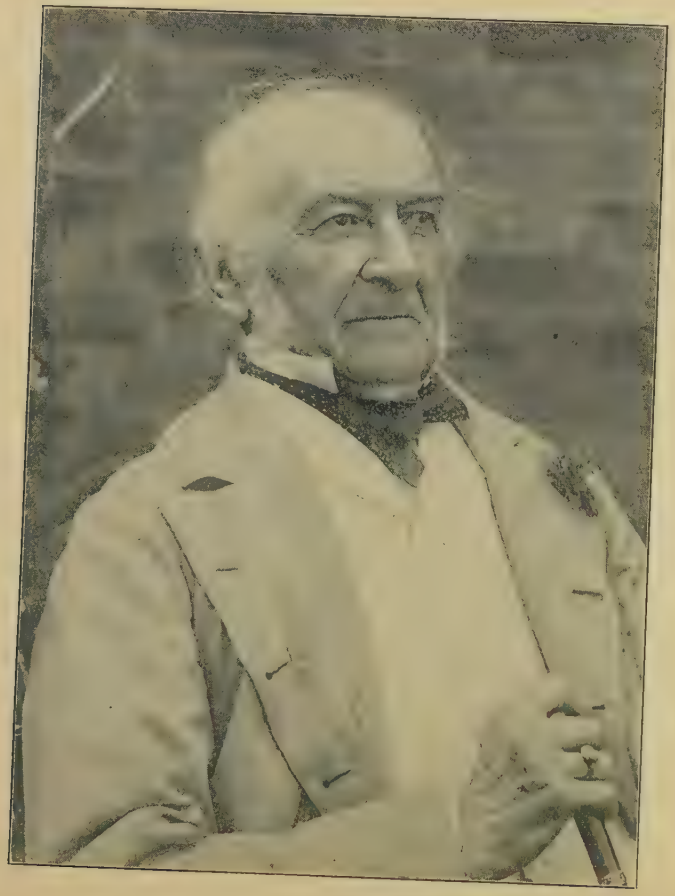
into almost every household; nearly every family had given one of its members, generally the best beloved, to the Moloch of Russian ambition and greed; and they knew that the foe was a savage one, who even murdered the wounded on the field of battle.

The Queen's thankfulness was extreme. She had suffered so much that her health was affected by anxiety and sorrow for her soldiers, and her children said that if the war did not soon end "it would kill mamma."

HER PRIME MINISTER HONORED

There had been some little strain in the relations between her Majesty and Lord Palmerston when he was Foreign Minister; and his partisans were said to have originated the slanders against the Prince. But the Queen's disposition was to "forgive and forget" more easily than most of her Majesty's subjects, and was never unfair, even to those with whom she has had just cause for displeasure. Now, when the war had thus reached its successful conclusion, she wrote graciously to her Prime Minister to express her approval of the zealous and able conduct of it, and conferred on him the Order of the Garter. The honor was gratefully accepted by Lord Palmerston, who henceforward continued in favor with his royal mistress. He was always popular with the people, who greatly appreciated his jealousy for the honor of England and the safety of Englishmen. The more he was disliked by foreign Courts, the more he was liked by the great mass of his countrymen, who, ignorant of foreign affairs, thought very naturally that his disfavor abroad was a sign of his devotion to their interests at home.

In the early days of this war the Queen was deprived of one of England's greatest warriors,—he whose name had been her best earthly defence was taken from her. Full of years and honors the great Duke of Wellington fell asleep. His guard of his beloved country was relieved. The sad news reached her Majesty at Balmoral, and caused her the most profound regret. The Duke had known her from her cradle, and had loved her as a daughter, while



WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE
Prime Minister of England under the Queen.

DISRAELI
The Queen's Great Prime Minister

THE QUEEN AND HER LITTLE GRANDSON, PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA
By M. L. Gow, R.I.

he revered her as a sovereign. The grief of the country was also deep and sincere.

A magnificent funeral was given to the dead hero by the nation. With great pomp and solemn reverence he was laid to rest by the side of as great a hero, and one who had fully shared his high sense of duty. He lies by the side of Nelson in St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

The funeral procession was magnificent, all nations (save Austria) sending a representative mourner, some bearing the Field Marshal's baton, bestowed on the Duke by their country, on a velvet cushion, as that of England also was.

The Queen watched the procession from Buckingham Palace, and again from St. James' Palace, seeing with tender regret thus pass from her one of her most faithful and devoted friends. It had been given to her to have, as the champion of herself and her people, a soldier whose campaigns were unsullied by cruelties or crimes—a knight "without fear and without reproach."

THE INDIAN MUTINY

Toward the end of April, 1857, came fearful tidings from India. That country was still under the rule of the company of merchants for whom Clive had won it, and had long been a field for the exercise of those great merchants' patronage; their army of sepoys being officered by Englishmen, and their civil service being better paid than that of the Queen. The Anglo-Indian community had been, especially of late years, on very good terms with the richer natives; but far-seeing men had warned them for some time that they were living over a volcano, that there was a great though smothered discontent, although the people were now treated with much justice, and the "pagola tree" could no longer be shaken to make an adventurer's fortune. The native army was, it was said, disaffected, and agitators (perhaps foreign agents) took pains to tell the people that the English intended to make them lose caste—an awful loss, as it entailed a kind of excommunication

in this world, and loss of eternal happiness in the next. This injury was to be effected by stratagem. Their cartridges were to be greased with the fat of the cow—the sacred animal of the Hindoo—and with pig's fat, the pig being the abhorred animal of the Mahometans: to touch the former would be sacrilege; the latter, degradation. Moreover, there were prophecies about that the infidels would be driven from India on the centenary of their conquest, and it was just a hundred years since the fatal battle of Plassy had made them masters of Hindostan.

These whispers roused all the superstitious fear and hopes of the people. They resolved on a general and simultaneous rising, when they would massacre every European in the country. Happily, however, the outbreak took place too soon, and was not, therefore, simultaneous. Some sepoys at Meerut refused to use the new cartridges, though they were assured that they were not greased, and for their refusal they were committed to prison.

On the following Sunday the other sepoys, stationed there, broke out into open mutiny, fired on their officers, broke open the prison and released their comrades, massacring many of the English. The European troops, however, gathered and drove them from their cantonments, and the rebels hurried off to Delhi to proclaim the old king.

On entering the ancient capital of the Moguls and Mahometan emperors, they proceeded, with the sanction of the kings and princes, to perpetrate the greatest and most horrible cruelties against the British, murdering women and children with fiendish tortures, whole families of European residents being massacred in one day.

The Governor-General, Lord Canning, acted with great energy and decision. He stopped some troops on their way to China, where war was going on, and gathered a force to march on Delhi at once. Happily the sepoys of Bombay and Madras continued faithful, and the recently-conquered Sikhs were ready to fight on our side against the Hindoos whom they hated.

Delhi, floating with the blood of English men, women and children, was at once besieged, but it was not until after an investment of three months, and a terrible sacrifice of life by the British army in the assault of the town, that it was taken. Many deeds of heroic valor were performed outside those blood-stained walls, which are seven miles in circumference.

The telegram relating to the investment of Delhi, and containing the terrible announcement that the sepoys of Bengal were all in revolt, murdering every British or European man or woman they could reach, thoroughly alarmed the Government, who had chosen before to be sceptical as to the rumors of the mutiny.

How much keener the Queen's intelligence was is proved by the subjoined portions of two letters of her Majesty's which we quote from "The Life of the Prince Consort," in order that our readers may see how active and energetic her Majesty was as a ruler :—

THE QUEEN'S KEENNESS OF PERCEPTION

"The Queen has to acknowledge the receipt of Lord Palmerston's letter of yesterday. She has long been of the opinion that reinforcements waiting to go to India should not be delayed.

"The moment is certainly a very critical one, and the additional reinforcements now proposed will be much wanted. The Queen entirely agrees with Lord Panmure that it will be good policy to oblige the East India Company to keep permanently a larger portion of the royal army in East India than heretofore. The empire has nearly doubled itself within the last twenty years, and the Queen's troops have been kept on the old establishment. . . . The Queen hopes that the reinforcements will be sent out in their brigade formation, and not in detached regiments. Good commanding officers, knowing their troops, will be of the highest importance, next to the troops themselves. The Queen must ask that the troops by whom we shall be diminished at home by transfer of so many regiments to the Company, should be forthwith replaced by an increase of the establishment up to the number

voted by Parliament, and for which the estimates have been taken; else we denude ourselves altogether to a degree dangerous to our own safety at home, and incapable of meeting a sudden emergency, which, as the present example shows, may come upon us at any moment. If we had not been reduced in such a hurry this spring we would now have all the men wanted."

Lord Palmerston wrote to the Queen: "Viscount Palmerston presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and has had the honor to receive your Majesty's communications of yesterday" (this relates to a matter following the one we have just given), "stating what your Majesty would have said if your Majesty had been in the House of Commons. Viscount Palmerston may perhaps be permitted to take the liberty of saying that it is fortunate for those from whom your Majesty differs that your Majesty is not in the House of Commons, for they would have had to encounter a formidable antagonist in argument; although, on the other hand, those whose opinions your Majesty approves would have had the support of a powerful ally in debate.

"But with regard to the arrangements in connection with the state of affairs in India, Viscount Palmerston can assure your Majesty that the Government are taking, and will not fail to continue to take, every measure which may appear well adapted to the emergency; but measures are sometimes best calculated to succeed which follow each other step by step."

The Queen was not at all inclined to think a "step-by-step" policy suited to such a rapid and terrible struggle, and she wrote from Osborne:

"The Queen is anxious to impress in the most earnest manner upon her Government the necessity of our taking a comprehensive view of our military position at the present momentous crisis, instead of going on without a plan, living from hand to mouth, and taking small isolated measures without reference to each other. The principle which the Queen thinks ought to be adopted is this: that the force which has been absorbed by the Indian demand be

replaced to its full extent and in the same kind, not whole battalions by a mere handful of recruits added to the remaining ones. This will not only cost the Government nothing—because the East India Company will pay the battalions transferred, and the money voted for them by Parliament will be applicable to the new ones—but it will be a considerable saving, as all the officers reduced from the war establishment and receiving half pay will be thus absorbed, and no longer a burden on the exchequer. Keeping these new battalions on a low establishment, which will naturally be the case at first, the depots and reserves should be raised in men, the Indian depots keeping at least two companies of 100 men each."

Her Majesty then considered the only two objections that could be raised—one, that the men could not be got. She says, "Try, and you will see." Next, that the East India Company might demur; but the Queen assured her Minister that henceforward they must have European regiments, and that they could not be allowed to raise troops for themselves. Her Majesty adds with one of her tender womanly touches:

"The present condition of the Queen's army is a pitiable one. The Queen has just seen in the camp at Aldershot regiments which after eighteen years' foreign service in most trying climates, had come back to England to be sent out, after seven months, to Crimea. Having passed through this destructive campaign, they have not been home for a year before they are to go to India for perhaps twenty years! This is most cruel and unfair to the gallant men who devote their services to the country, and the Government is in duty and humanity bound to alleviate their position."

The Queen's influence prevailed, and on the 22d the Prince recorded in his diary, "The cabinet has at last adopted our suggestions for an increase of the army."

The defenceless and crippled state of England at this time made the Cabinet as well as the Queen very uneasy. They began to perceive a change in the conduct of foreign governments, and were very uneasy at their position with regard to France.

However, in August the Emperor and Empress of the French paid a private visit to Osborne, and then matters were made better. Lords Palmerston and Clarendon came to Osborne to meet the Emperor, who had with him his Ministers, and long conferences followed, which ended in obviating the serious rupture between the powers that had appeared imminent. The dissension had been caused by a quarrel about the Principalities on the Danube, with France, Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia on one side, and England, Austria, and Turkey on the other.

The visit was made very pleasant to the Emperor and Empress, and the Emperor wrote, on his return to France, a grateful and cordial letter to his royal friends.

The Queen prorogued Parliament on the 27th, and the same day the Court left London for Balmoral. Here terrible details from India awaited them.

The mutiny had broken out at Cawnpore, where General Sir Hugh Wheeler had only about three hundred soldiers with him, and where the defenceless Europeans and Eurasian population he had to protect numbered about a thousand families. Sir Hugh was a very old man, seventy-five years of age. Expecting the revolt, the moment he heard of that which had taken place at Meerut he applied to Sir Henry Lawrence, who commanded at Lucknow, for help. Sir Henry, himself besieged, could give none! Then Sir Hugh applied to a man who was, he believed, a friend to the English, and at his request the Nana Sahib of Bithoor came with two guns and three hundred men to help him. But the Nana was a traitor. Deep in his heart he nourished the bitterest hatred of the English, because Lord Dalhousie had disallowed his claim on his adopted father's estates. Nana Sahib had sent an agent some time before to press his claims on the English Government. This man, very handsome, and very clever, had been a servant in an Anglo-Indian family, and had learned a little French and English. The footman, Azimoolah Khan, visited London in 1854, and was received into the best society, made a lion of, and actually believed

that the noblest ladies were dying of love for him! On his way back, unsuccessful in his mission, he visited the Crimea. He arrived at England's worst hour there, and went back to his master full of the certainty that the English power was on the wane. The Nana now fully believed, no doubt, that the fall of the British was at hand. When he came to Cawnpore he might have meant to aid Sir Hugh; as it was he headed the mutineers against him. Sir Hugh had, when the mutiny began, gathered those he had to protect inside an old hospital, the mud walls of which were only four feet high. However, when his treacherous "Friend" called on him to surrender, he refused, and made a most heroic defence.

RECOURSE TO TREACHERY

The Nana had, indeed, to have recourse to treachery to gain the miserable fortress. He offered terms to Sir Hugh. He would send him and his survivors of the desperate defence by water to Allahabad if he would yield. The terms were accepted; for the besieged were dying of starvation and dysentry. They embarked in native boats, and were allowed to gain the middle of the stream, when the thatch of the boats was set on fire, and the traitor's soldiers by his order fired on the English. The men were all murdered; the women made captives; but their fate was only deferred.

The Nana soon found that Azimoolah had been mistaken. General Niel had retaken Allahabad, and cleared the country around it; Havelock was advancing with his invincible little force of one thousand men and six guns, and had beaten Tantia Topee, the Nana's general (who had four thousand men and twelve guns) in a battle lasting only ten minutes. The Nana saw he must retreat; but first he would have his revenge. He ordered the sepoys to fire into the room occupied by the captive English women and children; but the men (to their honor) fired too high to do harm; then the monster Nana sent in men of his body-guard, who actually cut the poor captives nearly to pieces, though some were

found alive the next morning; but all, alive or dead, were by his direction thrown into a dry well!

On entering the town Havelock's soldiers learned the horrid truth, and turned weeping from the well of Cawnpore. Above it now stands the English church. Terrible vengeance was taken on the murderers.

The defence of Lucknow was another wonderful instance of English pluck and determination. Sir Henry Lawrence held it with a garrison of only five hundred soldiers against fifty thousand sepoys. He defended the women and children till his death; then his officers assumed his duties, till at length the gallant Havelock and his little band of heroes cut their way through and entered the Residency. But they could not take the ladies and children back through the encircling foes, and had in turn to stay and defend them. Here he remained till Lord Clyde arrived and released the helpless garrison.

The poetry and heroism of Havelock have rendered his name as dear to Englishmen as that of Gordon, his worthy successor in the national affections. He did not live to return from that awful conflict in Oude, dying of dysentery, after Lord Clyde (Sir Colin Campbell) had relieved Lucknow.

It was this terrible news that reached Balmoral. They heard of the massacre at Cawnpore, of the danger of Lucknow, and that Delhi still held out.

The Queen was glad to hear that Lord Palmerston had suggested to the Archbishop a Sunday for special prayer. Her Majesty had suggested during the Crimean war that the prayer to be used before a fight at sea is best suited to such occasions.

By-and-by the cloud parted—Delhi was taken, Lucknow was relieved, everywhere vengeance (to the Queen's great regret) fell on the mutineers. England, alone, had come victorious through a crisis of unequalled peril, and had, as Lord Palmerston phrased it "won off her own bat."

THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY IN THE PARK

THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN

Her Majesty's visit to the Lord-Lieutenant and Countess Cadogan at Dublin Castle, 1900.

CHAPTER XVI

Memorial of Albert, Prince Consort

SORROW and bereavement knock with impartial hand at the door of palace and cottage: and royal hearts feel as keenly and sharply as those of lower degrees. The Queen herself has called the year 1861 "the year of sorrow," and a year of sorrow it proved indeed.

Just at its opening it gave promise of happiness. It was the twenty-first year of their marriage, and the Queen wrote to Uncle Leopold: "Very few can say, with me, that their husband at the end of twenty-one years is not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the first days." The Prince, at the same time, wrote to his old friend, Baron Stockmar: "To-morrow our marriage will be twenty-one years old. How many a storm has swept over it; and still it continues green and fresh, and throws out vigorous roots, from which I can with gratitude to God acknowledge that much good will yet be engendered for the world."

THE FIRST DARK SHADOW OF THE YEAR

In a very tender and loving letter to the Queen's mother, the Prince speaks of his great happiness, and concludes with the hope "that your pains and aches will leave you soon." The wish was fulfilled, but in another sense than his. A few days afterwards, on visiting the Duchess at Frogmore, the Queen and Prince Albert found her very weak and ill; but this passed off, and the Queen returned feeling at rest about her mother. "Then," she says, "Albert came in saying we ought to go to Frogmore at once, as the Duchess of Kent had been seized with a shivering fit, which her physician regarded as a very serious symptom." As soon as

possible, accompanied by the Princess Alice, the Queen got to her mother, her first greeting being, "the end will be soon." How sadly true this greeting was we narrate in a subsequent chapter.

No life of Queen Victoria would be complete without an account of her beloved husband, Albert, the Prince Consort. One of the many proofs of her affection for him and of her overwhelming grief over his untimely death was the publication, under the Queen's own direction, of a volume on "The Early Years of the Prince Consort." Originally intended for private circulation among the members of the royal family and the intimate friends of the Prince, the book was later given to the public, as being the best expression of the life and character of the man whom the Queen loved. It is the authoritative source of material concerning the Prince and, as such, must be the basis of all subsequent works on his career.

HUNDRED STEPS AT WINDSOR

Prince Albert was born on the twenty-sixth of August, 1819, at the Rosenau, a charming summer residence belonging to his father, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. His mother was Princess Louise, described as having been very handsome, though very small, and fair, with blue eyes, and Prince Albert is said to have been extremely like her. An old servant who had known her for many years told the Queen that when she first saw the Prince at Coburg, in 1844, she was quite overcome by his resemblance to his mother. The marriage was not a happy one, however, and a separation took place in 1824, when the young Duchess finally left Coburg. She never saw her children, Prince Albert and his older brother, again, and died, after a long and painful illness, in 1831, in her thirty-second year. The Prince never forgot her, and spoke with much tenderness and sorrow of his poor mother. He was deeply affected in reading, after his marriage, the accounts of her sad and painful illness, and one of the first gifts he made to the Queen was a little pin he had received from her when a little child. Princess Louise, the Prince's fourth daughter, and named after her grandmother, is said to be like her in face.

BAPTISM OF PRINCE ALBERT

On the 19th of September the young Prince was christened in the Marble Hall at the Rosenau, where he received the following names in this order: Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emmanuel, the name by which he was known, Albert, being the last but one. When the Queen was at the Rosenau in 1863, the Prince's former tutor gave her a copy of the address pronounced on the occasion of the baptism by the superintendent, Genzler. It is interesting to note that Professor Genzler had officiated at the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the parents of Queen Victoria, in the palace at Coburg in 1818, and that he received the Queen and Prince at Coburg when they paid their first visit to it after their marriage, in 1844. In this address are two passages strikingly prophetic of his after-life:

"The good wishes," said the preacher, "with which we welcome this infant as a Christian, as one destined to be great on earth, and as a future heir to everlasting life, are the more earnest, when we consider the *high position in life in which he may one day be placed, and the sphere of action to which the will of God may call him, in order to contribute more or less to the promotion of truth and virtue, and to the extension of the kingdom of God.* . . . The thoughts and supplications of the loving mother are that her beloved son may one day enter into the kingdom of God as *pure* and as *innocent after the trials of this life as he is at this moment* (the joy and hope of his parents) received into the communion of this Christian Church, whose vocation it is to bring up and form upon earth a God-fearing race."

Had these words, pronounced by the officiating clergyman at the Prince's baptism, been used after his premature death, could they possibly have been more descriptive of him?

His grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg-Saalfeld, was also the mother of the Duchess of Kent and the grandmother, therefore, of Victoria. Many years later the Queen, speaking of her, said: "The Prince told the Queen that she had wished earnestly that he should marry the Queen, and, as she died when her grandchildren (the Prince and Queen) were only twelve years old, she could have little guessed what a blessing she was preparing, not only for this country, but for the world at large."

Prince Albert was not yet four years old when he and his brother, Prince Ernest, were removed from the care of the nurse to whom they had hitherto been entrusted to that of Herr Florschütz, of Coburg, who directed the young Princes' education until they left Bonn, fifteen years later, at the close of their academical career.

Nothing was more remarkable, even in infancy, than the unselfish affection which united the two brothers. "Brought up together," says Mr. Florschütz, "they went hand-in-hand in all things, whether at work or at play. Engaged in the same pursuits,

sharing the same joys and the same sorrows, they were bound to each other by no common feelings of mutual love." And this mutual love endured without interruption and without diminution through life.

"Even in infancy, however," their tutor continues, "a marked difference was observable in their characters and dispositions. This difference naturally became more apparent as years went on, and their separate paths in life were definitely marked out for them; yet far from leading at any time to any, even momentary, estrangement, it seems rather to have afforded a closer bond of union between them."

A striking proof of the warm affection which united them will be found in a touching letter from Prince Ernest to the Queen, written when his brother's marriage was settled, and inserted in its proper place, in which he speaks of the rare qualities and virtues that already distinguished Prince Albert above all his young associates.

Mr. Florschütz describes the young Prince as being singularly easy to instruct; and this, notwithstanding the difficulties thrown constantly in the way by the injudicious, as he considers it, partiality of their mother; by the irregularity of hours, and the interruptions occasioned by their frequent changes of residence and general mode of life.

The intellectual and thoughtful turn of the Prince's character, and his love of order, were even at this early age conspicuous. His studies were a pleasure to him, not a task. His constant love of occupation—for, in the words of his tutor, "to do *something* was with him a necessity"—his perseverance and application, were only equalled by his facility of comprehension.

This eager desire for knowledge did not, however, lessen his enjoyment of the active sports and amusements which generally have, and ought to have, so much attraction for boys. Indeed, he seems to have thrown himself into his bodily exercises with the same zeal with which he devoted himself to his studies, and to have

entered into the games of boyhood with all the glee and zest of an ardent and energetic spirit. In these games with his brother and his young companions his was the directing mind. Nor was he at times indisposed to resort to force if his wishes were not at once complied with.

At this time, however, his tutor says of him that "he was rather delicate than robust, though already remarkable for his powers of perseverance and endurance."

The King of the Belgians, writing to the Queen in 1864, confirms, for the most part, the account of the young Prince thus given by Mr. Florschütz:

"I have seen him," he says, "chiefly at Coburg, but since 1827 also at Gotha. He looked delicate in his youngest days. He was always an intelligent child, and held a certain sway over his elder brother, who rather kindly submitted to it."

HAPPY CHILDHOOD

There does not appear to have been much to record during the boyhood of the Princes; and, with the exception of the unfortunate circumstances of the year 1824, which resulted in the separation of their parents, to which reference need not here be made, their lives flowed on in a singularly even and unvarying, but at the same time very happy course. Indeed, the Prince, in after years, frequently alluded to his happy childhood, and often told the Queen that he considered it the happiest period of his whole life.

In 1826, after considerable difficulty, an arrangement was completed by which the Duchy of Gotha was given to the Duke of Coburg, who ceded Saalfeld to another Duke, and thus the Prince's father became the lord of a somewhat altered Dukedom, being now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The wish of the Duchess, the Prince's grandmother, "that they may continue well, and may escape the scarlet fever and measles," seems to have been realized. It does not appear that, as a child, Prince Albert ever had either of these disorders. He had the measles very many years later in

England, but, from the memorandum of his tutor, it is seen that, though he was kept in bed for eight days when his brother had the scarlet fever in 1829, he showed no symptoms of the disorder, and the only reason for this confinement appears to have been the excessive caution of the doctor, who seems to have assumed that if one brother had the fever the other must of necessity have it also.

Nevertheless, the Queen says that Prince Albert certainly had the scarlet fever at this time. "At least," her Majesty adds, "he himself always maintained this, therefore visited his children regularly when they had it in 1855."

In 1828, the Young Princes paid a visit to their cousins, the sons of the Governor of Mayence, and Prince Albert wrote his father an account of it:

MAYENCE, 1828.

DEAR PAPA:—I cannot thank you half enough for letting us have the pleasure of coming to Mayence to see our cousins.

Mayence was hardly in sight when our uncle and cousins met us on horseback. We were very much astonished when we saw the Rhine in the valley, with its bridge of boats; but the water of the Maine and the Rhine is so different that you cannot mistake them. The Maine has red and the Rhine green water. . . . . Yesterday we drove to Wiesbaden, and from Wiesbaden rode on donkeys to the Platte, which is two hours from Wiesbaden. The day before we were at Biberich. . . . Keep your love for

Your ALBERT.

The intimacy thus early begun between the cousins seems to have been kept up with undiminished affection throughout life; and Count Arthur Mensdorff, in 1863, wrote to the Queen, in response to a wish expressed by her, an account of his recollections of those early days. In it he says:

"Albert, as a child, was of a mild, benevolent disposition. It was only what he thought unjust or dishonest that could make him angry. Thus I recollect one day when we children, Albert, Ernest, Ferdinand, Augustus, Alexander, myself, and a few other boys (if I am not mistaken, Paul Wangenheim was one) were playing at the Roseneau, and some of us were to storm the old ruined tower

on the side of the castle, which the others were to defend. One of us suggested that there was a place at the back by which we could get in without being seen, and thus capture it without difficulty. Albert declared that 'this would be most unbecoming in a Saxon knight, who should always attack the enemy in front,' and so we fought for the tower so honestly and vigorously that Albert, by mistake, for I was on his side, gave me a blow upon the nose, of which I still bear the mark. I need not say how sorry he was for the wound he had given me.

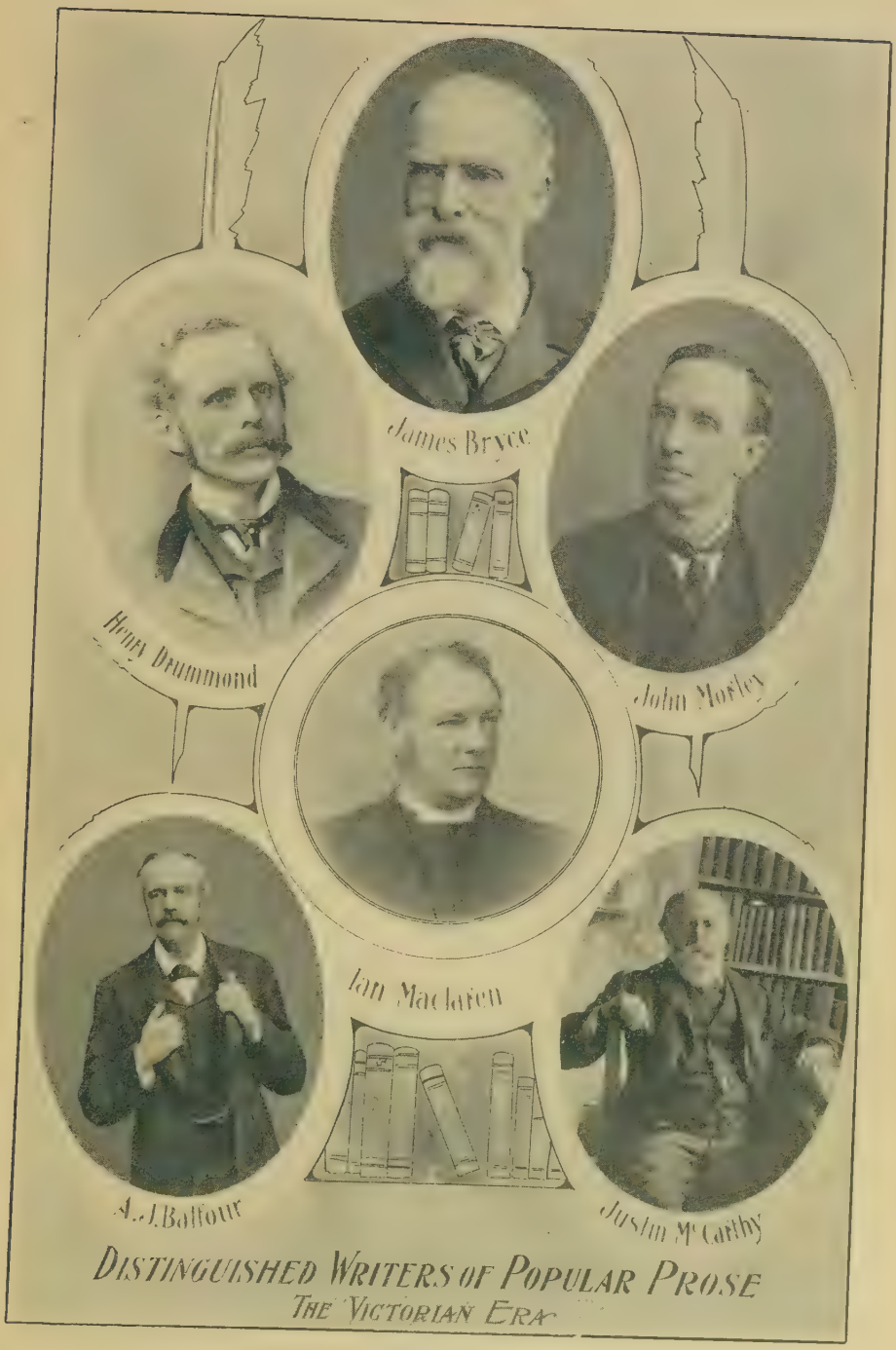
"Albert never was noisy or wild. He was always very fond of natural history and more serious studies, and many a happy hour he spent in Ehrenburg, in a small room under the roof, arranging and dusting the collections our cousins had themselves made and kept there. He urged me to begin making a similar collection myself, so that we might join, and form together a good cabinet.

"This was the commencement of the collections at Coburg in which Albert always took so much interest.

"Albert thoroughly understood the *naiveté* of the Coburg national character, and he had the art of turning people's peculiarities into a source of fun. He had a natural talent for imitation, and a great sense of the ludicrous, either in persons or things; but he was never severe or ill-natured; the general kindness of his disposition preventing him from pushing a joke, however he might enjoy it, so as to hurt any one's feelings. Every man has, more or less, a ridiculous side, and to *quiz* this, in a friendly and good-humored manner, is, after all, the pleasantest description of humor. Albert possessed this rare gift in an eminent degree.

"From his earliest infancy he was distinguished for perfect moral purity, both in word and in deed; and to this he owed the sweetness of disposition so much admired by every one.

"Even as a child he was very fond of chess, and he, Ernest, Alexander, and myself often played the great four game. This led often to jokes, but sometimes to ridiculous quarrels, which, however, owing to his goodness of heart, always ended good-humoredly.


James Bryce
Henry Drummond
John Morley
Ian Maclaren
A. J. Balfour
Justin McCarthy
DISTINGUISHED WRITERS OF POPULAR PROSE
THE VICTORIAN ERA

THE QUEEN AND THE WHOLE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT WINDSOR

By Laurits Tuxem.

"Some time ago I collected all the letters I have of dearest Albert's, and in one of them I found a passage most characteristic of his noble way of thinking, as shown and maintained by him from his earliest childhood:

"'The poor soldiers,' he says, 'always do their duty in the most brilliant manner; but as soon as matters come again into the hands of politicians and diplomats, everything is again spoiled and confused. Oxenstiern's saying to his son may still be quoted: "My son, when you look at things more closely, you will be surprised to find with how little wisdom the world is governed." I should like to add, 'and with how little morality.'

"How much these words contain! We again see the Saxon knight, who as a child declared that you must attack your enemy in front, who hates every crooked path; and, on the other hand, the noble heart which feels deeply the misfortune of a government not guided by reason and morality."

The years 1829 and 1830 seem to have been passed by the Princes in the quiet routine of their studies and other occupations, their residence at Coburg and the Rosenau being only interrupted by the visits, now grown periodical, to Gotha.

The Duke, their father, had been absent for some time in the winter of 1828-'29, and on the 16th January of the latter year we find Prince Albert, now in the tenth year of his age, writing by direction of his grandmother (probably from Ketschendorf, where she resided), to say how sorry they were at his staying away so long, and to express their joy to hear he was soon coming back. Again, on the 28th of the same month, he gives his father an account of the manner in which he and his brother, with their young companions, the sons of the principal people of Coburg, who came constantly on Sundays and other holidays to play with them, according to a practice established, had been amusing themselves.

They dragged some small hand-sledges up to the Festung (the old fortress above Coburg), and "there," he writes, "we and some

other boys got into our sledges and went the whole way down to the gate of the Schloss."

In a journal kept by the Prince in 1830, when he was not yet eleven years old, he gives an account, which is not without interest, of the manner in which he and his brother were in the habit of amusing themselves with their young companions; he also describes the great Protestant festival, in celebration of the Confession of Augsburg, which was held at Coburg in June of that year.

YOUTHFUL AMUSEMENTS

The Princes were very fond of assuming the characters of the most distinguished worthies of old times, and of making the most remarkable incidents in bygone German history the subject of their games. On the occasion mentioned in the following extracts from Prince Albert's journal, it is not without interest to observe that when the boy, selected to play the Emperor, was missing he was to be replaced by another boy chosen by lot from amongst those who were to represent the different Dukes. The lot fell worthily on the Prince himself.

But the journal is chiefly interesting from one short entry in it strongly indicative of that trait in the Prince's character which was, perhaps, the most remarkable, as being, certainly, the most rare in those born to such high rank—his thoughtful consideration, namely, for others. When lamenting the disappointment to himself and his companions of the pleasure which they had promised themselves, and which a wet day put a stop to, his thoughts seemed to turn quite naturally to the still wider disappointment occasioned to the children of the whole town, whose festival was spoiled by the bad weather.

"17TH JANUARY.

"SUNDAY.—When I woke this morning, the first thing I thought of was the afternoon when we expected our playfellows. The tallest and one of the cleverest, Emil von Gilsa, was to be our Emperor. Ernest was to be Duke of Saxony, and was to have two

Counts Rottenhahn, the elder M. von Schauroth, a Preger and a Borner, and one of our rooms was to be his Duchy.

"Paul von Wangenheim was to be Duke of Bavaria and his followers were to be the younger M. von Schauroth, a Piani and a Müller, and he also had a room; and I was to be Duke of Burgundy, and Herman, Achill, Victor and Edward von Gilsa were to belong to me, and another of our rooms was to be my Duchy. We dined with our dear Grandmamma. After dinner we returned home, and our playfellows had already arrived; but we heard with great horror that Achill and Emil von Gilsa (our chosen Emperor) were ill, and that the two Mess. von Schauroth were gone out sledging and would come later. We therefore decided on choosing an Emperor from among the Dukes, and lots were to decide who it was to be. Fortune favored me, and I was Emperor. We played very happily till half-past eight o'clock."

"21st JUNE.

"To-day was my brother Ernest's birthday. We spent this day, in spite of the rain, very happily together.

"We drove into the town after dear Papa had given Ernest many presents, and visited dear Grandmamma. The bad weather not only spoiled our happiness, but that of the children of the whole town too, as just on this day a school-festival happened to fall.

"We spent the afternoon at Ketschendorf with some of our companions.

"In the evening we went to see a menagerie which consisted chiefly of serpents."

In August, 1831, the mother of the Princes died, as has been already mentioned, at St. Wendel. And in the November following they had to mourn the loss of their kind and beloved grandmother, the Duchess Dowager of Coburg. In the summer of 1832 the young Princes accompanied their father to Brussels on a visit to their uncle Leopold, who, in the course of the preceding year, had been chosen to be the Sovereign of the newly-created kingdom of Belgium.

The stay of the Princes at Brussels at this time was short. But short though it was, their tutor ascribes to the effect produced by what they saw there—by the spectacle which the Belgian capital then afforded, of liberty and independence bravely acquired, and used with good sense and moderation—that apppreciation of the blessings of liberty, that attachment to liberal principles which ever afterwards distinguished both the Princes. In Prince Albert these liberal principles were tempered by a moderation and love of order, and by a detestation of everything approaching to license, which were very remarkable at his early age; and this without weakening the devotion to the purest and best principles of constitutional freedom, of which his whole after-life in England gave such repeated proof.

The love of art, too, which was natural to the Prince, received, his tutor adds, a great stimulus from the beauty of Brussels, and the study of the art treasures which that city contains.

On their way home the Princes passed a few weeks with their aunt and cousins at Mayence, and during that time attended the swimming-school which forms part of the military establishment there. They made so much progress, that before they left they swam down the stream from the bridge of Mayence to Biberich, a distance of three miles.

In the autumn of this year the Duke re-married. The new Duchess was his own niece—being the daughter of his sister Princess Antoinette, married to Duke Alexander of Würtemberg. In November the brothers accompanied their father to the Castle of Thalwitz, in Saxony, there to await the arrival of the Princess from Petersburg. Thence they escorted her to her new home.

The Prince was now in his fourteenth year, and was fast developing that power of thinking and judging for himself which distinguished him so greatly in after-life.

The ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge, always so characteristic of the Prince, as well as his love of order and method, show themselves, even at this early age, very remarkably, in a

programme drawn up by himself at this time for his guidance in the prosecution of his studies.

This programme is given, as written out in the Prince's own handwriting, at the end of an interesting memorandum by his old tutor, Councillor Florschütz, in which he (the Councillor) records his recollections of the Prince as a boy, and gives an account of the nature of his studies and the manner in which they were regulated. It is seen that, though not neglected, classics and mathematics did not hold the prominent, not to say the exclusive, place in their system of education which these branches of study occupy in England. The study of modern languages, of history, of the natural sciences, of music, and generally of those accomplishments which serve to embellish and adorn life, had many hours in each week devoted to them.

The amount of work which the Prince thus traces for himself would probably not only seem excessive to the most studious English school-boy (and we must remember that the Prince at this time was only of the age of a school-boy), but was such as a hard-reading man at one of our universities might almost have shrunk from. Be it also remembered that the principal parts of these studies are what his tutor describes as "self-imposed." From six o'clock in the morning to one in the afternoon, and, on two days of the week, till two o'clock, there was continuous work, excepting, of course, the time required for breakfast. From one to six was given up to out-door exercises and recreation, dinner, etc.; and the day concluded with two hours' more work from six to eight.

It must not be supposed, however, that this programme was strictly carried into effect. It is seen from the memorandum, how much their tutor complained of the interruptions caused by the frequent changes of residence, and by the system of breakfasting in the open air at different places, and sometimes at a considerable distance from home; but, as a scheme of study laid down by the young Prince himself, and, as far as was possible, adhered to, it may well command our admiration. It may also be remarked that

though his tutor, in this paper, seems only to lament the interruption occasioned to his studies, he elsewhere mentions the frequent changes of residence as advantageous rather than otherwise, and as tending to encourage the habit of observation and to enlarge his mind.

FIRST MEETING OF THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE

In 1836 the Princes and their father, the Duke visited England, as previously mentioned. They lodged at Kensington, and it was on this occasion that the Queen saw the Prince for the first time. They were both seventeen years old. In April, 1837, the Princes went to Bonn, at which university, with the exception of the usual vacations, they remained for the next year and a half.

Here they resided with their tutor, M. Florschütz, who bears witness to the diligence and steadiness with which they applied themselves to their studies. Of our Prince he says that "he maintained the early promise of his youth by the eagerness with which he applied himself to his work, and by the rapid progress which he made, especially in the natural sciences, in political economy, and in philosophy. Music, also," he adds, "of which he was passionately fond, was not neglected, and he had already shown considerable talent as a composer." The Prince also excelled in many exercises, and at a great fencing-match, in which there were from twenty-five to thirty competitors, carried off the first prize, as recorded by an English student at the university, who afterwards held a government situation in Dublin, and who himself obtained the second prize.

Since the visit of the Princes to England in the preceding year the idea had become very general that a marriage was in contemplation between Prince Albert and the Princess Victoria; and during their late residence in Brussels reports to that effect had become still more prevalent, though most prematurely, as nothing was then settled. Prince Albert's letters to his father at this time are chiefly interesting from their allusion to England and the young Queen.

The first is dated from Bonn, only a few days before the death, on the 20th of June, 1837, of William IV., when Queen Victoria, who had only just completed her eighteenth year, ascended the throne. In that letter, after mentioning a visit to Cologne, he goes on :

"A few days ago I received a letter from Aunt Kent, enclosing one from our cousin. She told me I was to communicate its contents to you, so I send it on with a translation of the English. The day before yesterday I received a second and a still kinder letter from my cousin, in which she thanks me for my good wishes on her birth-day. You may easily imagine that both these letters gave me the greatest pleasure."

On the 4th of July he adds: "The death of the King of England has everywhere caused the greatest sensation. From what Uncle Leopold, as well as aunt, writes to us, the new reign has begun most successfully. Cousin Victoria is said to have shown astonishing self-possession. She undertakes a heavy responsibility, especially at the present moment, when parties are so excited, and all rest their hopes on her."

On the first hearing of the King's death, the Prince had already written the following beautiful and characteristic letter to the young Queen. It is the first of his which we have, written in English, and allowing for a somewhat foreign turn and formality of expression, it shows what proficiency he had already made in a language which, from the correctness with which he both spoke and wrote it, he soon made his own. "How much," says one who had deeply studied his character, "of the Prince's great nature is visible in it. Though addressed to a young and powerful Queen, there is not a word of flattery in it. His first thought is of the great responsibility of the position, the happiness of the millions that was at stake. Then comes the anxious hope that the reign may be glorious." (Did he feel a presentiment at the time how much he would help to make it so?) "And then how gracefully and naturally the tender regard of an affectionate relation comes in at the last." But let us quote it :

"BONN, 26th June 1837.

"MY DEAREST COUSIN:—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life.

"Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task.

"I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.

"May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favored them with till now. Be assured that our minds are always with you.

"I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,

"ALBERT."

This same year the Princes employed their vacation in making a tour through Switzerland and the north of Italy.

The Queen, alluding to this tour in 1864, relates that the Prince sent her a small book containing views of many of the places they visited in this interesting tour.

"The whole of these," the Queen adds, "were placed in a small album, with the dates at which each place was visited, in the Prince's handwriting; and this album the Queen now considers one of her greatest treasures, and never goes anywhere without it. Nothing had at this time passed between the Queen and the Prince; but this gift shows that the latter, in the midst of his travels, often thought of his young cousin."

It was not long before the current belief in their intended marriage was placed on more solid ground and the happy event, described elsewhere in this work, was consummated, giving to Queen Victoria and England a worthy and noble Prince Consort.

The political position of the Prince Consort was a question of some difficulty.

Notwithstanding the cordiality with which the Prince, and the satisfaction with which the announcement of the marriage, had been

received, it soon became apparent that the husband of the Queen was the object of much national suspicion and unpopularity. It was regretted after the event that the Queen had not married an English prince. It was protested that the influence of a foreign prince on the counsels of the Crown must be dangerous to the empire. The Prince found his position one of extreme difficulty. He had at once to maintain his rank and to disarm distrust. "In my home life," he wrote, May, 1840, "I am very happy and contented, but the obstacle to filling my place is that I am only the husband and not the master in the house."

TACT AND WISDOM OF THE PRINCE

In this critical juncture the Queen exhibited rare tact and great determination. She persistently declined to yield to those who were bent on detaching the Prince as much as possible from herself. By her marriage vow she had sworn to honor and obey him, and that vow she showed herself resolute upon faithfully executing. Meanwhile the Prince, who profited much from the friendship and advice of his attendant, Baron Stockmar, having "laid down for himself the rule that no act of his should by any possibility expose him to the imputation of interference with the machinery of the State or of encroachment on the functions and privileges of the sovereign," gradually found his path made clear.

In all matters, both of the family and of the State, the Prince Consort was her Majesty's adviser, counselor and helpmeet. Sir Theodore Martin says, in his "Life of the Prince": "Every enterprise of national importance claimed his attention, and in all things that concerned the welfare of the State, at home or abroad, his accurate and varied knowledge and great political sagacity made him looked to as an authority by all our leading statesmen." In another place, Sir Thomas says: "Like most men who have done great things in this world, the Prince got to his work early, and had made good progress with it before other people were stirring. Summer or winter, he rose, as a rule, at 7, dressed and went to his

sitting-room, where in winter a fire was burning and a green German lamp already lit. He read and answered letters, never allowing his vast correspondence to fall into arrears, or prepared for her Majesty's consideration drafts of answers to her Ministers on any matters of importance. . . . He kept up this habit to the close of his life and his last memorandum of this description he brought to the Queen on December 1, 1861, at 8 A.M., saying as he gave it: '*Ich bin so schwach ich habe kaum die Feder halten konnen*' (I am so weak I have scarcely been able to hold the pen)."

In 1844 a residence was purchased at Osborne on the Isle of Wight, and the Prince took great interest in planning the house and laying out the grounds, as well as in carrying on the farming operations which were conducted on the estate.

HE IS ELECTED CHANCELLOR OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

In 1847, the University of Cambridge paid Prince Albert the well-merited compliment of electing his Royal Highness to their Chancellorship. Every year had developed in the young Prince the highest qualities as statesman, art patron, and man of intellect, and he could scarcely refuse an office for which he was so well fitted. The University was proud of and pleased by his acceptance of their highest office, and the installation was performed with great splendor. Her Majesty accompanied her royal husband to the installation, and, seated in a chair of state on a dais in the Hall of Trinity, received an address from the University. It was represented by the new Royal Chancellor, supported by the Chancellor of Oxford, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), and the Heads of the Houses. Her Majesty made a gracious reply to the address, and then the deputation withdrew, Prince Albert making a profound obeisance to the Queen. Bishop Wilberforce gives a very pleasant account of the ceremony:

"The Cambridge scene was very interesting. There was such an outburst of loyalty, and it told so on the Queen and Prince. It was quite clear that they both felt it as something new

that he had earned, and not she given, a true English honor; but he looked so pleased, and she so triumphant. There were also some such pretty preludes; when he presented the address, and she beamed on him, and once half smiled, and then covered the smile with a gentle dignity; and then she said in her clear, musical voice, 'The choice which the University has made of its Chancellor has my most entire approbation.'"

The Queen wrote in her Journal: "I cannot say how it agitated and embarrassed me to have to receive this address, and hear it read by my beloved Albert, who walked in at the head of the University, and looked dear and beautiful in his robes, which were carried by Colonel Phipps and Colonel Seymour. Albert went through it all admirably, almost absurd, however, as it was to us. He gave me the address, and I read the answer, and a few kissed hands and retired with the University."

At the Convocation in the afternoon the Prince, as Chancellor, received the Queen as a visitor, and led her to the seat prepared for her.

The installation ode was written by Wordsworth at the Prince's wish, and, for an ode written to order, is thought singularly fine.

In 1848 the Queen and her consort paid their first visit to Balmoral, the estate of the Earl of Aberdeen, in the Highlands, which was subsequently purchased and became a favorite home of the Queen. The Prince drew a graphic pen-picture of the place:

"We have withdrawn for a short time into a complete mountain solitude, where one rarely sees a human face, where the snow already covers the mountain tops (in September) and the wild deer come stealthily creeping round the house; scenes which, in her Majesty's own words, seem to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoil."

In 1849 the Prince projected the great Crystal Palace Exhibition, enlisted the help of the most active members of the Society

of Arts, and was instrumental in having the great enterprise put under way and pushed to completion, as detailed elsewhere in this work.

Americans will never forget that the last act of this truly wise and noble Prince was to review the draft of the letter which the Ministry proposed to send to the American Government, demanding the return of the Confederate commissioners taken from a British mail steamer by Captain Wilkes, of the United States Navy. Every Tory mind in the universe desired that letter to be couched in such language as would preclude the possibility of a peaceful issue. But Prince Albert had not a Tory mind.

Collecting, with a great effort, his benumbing faculties, he read the letter carefully over, and suggested changes which softened its tone, and made far easier a compliance with its just demands. Soon after the performance of this duty, so honorable to his memory, he relapsed into a lethargy from which death alone released him.

Until 1861 the Queen had never known bereavement in the circle of her immediate family. Nine children had been born to her, and, although it was understood that certain of her younger offspring did not possess that robustness of health which their elder brothers and sisters enjoyed, yet not one was taken young from the hands of their loving parents by the hand of the Great Destroyer. Early in 1861 came the first pang of bereavement. The Duchess of Kent, ripe in years, one of the best mothers of the best of grandmothers, a lady of whose memory all Britons now and hereafter owe an incalculable debt of gratitude, passed peacefully away with her descendants gathered around her bedside.

When the royal family returned from Balmoral in October, it was observed that the Prince Consort was not in his usual health and vigor, but he had no pronounced ailment, and nothing approaching to serious alarm was for many weeks apprehended. In the course of the succeeding month he went to Cambridge, to visit the Prince of Wales, who was a student at that university, as

he had previously been for a short time at Oxford. He went out shooting while there, got wet, and, as the Duke of Kent had done, was so imprudent as to sit down without removing his wet clothes. Nevertheless, on his return to Windsor, he pursued his usual daily vocations. About the beginning of December he appeared in public with the Queen, and reviewed the volunteer corps among the Eton boys. The rain fell fast, and the Prince was seized on the review grounds with acute pains in the back. Feverish symptoms supervened, and the doctors ordered confinement to his room. Still no alarm was entertained, and it was believed that he suffered only from a passing malady. The general public knew nothing of the ailment until some solicitude was caused by a bulletin, which appeared in the "Court Circular" of the 8th of December:

HIS ILLNESS AND DEATH

"His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, has been confined to his apartments for the past week, suffering from a feverish cold, with pains in the limbs. Within the last few days the feverish symptoms have rather increased, and are likely to continue for some time longer, but there are no unfavorable symptoms. The party which had been invited by her Majesty's command to assemble at Windsor Castle on Monday has been countermanded."

Not until the 13th was any bulletin issued which caused real anxiety and alarm. On the day following, the morning papers contained the ominous announcement that he had "passed a restless night, and the symptoms had assumed an unfavorable character during the day." The *Times*, in a leading article, while hoping for the best, startled all by its statement that "the fever which has attacked him is a weakening and wearying malady." On the morning of Saturday there was a favorable turn, but which was soon followed by a serious relapse. After 4 P. M. the fever assumed a malignant typhoid type, and he began to sink with such rapidity that all stimulants failed to check the quick access of weakness. At 9 o'clock a telegram was received in the city that the Prince

was dying fast, and a few minutes before 11 all was over. "On Saturday night last," said one of the daily journals of the succeeding Monday, "at an hour when the shops in the metropolis had hardly closed, when the theatres were delighting thousands of theatre-goers, when the markets were thronged with humble buyers seeking to provide for their Sunday requirements, when the foot-passengers yet lingered in the half-emptied streets, allured by the soft air of a calm, clear evening, a family in which the whole interest of this great nation is centered were assembled less than five-and-twenty miles away, in the royal residence at Windsor, in the deepest affliction around the death-bed of a beloved husband and father. In the prime of life, without—so to speak—a longer warning than that of forty-eight hours, Prince Albert, the Consort of our Queen, the parent of our future monarchs, has been stricken down by a short but malignant disorder." Shortly after midnight the great bell of St. Paul's, which is never tolled except upon the death of a member of the royal family, boomed the fatal tidings over a district extending, in the quietude of the early Sabbath morn, for miles around the metropolis.

The Queen, the Princess Alice, and the Prince of Wales, who had been hastily summoned from Cambridge, sat with the dying good man until the last. After the closing scene the Queen supported herself nobly, and after a short burst of uncontrollable grief, she is said to have gathered her children around her, and addressed them in the most solemn and affectionate terms. "She declared to her family that, though she felt crushed by the loss of one who had been her companion through life, she knew how much was expected of her, and she accordingly called on her children to give her their assistance, in order that she might do her duty to them and to her country." The Duke of Cambridge and many gentlemen connected with the Court, with six of the royal children, were present at the Prince's death. In answer to some one of those present, who tenderly offered condolence, the Queen is

reported to have said: "I suppose I must not fret too much, for many poor women have to go through the same trial."

The sad news became generally known in the metropolis and in the great cities of the empire early on Sunday. Unusually large congregations filled the churches and chapels at morning service. "There was a solemn eloquence in the subdued but distinctly perceptible sensation which crept over the congregations in the principal churches when, in the prayer for the royal family, the Prince Consort's name was omitted. It was well remarked, if ever the phrase was permissible, it might then be truly said that the name of the departed Prince was truly conspicuous by its absence, for never was the gap that this event has made in our national life, as well as in the domestic happiness of the palace, more vividly realized than when the name that has mingled so familiarly with our prayers for the last twenty years was, for the first time, left out of our devotions." Many thousands of mute pious petitions were specially addressed to Heaven for the bereaved widow and orphans when the prayer of the Litany for "all who are desolate and oppressed" was uttered, and in the chapels of Non-conformists the extemporaneous prayers of the ministers gave articulate expression to the heartfelt orisons of the silent worshippers. Every one thought of and felt for the Queen, and during the week intervening between the death and the funeral, the question on every one's lips in all places of resort, and where men and women congregated, was, "How will the Queen bear it?"

The grief of the Queen was, indeed, intense and heart-breaking; but her high and unselfish sense of duty contended with it. It seems from what her Majesty often remarked to those about her that the Prince must actually have prepared her in a degree for encountering this great sorrow. Doubtless it was during his affectionate efforts to soothe her after the Duchess of Kent's death that he read with her the charming book, "Heaven our Home," and often spoke of a future state. We are told that he once said, "We don't know in what state we shall meet again, but that we

shall recognize each other, and be together in eternity, I am perfectly certain."

Prince Albert sleeps the long sleep at Frogmore, to which his mortal remains were borne reverently and without ostentation, as he himself would have wished. The inscription on his coffin ran thus:

DEPOSITUM
ILLUSTRISSIMI ET CELSISSIMI ALBERTI,
PRINCIPIS CONSORTIS,
DUCIS SAXONIÆ,
DE SAXE-COBURG ET GOTHA PRINCIPIS,
NOBILISSIMI ORDINIS PERISCELIDIS EQUITIS,
AUGUSTISSIMÆ ET POTENTISSIMÆ VICTORIÆ REGINÆ,
CONJUGIS PERCARISSIMI,
OBIIT DIE DECIMO QUARTO DECEMBRIS, MDCCCLXI.
ANNO ÆTATIS SUÆ XLIII.

(Here lies the most illustrious and exalted Albert, Prince Consort, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, the most beloved husband of the most august and potent Queen Victoria. He died on the fourteenth day of December, 1861, in the forty-third year of his age.)

Thus died and was buried a great and good man, one of the most useful men of his age, one to whom England owes much.

CHAPTER XVII

Lonely Days of Widowhood

THE body of the Prince Consort having been committed to its temporary resting-place in the entrance of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on Monday, December 23d, 1861, with the pomp befitting the funeral of so great a prince, the Queen entered on the last, the noblest, stage of her earthly career —a term of her glorious reign that was prolonged for many years. In the opening term of her reign the virgin Queen enjoyed the sympathy and tender interest of the great majority of her people. In the second period of her regal story she won and held the world's admiration by the graces of her character and the splendor of her circumstances. In the latest passage of her noble life she was regarded by all her thoughtful and well-informed subjects with affectionate reverence.

The notion that she was for a time so broken by her great bereavement as to be incapable of discharging the most important and difficult functions of her sovereignty is quite erroneous. The Queen, who in her letters speaks of herself as suffering more from comparatively trivial disquietudes than from her gravest misfortunes, proved, under the most crucial of her several severe afflictions, that she could endure the sharpest tribulation with heroic fortitude. "I think it is a circumstance worthy of observation," the Duke of Argyll remarked in a speech, "and which ought to be known to all the people of this country, that during all the years of the Queen's affliction, during which she has lived necessarily in comparative retirement, she has omitted no part of that public duty which concerns her as sovereign of this country; that on no occasion during her grief has she neglected work in those public duties which belong

to her exalted position; and I am sure that when the Queen reappears again on more public occasions, the people of this country will regard her only with increased affection, from the recollection that during all the time of her care and sorrow she had devoted herself without one day's intermission to those cares of government which belong to her position as sovereign of this country." To the statesman who uttered these authoritative words the purely ceremonious work of holding levees and drawing-rooms, of opening and proroguing Parliament in person, and of presiding at the festivities of the palace,—the work which the ignorant and frivolous regard as the sovereign's chief work,—did not appear worthy to be spoken of as a part of Her Majesty's governmental labor.

HER ELDEST SON TAKES A TOUR

In the course of the month of February, 1862, she despatched her eldest son on his oriental tour, so that his education should not suffer from any indulgence of her wish to have him near her. Some months after she had thus sent the Prince of Wales to distant lands, in execution of the Prince Consort's design for his eldest son's education, the Queen showed fortitude in consenting that the Princess Alice's marriage with Prince Louis of Hesse should be celebrated at midsummer. Always dear to her mother, this gentle princess had become so unutterably precious to the Queen during the Prince Consort's illness and the subsequent weeks of mourning that it cost Her Majesty a painful effort to encourage the darling daughter to fulfil her promise to Prince Louis so soon. There was not much rejoicing at the quiet wedding on the 1st of July, 1862, at which the Queen appeared in dress of deepest mourning; and two hearts were bleeding when mother and daughter exchanged farewell kisses. The parting would have been more painful had it not been settled that the bride should often visit England. In August the court went to Balmoral; and on the twenty-first of the month the Queen drove in a little carriage, drawn by her Corriemulzie pony, to the summit of Craig Lowrigan, to cooperate with six of her children

in laying the foundation of a cairn in memory of the Prince Consort —the cairn, forty feet wide and thirty-five feet high, to which reference is made elsewhere, that, overlooking the valley, reminds wayfarers of a lofty nature and a noble life.

On the 18th of December, the fourth day after the first anniversary of his death, the body of the Prince Consort was removed from St. George's Chapel, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Prince Louis of Hesse, and placed in the mausoleum at Frogmore, the royal tomb erected by Her Majesty at a cost of more than $1,000,000, paid out of her private purse. The year closed with a tribute of sympathy to Her Majesty by the "many widows" who subscribed for the superbly bound Bible that was brought to the Queen by the Duchess of Sutherland. In her written acknowledgment of this expression of reverential affection the Queen spoke of her sorrow in these words: "The only sort of consolation she experiences is in the constant sense of his unseen presence, and the blessed thought of the eternal union hereafter, which will make the anguish of the present appear as naught."

On the 10th of March, 1863, the Queen witnessed from the royal closet the brilliant celebration of the Prince of Wales' wedding with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor Castle, and in her widow's dress received the pair at the entrance of the Castle on their return from the ceremony at the chapel. An event that stirred Her Majesty's heart no less deeply than her eldest son's wedding took place on Easter Sunday, the 5th of April. On that day the Princess Alice, who had been staying in England since the middle of November, 1862, gave birth to her first-born child at Windsor Castle. When the Queen went to Netley on the 9th of May to inspect the military hospital whose foundation-stone she laid in 1856, she was accompanied by the Princess Alice, whose long stay in England was now drawing to a close. "In to-day's letter," the Princess wrote on the eve of her departure for Hesse-Darmstadt to her mother, "you mention again your wish that we should soon be with you again. Out of the ten months of our mar-

ried life five have been spent under your roof, so you see how ready we are to be with you. Before next year Louis does not think that we shall be able to come." But Prince Louis discovered that he could reappear in Great Britain before next year, when he saw how much the Queen needed his wife's companionship.

THE FIRST ENGLISH GRANDCHILD

On the 8th of January, 1864, great commotion was occasioned at Frogmore by the premature birth of the Queen's "first English grandchild," as Princess Alice described the little Prince, who was baptized and named Albert Victor at Buckingham Palace, on the 10th of March, the first anniversary of the wedding of his parents, the Prince and Princess of Wales. Cheered by the appearance of an heir to her heir-apparent, the Queen directed that her next birthday should be kept in London with the renewal of those signs of gladness which had been stayed for two years by her grief and by the nation's sympathy with her sorrow. London once again resounded with the birthday salutes from the tower and the park, and a great multitude gathered in St. James's Park to witness the review of the household troops. On her way to Balmoral in the following August, with the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, Her Majesty stayed at Perth to unveil the statue that had been erected there in memory of the good Prince Consort.

Ever thoughtful of her subjects, the Queen, on the 1st of January, 1865, was moved by the recent frequency of railroad accidents to direct Sir Charles Phipps to write in her name to the directors of the principal railway companies, declaring her desire that more care should be taken for the safety of passengers. After observing that Her Majesty was actuated by no selfish motives in calling attention to the late accidents, as she was aware of the exceptional care taken by directors of railways for her safety, Sir Charles Phipps went on to say: "The Queen hopes it unnecessary for her to recall to the recollection of railway directors the heavy responsibility they have assumed since they have succeeded in secur-

ing the monopoly of the means of traveling of almost the entire population of the country." That the Queen had so far recovered from the sharpest anguish of her great sorrow that her children could venture to remind her of the darkest passage of her story appears from one of Princess Alice's letters. "How much," the Princess wrote to her mother on the 7th of February, 1865, "do I think of you now [and] the happy silver wedding that would have been, where you could have been surrounded by so many of us."

Five weeks later sympathy for poor sufferers from the malady that in the English climate destroys more lives than any other disease determined Her Majesty to visit the Brompton Consumption Hospital, on the 14th of March, and thereby to remind the more humane of her wealthy subjects of the right so needful an institution had to their bounty. In the following month Her Majesty had no sooner heard of the assassination of President Lincoln, than she hastened to express her sorrow for the deplorable event to the American people and to the family of the late President. Instructing her minister at Washington to declare her abhorrence of the crime to the American Government, the widowed Queen despatched a letter of condolence written entirely in her own hand—a letter overflowing with pathetic tenderness and sisterly sympathy—to Mrs. Lincoln. On the 8th of August the Queen left England and journeyed to Coburg with her three unmarried daughters and her youngest son, Prince Leopold, to unveil the gilt bronze statue of the Prince Consort that stands in the market-place of that picturesque town. The month that saw the Queen and her children put nosegays upon the pedestal of this statue until the topmost flowers touched the feet of the colossal figure was the month in which Prince Albert, the Duke of Coburg's adopted heir, attained his majority. On her homeward way during this trip, which covered exactly a month, Her Majesty passed through Belgium to Ostend, where she visited her dearly beloved uncle, Leopold, and in bidding him adieu did so for the last time.

Four years having passed since the Prince Consort's death, the

Queen's regard for the wishes of her people determined her to appear more often in public than she had done since her great bereavement. On the 6th of February, 1866, she opened her seventh Parliament in person, wearing upon the occasion a dress of half-mourning—a robe of deep purple velvet and a Mary Stuart cap of white lace, with a collar of brilliants about her neck, and the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter upon her breast. Thus attired, she sat in silence while the Lord Chancellor read her speech. In the following month she instituted the new decoration of the Albert Medal, for rewarding persons who should imperil their lives in striving to rescue human life from perils at sea; and twice in the same month she went to Aldershot, where she reviewed some of her troops.

It was in this year that the Queen acknowledged Mr. Peabody's munificence to the London poor by sending him a miniature portrait of herself, together with a letter written entirely by her own hand, that gave expression to her admiration of the American millionaire's benevolence. "Next to the approval of my own conscience," Mr. Peabody remarked in his reply to the Queen's epistle, "I shall always prize the assurance which your Majesty's letter conveys to me of the approbation of the Queen of England, whose whole life has attested that her exalted station has in no degree diminished her sympathy with the humblest of her subjects." The season of 1866 is memorable in the annals of "society" as the season of two royal marriages, at both of which Her Majesty was present. On the 12th of June the Queen attended the wedding in Kew Church of her cousin, Mary of Cambridge, with Prince Teck; and on the 5th of July Her Majesty appeared in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, and there gave her daughter, the Princess Helena, to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

During this year, in which the Queen gave so many indications of a disposition to appear more often in public, and for some time before, there were heard in London mutterings of discontent at Her Majesty's retirement, and toward the close of the year it occurred

to a member of Parliament, a Mr. Ayrton, that he might make a stir and win notoriety for himself by speaking fearlessly of the Queen's prolonged retirement from the world, at a public meeting to be held in December at St. James' Hall, London. The meeting was in support of a movement for the political enfranchisement of the working-classes, and was to be a great gathering of labor delegates from the whole country. Mr. Ayrton spoke fearlessly, but the effect of his courageous words disappointed him. Before the proceedings of the evening were closed with the customary vote of thanks to the chairman, the great statesman, John Bright, made a speech in these memorable words:

JOHN BRIGHT'S NOBLE WORDS

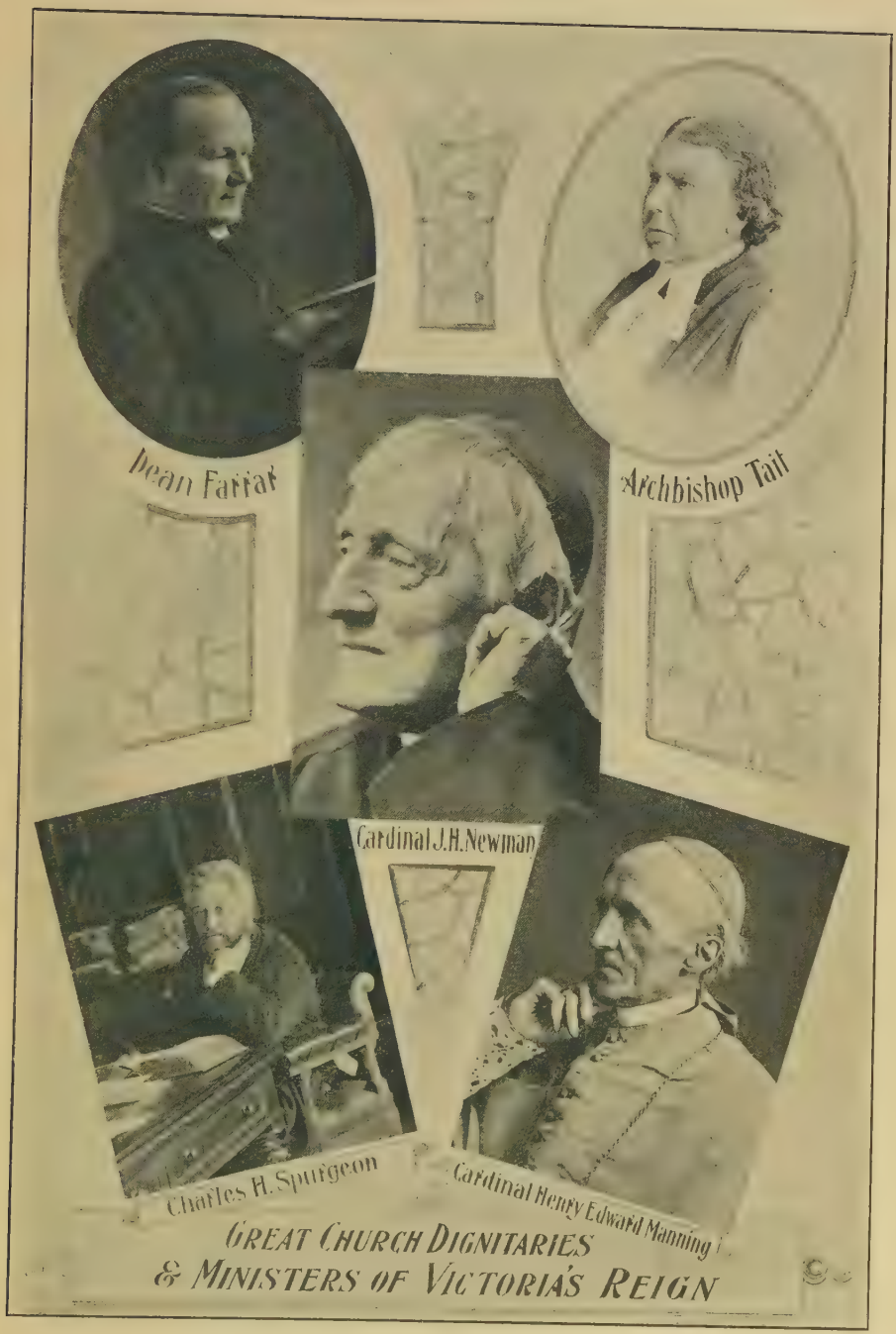
"I am not accustomed to stand up in defense of those who are possessors of crowns, but I could not sit and hear that observation without a sensation of wonder and of pain. I think there has been, by many persons, a great injustice done the Queen in reference to her desolate and widowed position, and I venture to say this, that a woman, be she Queen of a great realm or the wife of one of your laboring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affection is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy for you."

The effect of these manly words on the great meeting was prodigious. Rising to their feet, the auditors shook the roof of the building with their cheering, and from cheering they passed to singing, with strong emotion, "God Save the Queen!" Whether Her Majesty ever heard of the speech or not, it is a pleasing incident that when Mr. Bright lost his wife a kind message came from Windsor Castle expressing her sympathy in his bereavement.

At a later time an article appeared in the London "Times" in her defense. There were rumors that it was from the Queen's own pen, but these were not confirmed. After touching on the popular expressions of feeling it said: "The Queen heartily appreciates the desire of her subjects to see her, and whatever she can

do to gratify them in this loyal, affectionate wish she will do. Whenever any real object is to be obtained by her appearing on public occasions, any national interest to be promoted, or anything to be encouraged which is for the good of her people, her Majesty will not shrink, as she has not shrunk, from any personal sacrifice or exertion, however painful. But there are other and higher duties than those of mere representation which are now thrown on the Queen alone and unassisted—duties which she can not neglect without injury to the public service; which weigh unceasingly upon her, overwhelming her with work and anxiety. . . . To call upon her to undergo, in addition, the fatigue of those mere state ceremonies which can be equally well performed by other English members of her family is to ask her to run the risk of entirely disabling herself for the discharge of those other duties which can not be neglected without serious injury to the public interests."

The publication of this remarkable state paper had a good effect on popular sentiment, and the effect would have been greater if ordinary people had been in a position to understand, as is known now, the magnitude and importance to the state of the Queen's duties.

In February, 1867, the Queen opened Parliament for the session that gave the country a measure of electoral reform even more momentous than the great reform bill of William the Fourth's time, and which we explain elsewhere in this volume. The year that admitted the working classes to so large a share in the government of the country saw the publication of "The Early Years of the Prince Consort," the first of the series of books by which the Queen has taken those classes, together with all sorts and conditions of the educated people of Great Britain, into her privacy and domestic confidence. Unlike those other sovereigns who show themselves once in a while to the populace in public places, but are known in no closer or kindlier way to the multitude, the Queen has, by these remarkable books, opened the doors of her palace to her subjects of every order and degree, and said, even to the humblest of

GREAT CHURCH DIGNITARIES
& MINISTERS OF VICTORIA'S REIGN

MENTON, FRANCE

The Queen frequently spent her summers in this beautiful place on the Mediterranean.

them, "Come in and know me, even as I am known to the members of my household and my nearest kindred." On the 20th of May the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the Royal Albert Hall at Kensington Gore, and in doing so gave utterance to her hope that the building about to be raised to her husband's honor would "look down on such a center of institutions for the promotion of art and science as it was his fond hope to establish" in that western quarter.

DEATH OF A FAITHFUL FRIEND

In the faithful execution of her promise to appear in public whenever she could further any national interest by doing so the Queen went in May, 1870, to Burlington Gardens, and there opened the new buildings of the University of London, an institution that began its career of splendid service to science in the first year of Her Majesty's reign. In the following month, though time and the gradual failure of the invalid's powers had prepared her for the event, the Queen felt acutely the death of her old friend, Sir James Clark, M. D., on whom she had conferred a baronetcy in the first year of her reign. Grateful to him for strictly professional services (it was the Queen's way to be grateful to those who served her faithfully), she honored this exemplary physician for his several noble qualities, and more especially for the uncomplaining dignity with which he had borne the obloquy that was cast upon him by uninformed and talkative people who conceived that he had on one occasion given her bad counsel. On the monument which she placed in Hughenden Church to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield, Her Majesty caused the sculptor to put in enduring letters the fit words: "Kings love him that speaketh right." The Queen, who honored the statesman for the truth and wisdom of his words, in like manner honored the physician who spoke that which was right and never repined at the consequences.

Having opened Parliament in person on the 9th of February, 1871, the Queen appeared on the 21st of March at the marriage of Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, which was celebrated at

St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with pomp and splendor, the bride being "given away" by her mother. Eight days later Her Majesty went in state to Kensington Gore and opened the Royal Albert Hall, just three years and ten months after she had laid the foundation-stone of the building. The Franco-German war having been fought to an end bitter for the power that had entered so lightly on the stern struggle, and Napoleon III. having passed from imperial grandeur to sad exile, the Queen went in April to Chiselhurst to pay a visit of courtesy to the fallen emperor and empress.

Later in the year the Queen neared another passage of searching trouble and anxiety. Nearly ten years had passed since her husband's death; she had survived the tenth anniversary of the day on which he began to fall ill of typhoid fever, when, on her return from Scotland to Windsor, she received from Sandringham, on the 25th of November, the alarming intelligence that her eldest son was already suffering from an attack of the same malady, or at least from severe febrile illness that would probably prove to be an attack of this dread disease. On the 9th of November (the Prince of Wales' birthday) Princess Alice had written cheerily and tenderly from Sandringham to her mother: "Bertie and Alix are so kind, and give us so warm a welcome, showing how they like having us, that it feels quite home. . . . They are both charming hosts, and all the party suit well together." On the twenty-ninth the Queen was journeying to Norfolk to aid in nursing her son. It does not appear precisely from printed records how much or little the Queen knew of the Prince's illness before her arrival at Windsor. It is enough to know that before she started for Sandringham the bulletins of the Prince's physicians had informed her of his alarming condition, and that she passed the next fortnight in agonizing apprehension. Fortunately, the time at which it was feared the invalid would succumb to the disease was the time at which he began to throw off the fever and gain strength. On the 19th of December, just three weeks after a rapid journey to Norfolk, the Queen returned to Windsor with a strong and reasonable hope for

the invalid's recovery; and seven days later she published the simple and beautiful letter which declared how deeply she and the Princess of Wales had been stirred by the nation's sympathy with their domestic trouble.

Two months later the nation that had shared so fully in the anxiety of the reigning house joined with the royal family in returning thanks to Heaven for the Prince's preservation. On the day of thanksgiving (the 27th of February, 1872) the acclamations which greeted and followed the Queen and Princess of Wales as they drove to St. Paul's Cathedral declared the sentiments of the whole people of Great Britain, and at a later hour of the day of universal felicitation, when the millions of a mighty people were rejoicing and giving thanks to God with one heart and one voice, the Archbishop of Canterbury touched the right chord deftly in uttering the words "Members one of another," as the text for the sermon which he preached in the great cathedral to a congregation of 13,000 individuals.

Two days after this celebration Her Majesty suffered discomfort from the folly of Arthur O'Connor, an Irish youth. On her return from carriage exercise in Hyde Park the Queen had driven into the courtyard of Buckingham Palace, when this fellow (a clerk in an oil and color warehouse) rushed up to Her Majesty's carriage, holding out a parchment in his left hand, while he pointed a pistol at the Queen with his right hand. Having at first approached the Queen's carriage on her left hand, the simpleton ran around to the other side of the carriage, and again extended the parchment and the pistol in a menacing manner. It gave John Brown little trouble to seize and hold the lad, whose pistol was, on examination, found to be uncharged, and whose piece of parchment proved to be a petition for the release of imprisoned Fenians. John Brown and Arthur O'Connor were fitly rewarded for their respective parts in this affair. While the beardless Fenian was sentenced to a smart birching and imprisonment in an insane asylum, Her Majesty's capable body servant received from his mistress a gold medal and a

pension for life of £25 per annum. The Queen, who had for some time entertained a design of establishing an order for the acknowledgment of merit in her domestic servants, now executed her design, and distinguished John Brown by according to him the honor of being the first wearer of the new medal for good service.

The marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia having been celebrated at St. Petersburg on the 23d of January, 1874, the bride and bridegroom passed through London in the following March, in weather that perhaps reminded the Archduchess agreeably of the weather in the land from which she had come. But though the snow fell in large flakes upon the open carriage in which the Queen drove with the newly married couple and Princess Beatrice through the crowded streets, Her Majesty discovered no coldness in the welcome accorded to herself and her children by the people of her capital.

PROCLAIMED EMPRESS OF INDIA

May-day, 1876, is memorable in recent annals as the day on which the Queen was proclaimed "Empress of India," and in the same month Her Majesty was again seen on two occasions by large numbers of her people—on the second at a military review at Aldershot, and on the thirteenth at the opening of the show of scientific instruments. On the 17th of August she was present at the unveiling of the statue of the Prince Consort at Edinburgh, and on the 26th of September she gave new colors to the Royal Scots (which was her father's regiment) at Ballater, in the presence of some two or three thousand people, both of which ceremonies are described in her book, "More Leaves."

In February, 1878, the Queen was reminded of the quickness with which the years glide away by the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Prussia. Now that she had a married granddaughter, the Queen, with many grandchildren, was nearing the time when she would become a great-grandmother. On the 29th of April twelve ladies, two of them being the Marchioness of Salisbury and the

Marchioness Ripon, were invested, at Windsor Castle, by Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, with the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.

In November the Queen parted for a long term with her daughter Louise, who in that month went with her husband to Canada, and a few weeks later all classes of Her Majesty's subjects were in mourning for their loss of the Princess Alice.

A few days after the Duke of Connaught's marriage with Princess Louise of Prussia, the Queen and Princess Beatrice went, in March, 1879, to northern Italy, and, after passing four weeks near the Lago Maggiore, returned to England by way of Turin, Paris, and Cherbourg, the pleasure of the trip having been diminished to both tourists by the intelligence of the death of Her Majesty's grandson, Prince Waldemar of Prussia. On the 12th of May, ere she had fully completed her sixtieth year, the Queen became a great-grandmother, by the appearance of the first-born child of the Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen.

On the 2d of March, 1882, Her Majesty was disquieted by another futile attempt to slay or terrorize her. She had just alighted from a train at Windsor on her return from town, and was proceeding to her carriage, when Roger Maclean shot at her with a pistol. On his trial for high treason the perpetrator of this outrage was acquitted of the charge on the score of insanity, and as a dangerous lunatic was committed to custody during the Queen's pleasure. Twelve days after the attempt the Queen and Princess Beatrice started for a trip and sojourn to Mentone, from which they returned to Windsor Castle on the 14th of April. At the close of the month St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was the scene of another royal wedding—the wedding of Leopold, Duke of Albany, with the Princess Helen of Waldeck. On the 6th of May the Queen went in state to Epping Forest, and, in the presence of the Ranger, the Duke of Connaught, the Lord Mayor of London, and a vast assemblage of her subjects, dedicated the forest to the perpetual use and enjoyment of the people. In the last chapter of "More Leaves" the

reader is told of the successive emotions of anxiety and delight that stirred Her Majesty's breast in September, 1882, on the eve of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and in the hours following closely on the arrival at Balmoral of Sir John M'Neill's telegram, "A great victory; Duke safe and well." Sir John's brief message was followed quickly by Sir Garnet Wolseley's longer telegram, closing with the words, "Duke of Connaught is well, and behaved admirably, leading his brigade to the attack." As the Duchess of Connaught was staying with her at the time (the 13th of September), the Queen had no sooner glanced at the message than she hastened with the precious slip of paper in her hand to her daughter-in-law. "Brown brought the telegram," says the Queen in her "Journal," "and followed me to Beatrice's room, where Louischen was, and I showed it to her. I was myself quite upset, and embraced her warmly, saying what joy and pride and cause for thankfulness it was to know our darling was safe and so much praised. . . . We were both much overcome." An hour later the Queen and Princess Beatrice were at the Ballater railway station, exchanging salutes, and embraces, and felicitations with the Duke and Duchess of Albany, whose "home-coming" could not have fallen on a more fortunate day. There was much rejoicing at Balmoral in the afternoon; and at 9 P.M. Craig Gowan blazed at its summit with a great bonfire, even as it flamed forth in the darkness more than a quarter of a century before, after the fall of Sebastopol. In the following November Her Majesty was at pains to render due honor to her victorious army. After reviewing 8000 soldiers in St. James' Park on the 18th of November, she on subsequent days of the same month decorated the flower of her Egyptian heroes with medals and orders. On the 4th of December, 1881, she went to the Strand and opened the new Courts of Justice.

The next year is chiefly memorable in Her Majesty's personal history for a serious accident that caused her much bodily pain, for the death of the faithful domestic who had for many years acted as her personal attendant, and for the beautiful way in which she celebrated his sterling goodness. Early in the year the Queen slipped

and fell on one of the staircases of Windsor Castle, and in falling upon one of her knees received a sprain that crippled her for several weeks, and gave her acute pain for some months after she had in some degree recovered the use of the injured limb. Her Majesty was still personally helpless from this misadventure, and enduring the sharpest of the various kinds of discomfort which it occasioned her, when the trusty Highlander for the first time during his long service failed in his duty to his beneficent mistress. Struck down by sudden illness, the faithful fellow died on the 27th of March, the third day from his seizure. "His loss to me," the Queen wrote eight months later, with fine womanly feeling, in the concluding note to "More Leaves," "ill and helpless as I was at the time from an accident, is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence; and to say that he is daily, nay, hourly, missed by me, whose lifelong gratitude he won by his constant care, attention, and devotion, is but a feeble expression of the truth." The volume which closes with this simple utterance is gratefully dedicated by the Queen and Empress to her "loyal Highlanders, and especially to her devoted personal attendant and faithful friend, John Brown." From the literature of dedications it would be easy to produce curious examples of servility in the language with which needy authors commended their writings to the protection of powerful patrons, and curious exhibitions of amiable arrogance in the terms with which authors of high degree have deigned to notice their humble worshipers. But one would search English literature in vain for a dedication that, for simple naturalness and generous emotion, might be compared with Her Majesty's tribute of regard for the domestic servant, of whom she says:

> "A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
> More loyal and more loving, never beat
> Within a human breast."

On the 21st of June, 1887, the completion of the fiftieth year of the Queen's reign was celebrated by a Jubilee Festival whose

importance merits the extended treatment we give it in a separate chapter. Of all the great personages who came to London from foreign lands to figure in this famous celebration, no one showed to greater advantage than Her Majesty's son-in-law, the then Crown Prince of Prussia, though he was already suffering from the disease of which he was to die in the following year. From that time until the incurable malady had run its course the Queen was greatly troubled by the invalid's state; and when he died so soon after his accession to imperial greatness, her heart was tortured by sympathy with her daughter, who resembled her mother in having lost a beloved husband at a comparatively early age.

A COMFORTING ANGEL TO THE DISTRESSED

In all these many ways the Queen spent the lonely days of her widowhood. Her own sorrow drew her to those who grieved, and her naturally quick sympathies, softened by her affliction, made her a comforting angel to the distressed. When our second martyred President fell by the hand of the assassin, she showed her sympathy with the people of the American Republic by ordering her court to wear mourning for President Garfield, and at the funeral of the murdered President it was remarked that none of the wreaths which covered his coffin was more beautiful than the wreath from the Queen of Great Britain.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL FROM FLEET STREET, LONDON

Here are buried the Great Duke of Wellington and others of England's Great Men. Through Fleet Street the processions pass.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES

CHAPTER XVIII

A Series of Passing Incidents

IT is proposed to give, in the present chapter, certain events in the Queen's career, of mingled joyful and sorrowful strain, not included in the preceding chapters. Among these events were a number of attacks on her life. One of these we have told—that of the boy who fired at her in 1840. In 1842 she was fired at by a man named John Francis, who was sent to prison for life. Another attempt to frighten or injure her was made by a hunchbacked lad named Bean, who was sentenced to a long imprisonment.

That these attacks only sprang from a crazy desire for notoriety was recognized by the Queen herself, who observed that they would be repeated so long as the law invested them with the dignity of high treason. The result proved the wisdom of this remark, for when such offenses were made punishable by transportation, together with a whipping, Her Majesty was not molested by fanatics and mountebanks for seven years. Then, on July 19, 1849, an Irish bricklayer named Hamilton fired at her a pistol loaded with powder only. As usual, the Queen was perfectly self-possessed. She stood up, bade the coachman drive on, and began to talk energetically to her children, to divert their attention. The man was sentenced to the same punishment as the hunchback Bean.

In June, 1850, Her Majesty was the victim of an outrage of another kind. She was returning from a visit to her uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, who was dying. As her carriage passed out of the gateway of Cambridge House, a gentlemanly looking man named Pates, who had been a captain of hussars, rushed forward, and struck the Queen on the face with a small stick, inflicting a

wound which, although severe, did not prevent her going to the opera next evening.

Not until 1872 was there any further attack. In February of that year, as the Queen was alighting from her carriage, an Irish lad, Arthur O'Connor, to whom we have previously referred, rushed forward with a pistol in one hand and a paper containing some petition in the other. He was promptly seized by John Brown, one of the attendants. O'Connor was found to be insane; as was also Roger Maclean, who in 1882 fired at Her Majesty as she was entering her carriage at Windsor station. These later assailants, like the first, were pronounced insane and confined in mad-houses.

LITTLE GIRL WRITES LETTER TO THE QUEEN

The following child's letter, received by Her Majesty the morning after the last-mentioned attempt, well illustrates the feeling of the nation:

"*My Dear Queen:* My papa has just come home and said that some bad man has tried to shoot you. What a wicked man he must be to want to shoot such a good Queen! I hope he will be punished for it. Papa says he must be mad, and I think that he must be the maddest man that ever lived. I am so glad that you have not been hurt, and so are papa and mama. Good-night, and may God bless you.

"(Signed) EDITH E. ELLIOTT.

"67, Bennerley Road, Wandsworth Common."

A gracious letter of thanks was sent to the child.

The Queen, as we have already told, made escapes of a different kind during her early years, one being her narrow escape from death on board her yacht.

Forty-two years after this, when Her Majesty was crossing over from Osborne to Gosport, the yacht Mistletoe collided with the royal yacht. The Mistletoe was sunk, with the result that the sister-in-law of the owner and an old man perished. Her Majesty, who was on deck at the time, was much distressed.

Shortly after coming to the throne the Queen and her mother were out driving, when the horses took fright and bolted. A publican bravely ran into the road and stopped them near Highgate Hill. He was graciously thanked, and being asked to name his reward, he said: "Permission to put the Queen's arms on my sign." It was granted, and next day a pocket-book was sent him, concerning which, when asked by his friends, he simply said: "Heavy, very heavy."

There were other escapes besides this, including a carriage accident in Scotland and a railway accident in 1851, but the Queen came through them all unharmed.

A good deal of amusement, accompanied by not a little annoyance, was caused by the proceedings of a boy who soon became known as "the boy Jones." This lad found his way again and again into Buckingham Palace, secreting himself in the chimneys and so forth during the day, and emerging at night. He seems to have had no intention of robbery or violence, but merely wanted to be in the Queen's presence; and he boasted he had repeatedly listened to conversations between Her Majesty and Prince Albert. He was caught and searched, but nothing of a dangerous character was found upon him. In his examination before a magistrate he said he had entered the palace only to gratify his curiosity and learn how royal people and "great swells," like royal footmen, lived. His examination caused much amusement, he boasting that he had spent whole days in the palace; in fact, had "put up" there. He added: "And a very comfortable place I found it. I used to hide behind the furniture and up the chimneys in the daytime; when night came I walked about, went into the kitchen and got my food. I have seen the Queen and her ministers in council, and heard all they had to say. . . . I know my way all over the palace, and have been all over it, the Queen's apartment and all. The Queen is very fond of politics."

He was so jolly and impudent a vagabond, and so young, that he was let off with a light punishment. He made his way again

into the palace, and this time said he had heard a long conversation between the Queen and Prince Albert while lying under a sofa in one of her private apartments. Finally, as he seemed incorrigible in his mania for entering the palace, he was sent to sea and induced to go to Australia, where he became a well-to-do colonist. The ease with which he entered and made his way about the royal mansion speaks poorly for the watchfulness of the household at that period. It led to more care being taken to prevent intrusion.

QUEEN SENDS HELP TO STARVING IRELAND

During the autumn of 1848 famine and disease raged in Ireland, while England and Scotland did not altogether escape. The Queen felt deeply for her people; wrote a pleading for help; sent all she could, and reduced the palace expenses in every possible way in order to aid the starving Irish. How England responded to her appeal and example history records. It is stated that the gaieties of the London season ceased, and every one contributed all they could. The Queen's letter alone resulted in £171,533.

"At last," says Sir Charles Trevelyan, "the famine was stayed. The affecting and heart-rending crowds of destitutes disappeared from the streets; the cadaverous, hunger-stricken countenances of the people gave place to looks of health; deaths from starvation ceased; and cattle-stealing, the plunder of provisions, and other crimes prompted by want of food were diminished by one-half in the course of a single month. It was one of the noblest and grandest attempts ever made to battle with a national calamity. Organized armies, amounting altogether to some hundreds of thousands, had been rationed before, but neither ancient nor modern history can furnish a parallel to the fact that upward of three millions of persons were fed every day in the neighborhood of their own homes by administrative arrangements emanating from and controlled by one central office."

During this memorable time of sorrow our good Queen was found in the forefront of those who sought to mitigate the woes and

horrors of famine and distress. This intense practical sympathy with suffering had ever been eminently characteristic of Queen Victoria.

On the 25th of January, 1858, the Princess Royal was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, afterward the Crown Prince of Germany. For days before, the ceremony had been the common topic of conversation in society. The Princess was very popular, and the many splendid gifts she received were some slight evidence of this popularity. The marriage was celebrated in the Chapel Royal of St. James, and all the members of the royal family were present, besides many other illustrious and noble guests. Following the wedding ceremony were numerous elaborate receptions, after which the bride and bridegroom left for Windsor, where they were to spend the honeymoon.

The day was observed as a general holiday throughout the United Kingdom, and in the evening London was brilliantly illuminated. Only two days after the marriage the court removed to Windsor, and Her Majesty created her royal son-in-law a Knight of the Order of the Garter. On the twenty-ninth, the court and the newly married couple returned to Buckingham Palace. In the evening a state visit was paid to Her Majesty's Theater, when "The Rivals" and "The Spitalfields' Weaver" were performed. Addresses of congratulation poured in upon the bride and bridegroom.

The first grandchild of the Queen was born at Berlin, on the 27th of January, 1859. The infant Prince's mother was then only nineteen years of age, and his grandmother only forty. At his christening the child had forty-two godfathers and godmothers. This infant became William II., the all-potent Emperor of Germany.

These days of joy were followed by days of deep sorrow for the Queen, over whose head heavy trials were impending. The Duchess of Kent, then in her seventy-sixth year, was showing alarming symptoms of breaking health.

On the 15th of March, 1861 "resting quite happily in her arm-

chair," the Duchess was seized with a shivering fit, from which serious consequences were apprehended. The Queen, the Prince Consort, and Princess Alice left Buckingham Palace immediately on receiving the information, and reached Frogmore in two hours, which seemed to her Majesty like an age. The Prince Consort first went up to see the Duchess, and when he returned with tears in his eyes, the Queen knew what to expect. She went up the staircase with a trembling heart and entered her mother's room. The Queen writes thus in her diary: "I asked the doctors if there was no hope. They said they feared none whatever, for consciousness had left her."

DEATH OF THE QUEEN'S MOTHER

The Queen remained through the night by the side of the unconscious sufferer. In the morning her husband took her away for a short time, but she soon returned to her vigils. Holding the Duchess' hand, she sat down on a footstool and awaited the issue. "I fell on my knees," subsequently wrote her Majesty, "holding the beloved hand, which was still warm and soft, though heavier, in both of mine. I felt the end was fast approaching, as Clark went out to call Albert and Alice, I only left gazing on that beloved face, and feeling as if my heart would break. . . . It was a solemn, sacred, never-to-be-forgotten scene. Fainter and fainter grew the breathing; at last it ceased, but there was no change of countenance—nothing; the eyes closed as they had been for the last half-hour. . . . The clock struck half-past nine at the very moment. Convulsed with sobs, I fell on the hand and covered it with kisses. Albert lifted me up and took me into the next room—himself entirely melted into tears, which is unusual for him—and clasped me in his arms. I asked if all was over; he said 'Yes.' I went into the room again, after a few minutes, and gave one look. My darling mother was sitting as she had done before, but was already white. O God! how awful! how mysterious! But what a blessed end—her gentle spirit at rest, her sufferings over."

We have spoken of trials. A still heavier one than the loss of her mother was then impending over the Queen—the death of the Prince Consort, which has been made the subject of a preceding chapter.

In 1863 came a diversion to the deep grief of the orphaned and widowed monarch in the marriage of her eldest son, the Prince of Wales. This coming event was announced to the Houses of Parliament on February 19, 1863. The chosen bride was the Princess Alexandra, daughter of King Christian of Denmark, a maiden of unusual personal charms and of great loveliness of character. She had visited England in her youth, staying with her grandaunt, the Duchess of Cambridge, and it is said that the Prince of Wales fell in love with a miniature portrait of the Princess which he saw at the house of this Duchess, and intrusted to a confidential friend the task of repairing to Copenhagen to see her and to bring back a reliable report of her personality. Subsequently an informal meeting took place between the Princess and Prince, concerning which the suspicion has existed that it was prearranged by the latter. At all events, when the Prince was traveling abroad, in 1861, he went with his attendants one day to see the famous cathedral of Worms, and there met Prince Christian and the blue-eyed Alexandra, also sight-seeing. Again, while staying at Heidelberg, the Prince encountered her, and his father, the Prince Consort, recorded in his diary: "We hear nothing but excellent accounts of the Princess Alexandra; the young people have evidently taken a warm liking to each other."

ENGLAND'S FUTURE QUEEN CONSORT

The early years of the Princess had been spent in the simplest and most wholesome manner. At the time of her birth her father, Prince Christian, had no expectation of ever succeeding to the throne of Denmark, for he belonged to a younger branch of the house of Oldenburg. His income was small for the maintenance of a family numbering five children, but he was cast in an intellectual mold, as was his wife, and the two supplemented whatever

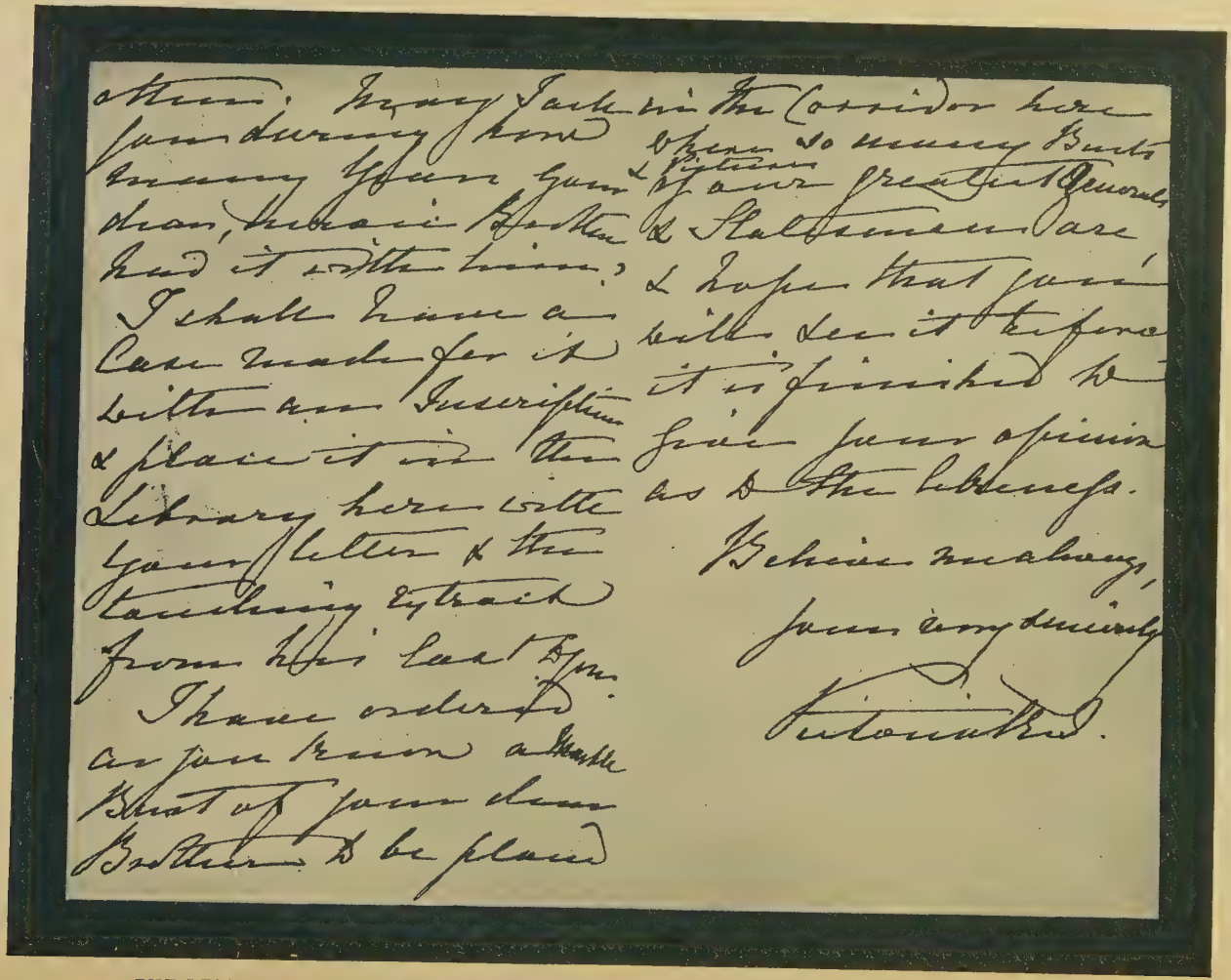
was lacking in the instruction furnished by teachers who came to Gule daily, for the services of resident tutors and governesses were pecuniarily beyond reach.

The Princess Christian was a wise and careful mother. Her daughters she taught the arts of dressmaking and millinery, so that they could manufacture their own wardrobes, and household tasks of all kinds formed part of their education. Princess Alexandra remarked herself in later years: "We were made to learn when we were children; our parents told us it was necessary." She herself, though not especially studious, inherited the maternal talent for music and embroidery; in fact, in all gentle and feminine arts she seemed to excel. She was early pronounced the beauty of the family.

Prince Christian had, from his thirteenth year, been the adopted son of the reigning monarch of Denmark, King Christian VIII., and his prospects were considerably altered upon the death of the latter in the year 1852. Frederick VII. then came to the throne, and Prince Christian was formally constituted heir to the monarchy. No increase of income accompanied these increased honors, however, and extreme simplicity still characterized the life of his family. The only change of moment was that of removal from Gule to the chateau of Bernstorff, which the nation purchased and presented to him.

ALEXANDRA'S WHOLESOME EARLY TRAINING

The annals of childhood in the case of Princess Alexandra contain no striking incidents. Life at Bernstorff was much more delightful than at Gule. It is narrated how she and her brothers rejoiced with natural, childlike joy over the country pleasures now theirs, and how they "roamed the woods gathering wild flowers, swinging on the branches of great trees in the adjacent forests, cantering along the country roads on their ponies, and tending their pet animals." Untrammeled by forms and ceremonies of station, surrounded by the love of good and wise parents, their lot was more enviable than they, perhaps, could appreciate. Stories are multiplied of how, on



THE LETTER OF THE QUEEN TO MISS GORDON THANKING HER FOR HER BROTHER'S BIBLE

THE QUEEN AT A COTTAGE BEDSIDE AT OSBORNE
By G. W. Steele, R.S.A

Sunday, they would accompany their parents on foot to the little church of Gjentofie, where the villagers of the neighborhood worshiped, and of how Alexandra and her sisters visited among the peasants, carrying comforts to the needy and words of sympathy to the sick or unhappy. These charities were the result of some self-sacrifice, doubtless, for, as his children grew older, the modest resources of the Prince compelled economy in the household.

Rosa Carey tells a story of how three young princesses sat in a beautiful old wood, once upon a time, talking "in naïve girlish fashion" of the future.

"I should like," said one princess, who was very lively and vivacious, "to have all the best things the world can give, so that I could do much good."

"I," observed a younger princess, "should like to be very clever and wise and good."

"And I," observed the third princess, thoughtfully, "should like best to be loved."

The truth of the story can not be vouched for, but it is said that these three princesses were Dagmar, Thyra, and Alexandra of Denmark, and that she who spoke last realized her ambition by going to England as Princess of Wales, and earning the title "Queen of Hearts."

And, indeed, the life-story of Queen Alexandra, so long beloved as Princess of Wales, reads like a tale of enchantment. Born to modest fortunes, no more simple and retiring existence could be imagined than that which she led in the Gule Palace and the chateau of Bernstorff. The former of these homes, where her earliest years were spent, is described as being in no sense a palace, but merely a comfortable dwelling, containing pleasantly furnished rooms set around a dull and gloomy courtyard.

The accession of the father of Alexandra to the throne of Denmark, and the chance discovery of her miniature by the Prince of Wales, if this part of the story can be accepted, vastly changed the fortunes of the simply reared maiden.

We have spoken of two interviews of the Prince and Princess. At a third, held at the countryseat of King Leopold in 1862, the Prince declared his love and the Princess accepted his suit. The youthful pair were betrothed, though the fact was not made known to the world for months afterward.

The engagement was of six months' duration, and the preparations for the nuptial ceremony were gorgeous in the extreme. It is said that the Princess took much pleasure in the elaboration of her trousseau, confiding to an intimate friend that "it cost twice as much as her father's income for a whole year." One hundred thousand kroners, contributed by the Danes, were presented to her as the "people's dowry," whereupon the Princess made six dowerless Danish brides happy by ordering the division among them of 6000 thalers. King Leopold of Belgium presented her wedding dress, wrought out of Brussels lace. Splendid and numerous were the gifts showered upon the bride-elect, and the poor people among whom she had lived and moved, and had tended, and whose utmost devotion was hers, also had their offering to bring. A deputation of villagers, led by the worthy pastor of the little church where she had so often worshiped, presented to her a pair of porcelain vases. The Princess was so much touched that tears choked the utterance of her thanks.

And so the day came when, with fluttering pennons, throbbing hearts, love outpoured, the people of England welcomed the Sea King's daughter. Many times it has been told how the waiting thousands shouted as with one voice, "Alexandra! God bless her!" and how her youthful grace and personality magnetized all eyes and conquered all hearts. It is said that the crowds in the London streets were so great that six women were crushed to death. Two days later, March 10th, the Prince of Wales wedded Alexandra of Denmark in St. George's Chapel, in which no royal marriage had been celebrated since that of Henry I., in the year 1142.

At once the whole United Kingdom seemed to emerge from the gloom and sadness into which it had been plunged for two years.

Mourning was at an end ; illuminations, rejoicings, gladness of heart were everywhere. The presents were wonderful for their richness ; so much so that a room was opened at Kensington for their special exhibition. As a fitting tribute, significant of the national feeling, we append the beautiful poem written by Tennyson, then poet laureate :

Sea King's daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra !
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome to thee,
Alexandra !
Welcome her thunders of fort and fleet !
Welcome her thundering cheers of the street !
Welcome her all things useful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet !
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers !
Make music, O bird, in the new budded bowers !
Blazon your mottos of blessing and prayer !
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours !
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare !
Flags flutter out upon turrets and towers !
Flames on the windy headland flare !
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire !
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air.
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire !
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
Melt into stars for the land's desire !
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground swell dash'd on the strand ;
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land ;
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The Sea King's daughter, as happy, as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir—
Bride of the heir of the king of the sea !
O joy to the people and joy to the throne ;
Come to us, love us, and make us your own ;
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome to thee,
Alexandra !

It was a fitting tribute to a woman who has proved herself at once good and noble. Her devotedness as wife and mother, the charities and domestic sweetness of her private life at Sandringham, the charm of her manners and beauty when seen at public functions, made her dearer to the people with each year of her residence in England, and the British nation has great cause for thanksgiving that Queen Victoria has such a noble and worthy successor in Queen Alexandra.

In 1875 the Prince visited India, and received an ovation in that oriental land which reads like one of the tales of the "Arabian Nights." On May 1st of the following year Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, was proclaimed Empress of India, as already stated.

DEATH OF PRINCESS ALICE

On December 14, 1878, the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, his beloved daughter and faithful nurse, the Princess Alice, died—and died, it will be remembered, a martyr to her love for her children. The little ones and her husband had been suffering from diphtheria. One died, and it seems that the eldest boy, in sympathizing with his mother, impulsively threw his arms around her and kissed her. It was the kiss of death. She caught the disease, and, worn out with anxiety and watching, she could not resist, but after a few days' illness passed away.

Since the death of the Prince Consort, seventeen years before, nothing had so stirred the deepest sympathies of the nation, for the Princess was warmly loved. For a time the Queen seemed utterly overwhelmed by the loss of her tenderly affectionate daughter.

CHAPTER XIX

The Year of Jubilee

IN the year 1887 came a great occasion in the life of England's beloved Queen, that of the fiftieth anniversary of her reign, a year of holiday and festivity which was celebrated in all quarters of the earth. India led the way, rejoicings being general throughout her vast area, from the snowy passes of the lofty Himalayas on the north, to the tropical shores of Cape Comorin on the south. Other colonies fell into line, the large-hearted and loyal Canadians vieing with the sun-burned Africanders of Cape Town and Natal, the merchants of the West Indies with the planters of the East Indies, in celebrating worthily the Jubilee of Britain's Queen.

THREE ROYAL JUBILEES

England has known, in earlier times, three Royal Jubilees—those of Henry III., Edward III., and George III. All of these sovereigns reigned over fifty years, and it is a curious coincidence they should all have been III. of the title. A few lines may be devoted to the circumstances of these Royal Jubilees, which will make it clear that Victoria's Jubilee was brightest of all.

The reign of Henry III. was one of considerable progress. During its course, trial by jury was introduced, and in the Jubilee year (1265), the first real English Parliament was summoned by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. The year closed, however, sadly. The turmoil of civil war, and the heavy losses of the bloody battle of Evesham, made the hearts of men heavy and sore, and they were in little humor for Jubilee rejoicings.

The next Jubilee came in 1376, when Edward III. entered on the fiftieth year of his reign. In many respects, it had been a

glorious and prosperous period. The terrors of the "black death," which had swept the land some twenty years previously, were forgotten, and men were ready to rejoice to the full. Hence history

THE QUEEN SELECTING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

speaks of tournaments, processions, high feastings, street pageants. But alas! in that very year "the Black Prince" died, and the nation

sorely mourned its most brilliant hero of chivalry. And before the year's close, disorder and disunion were rampart, and civil war was threatened, so that Edward's Jubilee came to as dark and cloudy an end as that of Henry, a century before.

Nearly five centuries elapsed before there came another year of Royal Jubilee. In 1810 George III. reached the fiftieth year of his reign, and widespread festivities took place. It was not through any particular admiration for the King, but through the general enjoyment of the true Anglo-Saxon in a period of holiday and entertainment. The Jubilee was held in great style, and we read of state banquets, grand reviews, balls, general illuminations, free open-air feasts, in which bullocks were roasted whole; deserters from the army and navy were pardoned, foreign prisoners of war set free, and a great national subscription made for the release of poor debtors. Yet the country was then in the throes of its gigantic struggle with Napoleon; the King, always a man of weak intellect and feeble health, was then bereft of reason, the Prince of Wales being appointed Regent, and the people's best reason for rejoicing was that their King's inglorious career was approaching its end.

Brightest and best of all the years of Jubilee was that which dawned at the end of the Victorian half-century. This period had been one of remarkable progress in every field of human endeavor. It had been free from blighting pestilence, disastrous wars, desolating famine, or any of the horrors which came upon England in the reigns of many of her former sovereigns. And looking back on the story of the fifty years since the well-loved Victoria ascended the throne, the hearts of all her subjects were filled with thankfulness that God should have placed the sceptre of the empire in the hands of one who had swayed it so long and well. Thus were they prepared to hold high jubilee; to express that heartfelt and hearty affection and loyalty which burned no less brightly for their widowed Sovereign than for her when, fifty years before, a blushing maiden, she was hailed as England's Queen.

The first note of the Jubilee was struck in India, where the great Imperial festival was celebrated on the sixteenth of February. In presidency towns, inland cities, the capitals of Protected States--even in Mandalay, the capital of the newly-conquered State of Upper Burmah—natives and Europeans vied with each other in acclaiming the event. Announcements of clemency, banquets, plays, the distribution of honors, reviews, illuminations—all were among the methods adopted for celebrating the Jubilee. But these were not the only methods. At Gwalior all arrears of land-tax, amounting to five million dollars, were canceled. Libraries, colleges schools and hospitals were opened in honor of the Empress.

THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF HER REIGN

All over England preparations were now being made for the great anniversary. The Queen would complete the fiftieth year of her reign on the twentieth of June, and the entire first six months of the year were a series of preliminary ceremonies for the climax of the great celebration. On the twelfth of January occurred a meeting for the starting of the Imperial Institute, which was the development of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition into a permanent exhibit, for the display of the whole vast resources of the Empire. The meeting was held at St. James' Palace and presided over by the Prince of Wales. It was by such movements as these that the Queen most liked to be honored.

On the 23d of March her Majesty visited Birmingham. The city was ready to receive her. Five miles of streets had been superbly decorated with flags and festoons and banks of flowers, triumphal arches, and trophies emblematic of the industries and inventions of the great midland metropolis. In spite of cold and very boisterous weather, the Queen set out from Windsor at the appointed hour. When the royal party reached Birmingham, however, the sun had come out, and lent its brightness to the day for the multitude of half a million people who thronged the streets of the city. Mr. J. Castell Hopkins thus describes the scene:

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. DUKE OF COBURG. EMPEROR OF GERMANY. EDWARD VII. QUEEN VICTORIA, EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY

EDWARD VII
In Highland Gart.

GREAT IRISH LEADERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN

"A very striking feature of the reception was a semicircle of fifteen thousand school-children, a mile long, with the teachers standing behind each school, and the groups keeping up all along the line a continuous strain of 'God Save the Queen.' At the town hall an address was presented by the corporation, and a reply read by her Majesty, which concluded with these words: 'During the long and eventful period, now extending over fifty years, through which my reign has continued, the loyalty and affection of my faithful people have been a constant source of support in difficulty and sorrow, and consolation in affliction."

After luncheon, the Queen laid the foundation of the future Law Courts amid the usual ceremonials.

On the 23d of April, by the special sanction of the Pope, she was allowed to visit the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, within whose sacred precincts no woman's foot is permitted to tread. On the 4th of May she received at Windsor Castle the representatives of the Colonial Governments, who presented her with addresses congratulating her on having witnessed during her reign her Colonial subjects increase from fewer than 2,000,000 to upwards of 9,000,000 souls, her Indian subjects from 96,000,000 to 254,000,000, and her subjects in minor dependencies from 2,000,000 to 7,000,000.

The celebrations now commenced in earnest. A Jubilee Exhibition, illustrating the progress in arts and manufactures during the Victorian era, was held at Manchester, and opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales. On the 9th of May a large deputation representing the Corporation of London waited on the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and presented a loyal address of congratulation. In her reply she referred to "the sympathy which has united the Throne and the people," and to her hope that this cordial feeling would always continue unbroken. On the following day a most brilliant drawing-room was held, and a private visit made to Westminster Abbey in connection with the approaching Jubilee Service. She also attended a private performance of the

feats of the American cow-boys, Indians, and prairie-hunters at the "Wild West Show." On the 14th she opened the People's Palace at Whitechapel. The royal procession passed through seven miles of streets of garlands and banners, drapery and decorations of every conceivable kind. Fifteen thousand troops were arranged along the route in most effective and imposing style, and the throngs of people gave as unmistakable evidences of their loyalty and affection for the Queen as she had received in Birmingham. At the palace the usual loyal address, enthusiastic cheers, and sympathetic reply from the Queen took place, and the Prince of Wales, in the name of her Majesty, declared the building open. The Queen then visited the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, where great preparations had been going on to receive the Sovereign in state. This visit was a remarkable event, for the Queen had not entered the municipal palace since she had visited it with her mother two years before her accession to the throne. Seven hundred invited guests were present, including the Aldermen in their scarlet robes and chains, and the Lord Mayor in his state robes of crimson velvet and ermine. The latter official received the Queen, who was accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family. Refreshments were then served, and the Queen partook of tea and strawberries with her civic hosts, with whom she spent fully half an hour, charming the company with her affability, and afterward leaving amid enthusiastic cheers from the crowds outside.

THE HOUSE ATTENDED CHURCH IN STATE

The formal opening of the Jubilee occurred on the 17th, when Mr. W. H. Smith, the leader of the House of Commons, proposed that in celebration of the fiftieth year of the Queen's reign, the House should attend St. Margaret's Church at Westminster on the following Sunday. Mr. Gladstone seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to, and on that day the House of Commons attended church in a body for the first time since May 4, 1856, on

the conclusion of the Crimean War. This was a different occasion, however, and for the House to meet in state and go to church to offer solemn thanksgivings on the Jubilee of the sovereign's reign was absolutely unique. The Speaker led the way and the members followed four abreast. The Queen's Westminster volunteers formed a guard of honor and the sermon was preached by the eloquent Bishop of Ripon.

The next day the issue of the Jubilee Coinage was announced, to be marked by an alteration in the likeness of the Queen and by the introduction of a new coin, the double florin. On the 20th, the Queen received deputations at Windsor from the London and Edinburgh Universities, the English Presbyterians, the Society of Friends and various other religious bodies. The address from the Friends was peculiarly interesting, both from its contents and from being read by John Bright, the honored statesman and orator.

On the 20th, the Court removed to Balmoral, where the Queen found her mountain retreat covered with snow. On the 17th of June the Court returned to Windsor, and on the 18th, the Queen received at the Castle several Indian princes and deputations from native States, among them being the Maharajah Holkar of Indore. As another well says, "Many other commemorations followed in the form of banquets, assemblies, balls, and public festivities of every kind and character, from the feeding of 6,000 poor people in Glasgow to a Jubilee yacht-race around the United Kingdom. Meantime presents of every sort and value had been pouring in from individuals and collective bodies, princes and potentates in the east and west, and men, women and children in all parts of the Empire. A typical one was the 'Woman's Jubilee Offering,' which was to be contributed to by British women and girls, and the nature of which was to be decided by the Queen herself."

The Jubilee itself was celebrated on the 21st of June. The chief streets of London were given over to carpenters and upholsterers, gasmen and floral decorators, who transformed them into a veritable bower of beauty. The thoroughfares through which the

series of brilliant processions passed were decorated in a way impossible to describe. All previous demonstrations of the kind were eclipsed. The route was one long array of brilliant color, shifting and gleaming brightness, waving flags and banners and an unprecedented display of magnificence.

On the night of the 20th the city was swarming with people who had come out hoping to see some of the illuminations tried. The 21st dawned fair and beautiful, the sun shining with a fierce brightness unusual for England. As the day began, crowds streamed into the metropolis, every face bright with the festal spirit of the day.

ALL PREVIOUS DEMONSTRATIONS ECLIPSED

The line of the procession was from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, and all along the route seats had been engaged at fabulous prices. Those who had secured places were in them early in the morning, and the crowd, though dense, was in good humor, even the police being exceptionally amiable. At the place of starting—Buckingham Palace—there were no decorations, but the presence of the Guards and of the sailors from the fleet, who were on duty within the gates, gave animation to the scene. As 11 o'clock—the hour of starting—approached, a strange silence seemed to fall over the noisy, gossiping crowd, as if men and women felt awed and touched at the sight of their aged Sovereign proceeding in state from her Palace to the old Abbey to thank God for permitting her to see the fiftieth year of her reign. It was not till the head of the procession moved along and the royal carriages came in sight, that the pent-up feeling of the dense masses of spectators found utterance in volley after volley of cheers. The Queen's face was tremulous with emotion and yet there was triumph as well as grateful courtesy in her bearing as she bowed her acknowledgements to her subjects. Beside her were the Princess of Wales and the German Crown Princess, the latter, who had left England to wed in Germany, beaming with happiness and delight to find her countrymen still held her dear. The loyal tumult all

along the line literally drowned the noise of the bands and trumpets.

The Queen rode in a carriage drawn by six cream-colored horses, and was attended by walking footmen, was guarded by the Duke of Cambridge and an escort, and immediately followed by a body-guard of princes. The heir to the throne—the Prince of Wales—was mounted on a golden chestnut horse and received many and frequent cheers on the way. The first part of the procession consisted of carriages in which were seated the sumptuously appareled Indian Princes, who were clothed in cloth of gold and wore turbans blazing with diamonds and precious gems, and had come from the far East to celebrate the Jubilee of their Empress. Between the eleventh carriage and the Queen's rode the brilliant procession of the Princes. Their appearance all along the route was the signal for an outbreak of cheering. The central figure of this group was the German Crown Prince, afterward the Emperor, Frederick III., whose white uniform and plumed silver helmet attracted general admiration. Covered with medals and decorations, most of which he had won by his prowess in battle, he sat on his charger as proudly as a knight of the Middle Ages. His fair, frank face became radiant with delight when he found peal after peal of applause greeted him whenever he appeared. A gorgeous cavalcade of Indians brought the splendid procession to a close.

But throughout that marvelous journey, amid millions of her subjects standing in masses of loyal enthusiasm, the chief figure, the one to whom all eyes and hearts were turned first and last, was the Sovereign Lady of the Realm. It was one of the greatest popular demonstrations of all history, and little wonder was it that the Queen was visibly affected by the evidences of the affections of her great people.

It was half an hour after midday when the procession reached Westminster Abbey. The Abbey had been prepared at a cost of $85,000 for the reception of 9000 or 10,000 persons, and the scene

there was one which even that centre of historic splendor had never seen equalled. The Queen entered, clad in black, but with a bonnet of white Spanish lace, glittering with diamonds, and wearing the Orders of the Garter and Star of India. She was accompanied by the Lord Chamberlain, and as they entered the Abbey the organ pealed forth the strains of a march.

Waiting for the Queen were officials of Church and State, clad in the rich uniforms of their office and proud to do her honor. As the Queen walked up the Abbey to her place, in the midst of all this gorgeous array, her face beamed with pleasure, and her dignity of bearing was unaffected by age or responsibilities or sorrows. She looked thoroughly worthy of her great Imperial position and of the lustre of a half century's glorious reign.

The Jubilee Thanksgiving Service now took place, the solemnity of the spectacle hushing the throng into silence. Reverently the Queen took her place on the royal seat, the Princes and Princesses of her train near her. Surrounding this shining group a vast crowd, representing the genius, the rank, the wealth and the chivalry of Britain, filled every nook of the sacred edifice in which the Queen celebrated the golden anniversary of her reign.

The Thanksgiving Service was brief and simple. The Primate and the Dean of Westminster officiated, and the music was selected largely from the compositions of the Prince Consort. Prayers and responses invoking a blessing on the Queen were chanted. Three special prayers were offered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and two simple prayers were said, and the ceremony, impressive from the grandeur of the surroundings and yet thrilling and pathetic because of its devotional earnestness and simplicity, ended with the benediction. Here the Queen, who was several times overcome with emotion, made a movement as if she would rise from her seat on the sacred Coronation Stone of Scone and kneel on the space in front of her. But she could not reach so far and sank back into her place, veiling her bowed face with her hands. She then glanced around, and her eyes filled with tears as they rested on her family

circle. The pent-up feeling of the royal group could no longer be restrained, and the solemn pageant of State suddenly assumed the aspect of a family party. The Queen, with an impulsive gesture, discarded the Lord Chamberlain, and embraced the Princes and Princesses of her house with sincere and unreserved motherly affection. The organ pealed forth another march, and the Queen, making a deep bow to her foreign guests, which they returned, left the scene. The procession formed again, and, as the Sovereign returned to Buckingham Palace, her reception was even more enthusiastic than that which had greeted her on the way to the Abbey.

All over England and in the north of Ireland the Jubilee was celebrated as enthusiastically as in London. In the Colonies the day was observed even more joyously than in England.

In foreign lands also the British residents held Jubilee festivals, the event being especially honored in the United States.

But of all the Jubilee celebrations perhaps the most charming and novel was one which was held in Hyde Park on the 22d.

HAPPY LINE OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN

On that day the Queen drove in state down a long and happy line of 27,000 school-children, to whom had been given a Jubilee banquet and various amusements, besides 40,000 toys. After the Queen had driven through the children's ranks, the royal ensign was hoisted, the national anthem was sung, and a specially manufactured Jubilee ring was presented by her Majesty in a kind speech to a little twelve-year-old girl who had attended school for seven years without once missing. The Queen received a bouquet of orchids bearing the inscription, "Not Queen alone, but Mother, Queen and Friend in one." Amid the strains of "Rule, Britannia," followed by the singing of "God Bless the Prince of Wales," the royal party left the Park. From here the Queen went to Eton School, where her reception by 900 boys was more than enthusiastic. The Queen was deeply touched by the delight of her little subjects.

On the 25th of June appeared a singularly beautiful and touching letter, evidently from the Queen's own pen, thanking the nation for their display of loyalty and love. The following days saw many brilliant functions and ceremonies, but the crowning event of the Jubilee occurred on the 4th of July. On that day the Queen laid the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute in the Albert Hall. The Institute, not being a permanent exhibit of the resources of the colonies, is meant to stand as an outward and visible sign of the essential unity of the British Empire. The Queen, assisted by the Prince of Wales and the architect, laid the first solid block of the building—a piece of granite weighing three tons. The service in the Abbey had turned all minds on the past, but the ceremonial at the Institute invited thought about the future and the part of England in the evolution of the English-speaking race.

A review of 56,000 volunteers at Aldershot, the laying at Windsor of the foundation stone of a statue to the Prince Consort, a grand review of 135 warships at Spithead, amid innumerable smaller vessels, 30,000 spectators and royal salutes which made a roar like many thousand thunders—these were some of the concluding ceremonies of the great celebration.

CHAPTER XX

Palace Life and Royal Entertainments

THE stately ceremonials of Court functions were largely modified in the simple and unaffected life led by her Majesty at home, and when receiving guests and visitors. While ever and always Queen, in calm dignity and grace, she had the happy faculty of becoming a gracious hostess, and setting her "commanded" guests at their ease. She was exceedingly punctilious about the minor courtesies of life, and thoughtfully careful of the comfort and pleasure of those who waited upon her. The solemn etiquette and formal functions prescribed by rigid rule in many Continental Court circles largely disappeared in the freer and more genial atmosphere of the Queen's home life. State ceremonies, drawing rooms, levees, and receptions have necessarily their forms and regulations; but at home, at Windsor Castle, and more notably at Balmoral or Osborne, Her Majesty, while ever dignified, as befitted her exalted position, unbended and showed herself a model hostess. Many who had won appreciation by noble deeds or distinguished service, and had thus been honored with a command to visit the Queen, have put on record how greatly they were impressed by the combined kindliness and dignity of their reception by their Sovereign.

GENERAL GORDON'S BIBLE.

It may not be void of interest to give the following fact which we have lighted upon in a course of a series of articles on the treasures and splendors of the State apartments at Windsor Castle:—"More than the big diamond, the silver and the gold, and the rare china, does her Majesty prize the plain Bible,

bound in limp leather, and with over-flapping edges, that belonged to her faithful servant, General Gordon, and which was brought to her by his sister sometime after his sad death. The simply bound book is enshrined in a seventeenth century fairy-like casket of carved crystal, with silver gilt and enamelled mounts. It lies on a cushion of white satin, and is open at the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John, marked with a blue pencil. The Queen likes all her visitors to see this relic of a great man's life, and on more than one occasion has herself directed attention to it, and always with words of deep feeling."

The Queen's love for and remembrance of anniversaries was said to be almost proverbial, and those which marked the more sorrowful events of her life were kept as days apart. The 14th of December, which date marked the death of the Prince Consort, and, ten years later, of Princess Alice of Hesse, was observed by the Queen as a day of especial mourning. Save at the Memorial Service held at the Albert Mausoleum at Frogmore, not even those members of the Royal Family who traveled to Windsor for that function were permitted to see the Queen. No business of any kind was transacted by Her Majesty on that day. She sat almost alone in her own apartments, and it was the one day in the year when, save for the short drive to Frogmore and back, she took no airing. The Court was expected to wear black on that day.

THE QUEEN'S VISITORS IN HER PALACE LIFE

After the period of her widowhood the Queen was accustomed to spend Christmas at Osborne. And, although of later years something of the old family gathering was revived, the Queen's Christmas was always overshadowed with the sad memories called forth by the anniversaries, on the 14th of December, of the deaths of the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice.

Among the Queen's visitors in her palace life were some who were not "commanded" and were not always welcome. In early life her Majesty was frequently annoyed by the visits, or attempted

visits of lovers and lunatics—they are not always identical. One of the former, who seems to have been also one of the latter, was a gentleman from Tunbridge Wells. In order to catch some glimpses of the royal young lady whom he adored, he disguised himself as a gardener, and got work at Kensington Gardens.

Years afterwards another gentleman, disguised as a workman, paid the Queen an uninvited visit—not to see herself, but to see the pictures in Buckingham Palace. This picture-lover had seen all the great paintings in London, but the collection in the palace was inaccessible to an ordinary connoisseur. He managed, however, to see them in this way: a friend of his, a carpet merchant, had orders to put down carpets in the State apartments. He dressed himself in character, and entered the palace as a workman with those who were really going to put down the carpets. He remained in one of the apartments after the workmen had left.

While he was alone, the Queen came tripping in, wearing a plain white morning dress, and followed by two or three of her younger children, dressed with like simplicity. She approached the supposed workman and said, "Pray, can you tell me when the new carpet will be put down in the Privy Council chamber?" He, thinking that he had no right to recognize the Queen under the circumstances, replied: "Really, madam, I cannot tell, but I will inquire." "Stay," she said abruptly, but not unkindly; "who are you? I perceive that you are not one of the workmen."

Mr. W., blushing and stammering, made a clean breast of it, and told the simple truth. The Queen seemed much amused with his *ruse*, and forgave it for the sake of his love of art. She added, smiling, "I knew that you were a gentleman, because you did not 'Your Majesty' me. Pray, look at the pictures as long as you like. Good morning. Come, chicks, we must go."

For those whose duties made their presence necessary in the Queen's palace, life did not always move smoothly. As she grew older, Victoria grew irritable, and popular ideas as to basking in the sunshine of royalty were apt to be dispelled by the frowns

which frequently clouded the countenance of "Her Most Gracious Majesty." Trifling circumstances would annoy her, and although under ordinary circumstances a woman of strong common sense, she became at times unreasonable, and even harsh.

Some of the most loyal and deserving members of her household were dismissed and turned away almost at a moment's notice, not for any misconduct, but merely because their appearance had ceased to please, and become tiresome to her capricious Majesty.

There is one case, that of Lord Playfair, who, notwithstanding his long and devoted services to the Prince Consort, was removed from his post of gentleman-in-waiting because the Queen had objection to his legs, which, being short and deflected, did not appear to advantage in knee-breeches and silk stockings. Mr. Lyon Playfair, as he was then, was afterwards consoled by a peerage, and by his marriage to a charming American girl, Miss Russel, of Boston.

Although the Queen's irritability kept the members of her household in constant apprehension of royal displeasure and scoldings of imperial vigor, yet she was constantly doing little acts of considerate and motherly kindness which endeared her alike to her immediate attendants and to her subjects. While naturally kind and considerate, the exercise of unlimited authority in her household led to a sharpness and brusqueness of which she, no doubt, often repented.

Although small in person, the Queen impressed every one with whom she was brought in contact with a sense of her dignity. This quality, although impressive, lends itself to caricature. On one occasion one of the grooms-in-waiting was engaged in "taking off" his royal mistress, much to the amused enjoyment of some members of the Court. His imitation of the Queen playing the piano and singing a song was irresistible. Just as he was finishing, the Queen entered the room, and at once recognized the fact that she was being caricatured. A dead silence prevailed. The guilty courtier turned pale and tried to stammer out some excuses. His tongue refused its office, and he waited to receive his sentence.

The Queen, in a stern voice, commanded the Honorable —— at once to repeat the entertainment. This he did in fear and trembling, but gradually warmed to his work, and the Queen laughed until the tears came into her eyes. Afterwards the courtier in question was often asked by her Majesty to repeat his imitation, and those who were privileged to see it declare that the likeness was lifelike. The Queen's amiability and absence of self-consciousness on this occasion were an indication of her true greatness.

Life in the British palaces is a matter of etiquette and formalism, and many court officials, mediæval in origin, and marked only by showy inutility in modern days, still strut their little lives upon the stage of courtly duties, many of them having no better warrant for their existence than that of "filling up space."

Among the picturesque and ornamental features of Queen Victoria's Court were her two body-guards, the one composed of pensioned Colonels and Majors, with distinguished service records, who were entitled the "Gentlemen-at-Arms," while the other was recruited from non-commissioned officers, and its members were known by the name of the "Yeomen of the Guard." The public, however, for some reason or other, have designated them as "Beefeaters."

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

A yeoman usher and a party of yeomen compose the Guard that attends in the Great Chamber on levee days and drawing-room days, their office being to keep the passage clear, that the nobility who frequent the Court may pass without inconvenience. The usher is posted at the head of the room, close by the door leading into the Presence Chamber, to whom, when persons of a certain distinction enter from the stairs, the lowermost yeoman next to the entrance of the Chamber calls aloud, "Yeoman Usher!" to apprise him of such approach. To this the Usher makes answer by audibly crying, "Stand by!" to warn all indifferent persons to leave the passage clear.

The Captain of the "Yeomen of the Guard," who is invariably a Peer of the Realm, and who changes with each administration, receives a salary of $5,000. He is *ex-officio* a member of the Privy Council, wears, like other officers of the corps, a military uniform, and carries an ebony baton tipped with gold as his badge of office.

The Gentlemen-at-Arms, instituted by Henry VIII., were intended by him to be recruited from a higher class than the Yeomen of the Guard, and to resemble the "Gentlemen of the French King's House," a body composed almost wholly of young grandees. All the captains have been noblemen of high rank, and the corps at present is composed of ex-commissioned officers of high distinction. For a long time these two bodies were the only standing forces permitted in the kingdom. They figured in all ceremonials, received embassadors, and escorted foreign Princes on visits to the Sovereign. Nor were they without distinction in arms, for they were at the siege of Boulogne, the Battle of Spurs, and on other battle-fields of France.

OFFICE OF "QUEEN'S CHAMPIONS"

When the Queen came to the Throne only three of the Guard were old soldiers, though all of them bore the courtesy title of "Captain," and in precedence ranked immediately after Privy Councilors. The corps now contains over forty members, every one of whom has served with more or less distinction, and perhaps at no period in its history has the ancient Guard reached a higher social standard.

One of the most peculiar offices in connection with the Royal household is that of the "Queen's (King's) Champion," a very ancient office, popularly supposed to have been instituted by William the Conqueror, and since his coronation held by descendants of Sir John Dymoke.

The "Champion of England," for that is his official title, only appears once during the reign of a British Monarch—namely, at the coronation. While the coronation banquet is in progress, which

has hitherto always taken place in Westminster Hall, the Champion enters on horseback, arrayed from head to foot in steel armor, and with closed visor.

Raising his visor, he challenges all comers to deny the title of the sovereign, and offers, if necessary, to fight them on the spot. It is needless to add that no one is ever found to take up the gauntlet which he casts down on the floor. A golden goblet full of wine is then handed to him, which he drains to the health of the monarch, after which he backs his charger from the Royal presence, carrying with him the magnificently chased golden goblet as his perquisite.

The royal footmen are exceedingly imposing and superb personages, though they have become less exalted than formerly. Early in the Queen's reign the salary of the royal footman was $550 a year, with a possible rise to the rank of a senior footman with $600 a year. This was not a very high salary, but the dignity of the service, and the fact that it was always followed by a pension, and sometimes led to higher rank, rendered it attractive to stalwart members of the respectable middle class on the lookout for a career. Moreover, there were perquisites—bread and beer money, for instance—amounting to $70 a year, while a footman sent on a journey, however short, received six shillings a day for refreshment.

All that, however, was in the good days before the shadow of reform fell upon the Queen's establishment, when Prince Albert was in the prime of his vigor. In later days even so gorgeous a gentleman as the Queen's footman had to begin with a modest $250 a year, which in course of time might increase to $400, but no more. Perquisites, too, were abolished or curtailed. There was an allowance of six guineas and a half for hair-powder, bag, and stockings; but, sad to say, each man had to find his own blacking and boot-brushes, and to pay for his own washing.

The Queen had fifteen footmen, and one sergeant-footman with a salary of $650 a year. Formerly the sergeant-footman or

one of the six senior footmen was often promoted to the position of Page of the Presence or of a Queen's Messenger, either of which was worth $1,500, or $2,000 a year. But this practice went the way of most of the perquisites, and the position of a royal footman ceased to be sought for as it formerly was.

Next to the royal footmen, the State trumpeters are among the most popular of functionaries on all great occasions. There are eight of them, with a sergeant at their head. They form part of the State band, which is only called upon on important occasions. As in the case of the footmen, their gorgeous raiment, their silver trumpets, and their stately demeanor might suggest to the uninitiated dignitaries of large emoluments, if not of exalted rank, but their sergeant gets only $500 a year, and each of the eight minor musicians $200. There are, however, in addition, fees paid to them on each occasion of their performing in public.

From footmen and trumpeters to pursuivants, heralds, and kings-at-arms is a great stride up the social and ceremonial ladder. These functionaries have both a popular and historical interest. Their quaintly gorgeous costumes always attract attention on State occasions, and their undoubted antiquity and mysterious functions —their declarations of war and of peace, announcements at coronations, and solemn annunciations of titles and dignities over illustrious graves—all tend to invest them with a curious interest in the eyes of beholders.

OFFICE OF HERALDS

The heralds must be gentlemen "skilled in the ancient and modern languages, good historians, and conversant in the genealogies of the nobility and gentry." The direct emoluments of the office are trivial. But it is their function "to grant coats armorial and supporters to the same to such as are properly authorized to bear them; where no armorial arms are known to belong to the party applying for the grant they invent devices and emblazon them in the most applicable manner, so as to reflect credit upon their own fertility of knowledge, and to afford satisfaction to the wearer."

They are, of course, entitled to more liberal fees than fall to the lot of most inventors, and, moreover, they are the great sources of genealogical lore. Pursuivants, heralds, and kings-at-arms are under the Earl Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk, and, indeed, are now created by him. Formerly when kings-at-arms were more important functionaries than they are now, they were crowned veritable kings by the sovereign himself. They go through the same ceremony of installation now, but it is performed by the Earl Marshal, by royal warrant. Upon this occasion the chosen functionary takes his oath, wine is poured out of a gilt cup with a cover, his title is pronounced, and he is invested with a tabret of the royal arms richly embroidered upon velvet, a collar of SS, with two portcullises of silver gilt, a gold chain, and a badge of his office. Then the Earl Marshal places on his head the crown of a king-of-arms. This formerly resembled a ducal coronet; but since the Restoration it has been adorned with leaves resembling those of the oak, and circumscribed with the words, "*Miserere mei Deus secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.*" (God have mercy upon me according to your great goodness.)

Garter has also a mantle of crimson satin as an officer of the order, and a white rod or sceptre with the sovereign's arms upon the top, which he bears in the presence of the sovereign. There are three kings-at-arms. Garter is king-at-arms of England, Clarencieux is king of the province south of the Trent, and Norroy is king of the northern provinces. The heralds go through an initiatory ceremony as the kings, except the crowning. They are all military and civil officers, and in token of this they are all sworn on sword and Bible.

The office of Earl Marshal is among the highest and oldest. He is the eighth great officer of State, and is the only Earl who is an Earl by virtue of his office.

The Lord Steward is another holder of a slip from the sceptre. He has a white wand as an emblem of his authority under the Crown. He is supposed to have the sole direction of the sovereign's

household, and receives $10,000 a year, though, except on State occasions, he is not required at Court, the practical functions of his office being discharged by the resident master of the household. The Queen's establishments, however, excepting only the chamber, stables, and chapel, are supposed to be under his entire control. All his commands are to be obeyed, and he has power to hold Courts for the administration of justice, and for settling disputes between the Queen's servants. The Lord Steward always bears his white wand when in the presence of the sovereign, and on all ceremonial occasions when the sovereign is not present the wand is borne before him by a footman walking bareheaded. He takes this symbol of delegated power directly from the sovereign's hand, and has no other formal grant of office. On the death of the monarch the Lord Steward breaks his wand of office over the corpse, and his functions are at an end, and all the officers of the royal household are virtually discharged.

THE PRINCIPAL THRONE OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY

All this display of "leather and prunella" is a relic of mediævalism which has been retained by English conservatism. In earlier times it was thought to add to the splendor of the throne and the dignity of the monarch; now it is, some think, worthy only of ridicule, for the world has advanced beyond the range of such eye-catching trappings. But let our good brothers and cousins of England, who have an undying admiration for ancient customs, cling to it still if the gorgeousness of the royal footmen adds anything to their pleasure or reverence.

Speaking of the royal seat, it may be said that the principal throne of the British monarchy is in the House of Lords. It is elevated on a dais, the central portion having three, and the sides two steps, covered with a carpet of the richest velvet pile. The ground color of the carpet is a bright scarlet, and the pattern on it consists of roses and lions, alternately. A gold-colored fringe borders the carpet.

The canopy to the throne is divided into three apartments, of which the central one, much loftier than the others, was occupied by her Majesty, that on the right hand by the Prince of Wales, and that on the left formerly by Prince Albert. The back of the central compartment is paneled in the most exquisite manner. The three lowest tiers have the lions passant of England, carved and gilded on a red ground, and above them in a wide panel, arched, and enriched with dainty carvings, are the royal arms of England, surrounded by the Garter, with its supporters, helmet and crest, and an elaborate mantling forming a rich and varied background. The motto, "*Dieu et Mon Droit*," is on a horizontal band of deep-blue tint. In small panels, traceried, parallel with the large arched one, are roses, shamrocks, and thistles, clustered together, and crowned; and above them, in double-arched panels, the royal monogram, crowned and interwoven by a cord, is introduced.

The Crown Jewels of Great Britain are kept at the Tower of London, and are entrusted to the care of the "Keeper of the Regalia." They are all in the Jewel-house, inclosed in an immense case. Prominent among them is the crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria, at an expense of about $600,000. Among the profusion of diamonds is the large ruby worn by the Black Prince, the crown made for the coronation of Charles II.; the crown of the Prince of Wales and that of the late Prince Consort; the crown made for the coronation of James II.'s Queen; also her ivory sceptre. The coronation spoon, and bracelets and royal spurs, swords of Mercy and Justice, are among the other jewels. Here, too, is the silver-gilt baptismal font, in which is deposited the christening water for the royal children; also the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond.

For the benefit of those who are interested in the private and public fortune of the Queen, it may be said, although we have stated this in another chapter in a more general way, that Parliament granted her $1,925,000 a year, but that included the running expenses of all her palaces, the salaries and pensions of her large retinue of

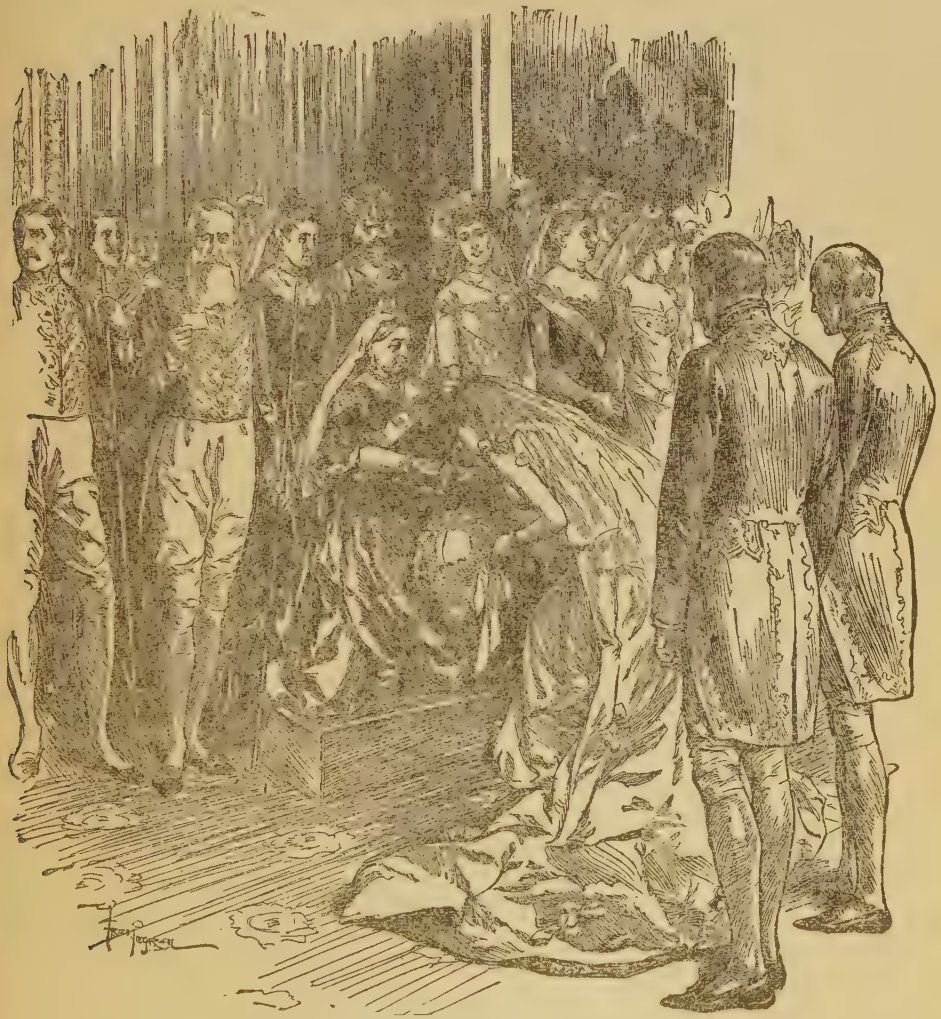
attendants and servants of high and low degree. Out of it she was estimated, after paying all these expenses, to have $300,000 a year left for her own personal purse. None of this was used for her public gifts to charity, which Parliament provided for in its grant.

THE PRIVATE AND PUBLIC FORTUNE OF THE QUEEN

In exchange for the royal revenues from the Duchy of Lancaster, which was extinguished long ago, Victoria received $215,000 a year more. So that for nearly sixty-four years her private income from the British Treasury alone was $515,000 a year. As she never was a woman of lavish expenditure, it is a reasonable belief that she saved largely from this annual income. As regards her private property, it may be said that the vast domains which of old belonged to the Crown were surrendered to the State during the reign of George IV. Prince Albert left her the greater part of his estate of $3,000,000, and John Camden Nield, the miserly son of a goldsmith who had worked for George III., left by will to the Queen and her heirs an estate of about $2,500,000. The gifts made to her during the Jubilee were worth about $250,000. The Osborne and Balmoral estates were her private property, her Scottish estate containing over 37,000 acres. She also owned Claremont, a landed estate in Coburg, and a magnificent villa in Berlin. Various estimates have been made as to the value of her property, based on her probable savings and the increase in value of her inheritances and estates, but its real value cannot be stated. In it must be included her valuable collection of laces and jewels, worth a large sum of money.

Around Windsor Castle more than any other of her homes her Majesty's life, from the time of her accession, was centred. This was her home *par excellence*. Buckingham, though no whit less gorgeous within, is a pigmy in size compared with the colossal pile of Windsor, which dominates the surrounding landscape—the rich groves, the houses of the town, the meadows, and the tranquil Thames—much as would a solitary mountain peak.

Founded by William the Conqueror, the huge structure has grown under the hands of many kings. George IV. spent $5,000,000



DRAWING-ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

on it. Buckingham and Windsor belong to the English sovereigns, and therefore to the nation, and are thus in a different category from the Queen's private residences of Osborne and

Balmoral, in which she spent such intervals as she could withdraw from the cares of State.

The Queen devoted £10,000, or $50,000, every year to entertainments at Buckingham Palace. These consisted of two State balls and two State concerts, at each of which her Majesty was represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales. She limited the expense of the State balls to $10,000 each, while that of the State concerts was fixed at $15,000. Under no circumstances were these figures permitted to be exceeded. Court trains were not worn by the ladies at these entertainments, while the men, unless they belonged to the army or the navy, were forced to don white knee-breeches and white silk stockings, which are very trying to the appearance.

RECEPTIONS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The second category of the Queen's guests were those who attended her periodical afternoon receptions at Buckingham Palace, known by the name of "Drawing-rooms," and held for the express purpose of permitting *débutantes* to be presented to the royal family.

The ventilation of the Palace is very defective, and the crush is intolerable. Everybody wants to get ahead of everybody else, in order to get through the presentation and back to her carriage, for a Court presentation practically involves leaving one's house at noon, alighting at the Palace an hour later, after interminable waits, and standing amid an elbowing, pushing, somewhat selfish throng of women, in an atmosphere laden with strong perfumes, which are a combination of artificial scents, natural flowers, and cosmetics, until about four or five o'clock, when one finally re-enters the carriage, crumpled, dispirited, faint from hunger and fatigue, and thoroughly disappointed.

All this is undergone for the sake of spending about sixty seconds in the throne-room, just the time required to walk from the door up to the spot where stands the Queen, or, as is more generally the case, one of the Princesses representing her, to whom

a low courtesy is made. The royal lady utters no word of welcome or greeting, but merely acknowledges the salute by a slight inclination of the head, and then the presentee has to back out of the room with all possible speed.

Buckingham Palace is far from showy on the outside, and were it not for the red-coated sentinels who unceasingly march up and down before the gates thereof, it would hardly give one the impression of being a royal residence. The front of the building gives no idea of the pleasant rooms situated at the back, and which overlook a large and beautiful garden, into which one steps through the French windows opening on to a green lawn, shaded all around by fine and well-grown trees, giving no indication in their luxuriant foliage of being in the midst of London.

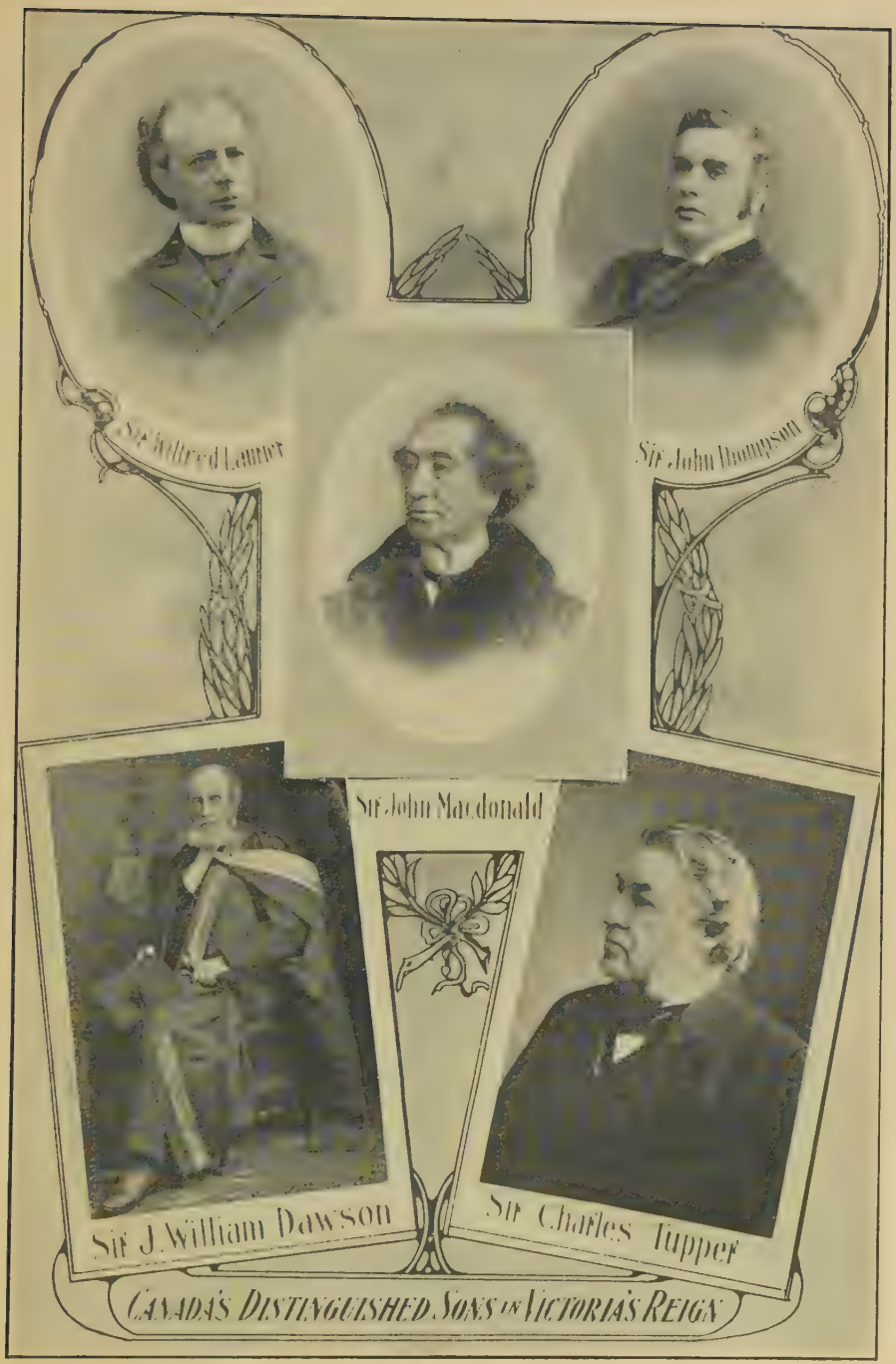
This verdant carpet leads to a crystal lake further on, where in quiet enjoyment broods of water-fowl and several swans live in contentment.

The galleries, ball-room, and concert-room, which are reached from the staircase, are of great magnificence. Wall seats, draped in satin, are provided for the company assembling in these rooms for a ball, a concert, or any other royal function, and at one end many handsome chairs are placed for the accommodation of royalty, with the throne-room further on, where the Queen received her guests in state; and where many *débutantes* with palpitating hearts, as well as more familiar *habitués*, have made their courtesies.

To encourage trade, the Court gave great entertainments, but they excited discontent instead of gratitude. The most splendid of these entertainments was the Plantagenet Ball. It was a wonderfully perfect reproduction of the Court of Edward III., Prince Albert representing that monarch, the Queen, Philippa, his wife. Many of the guests appeared in the very armor of their forefathers, others in costumes copied from family pictures. One lady gave a thousand pounds for her dress alone, and there was even a man (Lord Chesterfield) whose costume cost eight hundred pounds. The Queen's dress of brocade in blue and gold, lined with miniver,

was made in Spitalfields. One diamond in her crown, valued at ten thousand pounds, was so large that it shone like a star. Lady Londonderry's very gloves and shoes were resplendent with brilliants. The tent of Tippoo Sahib was used as a refreshment-room, and supper was served in the dining-room. The tables were covered with shields, vases, and tankards of massive gold. As many as eighteen thousand persons, it is said, were employed in the preparations for this superb *fete*. We may mention here that there was a "Powder Ball" at Buckingham Palace three years afterwards. All the guests were dressed in the style of 1750, when hair-powder was the fashion. There was also a "Restoration Ball," when the time of Charles II. was reproduced.

THE QUEEN'S HOME LIFE

The Queen's home life will be of interest to many readers, and some mention of it may suitably be made. Her private sitting-room might well have belonged to any one of her wealthier subjects who possessed a simple taste in furniture and decorations, a large collection of pictures and sketches, and a full circle of relations and friends. The general scheme of color was crimson and cream and gold. Heavy damask draperies framed the windows, the lower panes of which were veiled with short curtains of snowy muslin. The blinds were of a dainty material called diaphane, in which was woven in a transparent pattern the insignia and motto of the Garter. The furniture was principally upholstered in the same flowered crimson and gold damask that draped the windows. The walls were panelled in the same silk, and here the constant recurrence of the pattern (a conventional bouquet of flowers) would become monotonous were it not for the number of pictures of every description which covered the walls from within a short distance of the ceiling of deep crimson and gold to within four feet of the rich crimson carpet, which is patterned with a delicate tracery of scrolls and garlands in pale yellow. The many

Sir Alfred Lemier
Sir John Thompson
Sir John Macdonald
Sir J. William Dawson
Sir Charles Tupper
CANADA'S DISTINGUISHED SONS IN VICTORIA'S REIGN

LORD SALISBURY
The Queen's Great Prime Minister

ARTHUR W. PEEL
Late Speaker of the House of Commons. Distinguished for his Fairness.

doors were painted cream color and decorated with floral panels and gold mouldings.

The mantelpieces and occasional tables in the Queen's dressing-room were as charmingly arranged and beflowered as those in the sitting-room. Here the green silk walls and hangings made a perfect background for the toilet accessories that covered the dressing-table. These were all of gold, worked and chased into most delicate designs. The mirror was set in a square-cornered frame that rose at the top into an oval. Before it lay a large gold tray, flanked by four scent-bottles of carved crystal. Two of these were set in gold filigree stands of a shallow boat shape. The pincushion was dark-blue velvet fitted within a gold-pierced edge. Of gold boxes there were about a dozen, of every size and shape, ranging from the large square handkerchief-box to the small, nutlike patch-box. A pair of candlesticks, two large oval hair-brushes without handles, and a handbell completed the equipage. From the dressing-room floor rose some feet high the magnificently elaborate gold stand which supported a lamp and "dressing-kettle" of the same precious metal.

THE QUEEN'S DRESSING-ROOM

The solid gold hand basin on the bottom of which were engraved the royal arms, has a romantic story attached to it. It was made especially for the Queen's use at her coronation, but after that event, "as strange things will, it vanished," and every effort to discover it completely failed. After twenty-seven years, however, when some structural alterations were being executed in St. James' Palace, a workman found, bricked in a hollow wall, the long-lost gold hand basin. After that time the Queen always made a point of using it. As her Majesty did not possess a golden ewer, a china one that matched the rest of the washstand fittings was used. For some reason she persistently refused to have a golden ewer made.

The Queen's bed was large and of wood, as are all of the beds at Windsor, the hangings being of fine crimson damask. It is most pathetic to note that above the right side of the bed there

hangs against the rich silken background a portrait of the late Prince Consort, surmounted by a wreath of immortelles. The same sad memorials are in every bedroom that the Queen ever occupied.

The view from the windows of the Queen's bed and dressing-rooms is absolutely perfect, embracing as it does the incomparable East Terrace, with the tennis courts beyond, and in the distance Frogmore and the Great Park.

HER FAVORITE BOOKS

The Queen was always an omnivorous reader. No class of literature was neglected by her. As a child she devoured everything that told of the making of English history. The amount of reading got through by her each day was enormous. Her vast private correspondence, parliamentary reports from her Ministers and despatches from every Government office were all read to her Majesty by her private secretary, maid-of-honor and lady-in-waiting. This in the way of business. Books read for instruction or amusement had to defer to it.

The Queen was never tired of reading Shakespeare, Scott and Dickens. In late years she showed keen interest in Kipling, and caused word to be conveyed to the young author that he had revealed to her a great many things about certain portions of her great empire that she never dreamed of before. With all her fondness for historical fiction she took great interest in the new school of historical novels. She read very little of the lighter literature in the magazines except what was sent to her marked from her secretary's office. Victor Hugo and Balzac were her favorite French authors, and Schiller her favorite German poet. Heine she detested Besides her ladies-in-waiting, who called upon her in turn to read to her, two women were specially retained to read books published only in French and German.

The Queen was not only a reader, but an author, and her "Leaves" from her journal contain graphic and interesting details of her life in the Highlands, which give them a value additional to

that attaching to them as the work of a royal hand. Many of her descriptions of Scottish scenery and of incidents at Balmoral and elsewhere form very enjoyable reading.

A MODEL HOUSEKEEPER

It was long the Queen's boast that she was a model housekeeper. She had a remarkable memory for details even in the smallest matters and was never willing to relinquish her prerogative with regard to the management of her servants. Every single article of linen, carpets, bedding, curtains, and so forth, was numbered and catalogued. Gold and silver plate was kept with the most scrupulous care, and the Queen was familiar with every detail of it. Her gold pantry, with millions of dollars worth of gold plate is said to have been a thing of beauty. The slightest untidiness in the storerooms was reported personally to the Queen. She would not tolerate a dowdy-looking servant. Here are twelve rules hung in the servants' hall at Windsor:

Profane no divine ordinances.
Touch no State matters.
Urge no healths.
Pick no quarrels.
Maintain no ill opinions.
Encourage no vice.
Repeat no grievances.
Reveal no secrets.
Make no comparisons
Keep no bad company.
Make no long meals.
Lay no wagers.

Another of the Queen's most strongly-marked fads was a mania for never destroying anything. This extended not only to her private papers and letters, but even to wearing apparel of the most ordinary kind. She expected her wardrobe women to produce at short notice the gown or bonnet she had worn on any

particular occasion. The Queen's collection of clothes would form a most interesting commentary on the fashions of the past sixty years.

She was always an enthusiastic and intrepid walker and rider, and attributed her longevity mainly to her capacity for taking unlimited out-door exercise. In London, of course, she could never go out afoot, but in her country places half her time was spent out of doors until her later years. She used to accompany Prince Albert in his deer-stalking expeditions in the Highlands even in the most inclement weather. The keepers always liked her to accompany on a shooting expedition "just for luck." While very healthy, she was not very strong, and her growing size and weight in her later years interfered greatly with her out-door exercise.

In her early married life she rode horseback a great deal, and in Scotland, for many years, she almost lived on pony back. Her stables at Buckingham Palace and at Windsor always were a source of great pride, and it gave her pleasure to give persons who were really fond of horses permission to visit them. All the horses in the Queen's stables were given special training before any of the royal family were permitted to use them. They were taught to bear with equanimity the beat of drums and the shrieks of fifes and bagpipes.

The Queen had a genuine love for almost all animals. Her kennels were models of what healthy and cleanly houses for dogs should be. She liked to breed dogs to give away as presents. The collie was her favorite, and she owned several fine specimens of this breed. For many years her cattle farms at Windsor produced some of the finest prize stock in the world, and she took the liveliest interest in the magnificent animals bred by her keepers.

If it is desirable to end a chapter with an anecdote, the following story may be relished: In the days when the Queen's children were young, Christmas was a great day in the royal household. In particular everybody had a hand in making the monster pudding

that was subsequently to grace the Christmas table, and great fun was invariably extracted out of the proceedings. But never did the mirth rise to such a pitch as on one memorable occasion when the Princess Beatrice, then the tiniest of toddlers, in reaching down into the recesses of the pan after a piece of candied peel, overbalanced her chubby little self, and tipped headforemost into the yielding mixture.

She was rescued in a moment, but not before her fair, curly pate and face were a sticky mass of currants, raisins, peel, and spice. Perhaps the royal family never enjoyed a heartier laugh together, and certainly Princess Beatrice never screamed so loudly!

Shall we mate this story with another relating to the Princess Victoria, after she became Crown Princess of Germany, as illustrative of the way in which the Queen brought up her children? The free and easy ways of the young Princess were not in accord with German notions of Court etiquette. One day, on the Princess catching up a chair and carrying it across the room, a very proper and courtly lady, the Countess Perponchez, was so shocked that she could not refrain from uttering a remonstrance.

"It is beneath the dignity of a Prussian princess to carry chairs!" she said.

"But let me inform you, my dear countess," answered our Princess Royal, smiling, "that my mother being, as you know, Queen of England——"

"I am aware of the fact," said the Prussian lady.

"Then, allow me, my dear countess, to make you aware of another fact. Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, very often carried a chair. Indeed, incredible as the thing may seem, I have myself actually seen her Majesty, the Queen, carry not one only, but *two chairs!* They were for her children; and I think that which never lowered my mother's queenly dignity cannot hurt that of her daughter."

CHAPTER XXI

The Diamond Jubilee

WE have already told the story of Victoria's Jubilee, held in honor of the fiftieth year of her reign. This honor she shared with three preceding monarchs. She lived to celebrate another year of jubilee, held on the completion of the sixtieth year of her reign, and in which honor she stood alone, no preceding Sovereign of England reigning through so long a period. George III., who came nearest, died a few months before the completion of this period, a wreck of a man, blind and hopelessly insane. Victoria alone lived to see the celebration of her "Diamond Jubilee," still strong and well, and capable of fulfilling all the duties of her exalted position.

UNPARALLELED GLORY AND PROSPERITY

While Victoria's reign was unique as regarded its length, the estimable character and noble example of the Sovereign herself, the steady and varied advancement which signalized her era, and the vast extension of her empire, combined to render her Diamond Jubilee an event without a parallel in the history of the nation. Archdeacon Sinclair well said concerning it:

"The people of England desire, in the most emphatic manner possible, to express their gratitude to God for the unparalleled glory and prosperity of the sixty splendid years of the Queen's long reign, and to her Majesty for her admirable and luminous example during that protracted period, and in that exalted station as Sovereign, wife, and mother."

To this we may add the words of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, now so well known as England's Secretary of State for the Colonies:—

"The completion of the sixtieth year of the reign of the Queen marks an absolutely unparalleled chapter in the history of our country. No Monarch in England has reigned so long, no Monarch has reigned so well and so wisely, none have enjoyed so continuously and so increasingly the love and the respect of their subjects; in no previous reign has there been such progress, especially in all that conduces to the prosperity and the happiness of the masses of the population; in no period of like extent has there ever been so great an extension of this Empire of ours.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE

"Our great dependency of India has testified in the past, and again will testify the loyalty of its population to the Empress who has always shown such a marked interest in their welfare and happiness. But those things have happened before. What has not happened before, what has never happened in the history of this century, has been to secure a personal representation of the Empire as a whole, of the Empire with its more than eleven millions of square miles of territory, and with its three hundred and fifty millions of people, with their different religions, their different constitutions, their separate manners and customs, all united solely by the bond of allegiance to the Queen of these realms.

"A proposal has been made and is being carried out to secure such a demonstration, and an invitation has been addressed to the Prime Ministers of all the self-governing Colonies of the Empire to come to England and to take part in this unique ceremonial. These gentlemen will come here as the guests of the Queen. And who are they? They are the rulers of Kingdoms almost all of which are larger than the United Kingdom itself and all of them inhabited by considerable populations that are destined to become, at no distant date, great nations, animated, as I hope and believe, by affection and regard for the great mother land that has given them birth."

"We shall have at the same time a representation of the great Crown Colonies, with their infinite variety of climate and of production, and in this way we will secure a demonstration that no other country can make, a demonstration of power, of influence, and of beneficient work which will be a fitting tribute to the best and the most revered of English sovereigns."

It was thought that the semi-centennial of her accession would be the crowning demonstration of Victoria's reign; but when her sovereignty was continued ten years longer, it was determined to celebrate the completion of that term with ceremonies even grander and more elaborate. The Diamond Jubilee was, perhaps, the most conspicuous demonstration in the whole of the nineteenth century.

The observance lasted a month. It began on June 18, 1897, at Windsor. Two days later a special thanksgiving service was held in all churches and chapels in England and Wales for the Queen's long reign. At noon on the following day her Majesty left Windsor Castle and traveled to London in a special carriage, so superbly appointed and decorated as to be itself one of the many sights of that gala time. The station at Paddington was richly and beautifully adorned for her reception, and from there to Buckingham Palace the Queen drove through long-extended lanes of cheering crowds, triumphal arches, and waving bunting. At four o'clock she received the representatives of the Empire and the envoys of foreign States in the Throne Room of the Palace, conferring on the colonies the unprecedented honor of calling their chiefs to her Imperial Privy Council.

The next day was the greatest of all the days of her reign. It focused at one time and in a single spot the gathered glory of six noble decades. All that was meant by England and Great Britain, all that the Victorian era signified, was concentrated in that 22d of June, Queen Victoria's Day.

It began early. The last stroke of twelve had not died away in the midnight air when from a hundred metropolitan steeples a

THE LINE OF SUCCESSION
At the time of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS BEATRICE

With the Queen's faithful servant John Brown who stands behind her phaeton.

tumultuous peal of bells announced Diamond Jubilee Day. The vast crowd that filled the miles of streets and squares answered with ringing cheers and here and there the singing of "God Save the Queen!"

The crowds that peopled the streets and squares all night in the hope of a good view of the procession the next day were amazing in their patience. Waiting for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours, as many of these people did, was a feat of endurance that could only be sustained by some overmastering desire. Fully half of these jubilee waiters were women, many with the pale, careworn look of the London worker, yet all enduring the tedious waiting with utmost good nature. Some had camp-stools, some sat on projections of buildings or curbstones, or leaned in doorways and the angles made by stands. During the long hours snatches of song and occasional bursts of cheering showed that the people were determined to enjoy the festival of patriotism and loyalty to the utmost.

A clear starlit sky and cool air kept up the spirits of the crowd throughout the vigil. With dawn the hope of Queen's weather merged into certainty, and the world there prepared in confidence for a day of pleasure.

The earliest active indication of the great event—apart from the people awaiting it—was the arrival of vestry carts to gravel freshly the roadways, after the fashion which prevailed in the good old days of Sam Pepys. A little later the police began to arrive in great numbers, 8000 being distributed along the line of route. The streets on the north side of the Thames were closed to ordinary vehicles at 7.30, and on the south side at 8 o'clock; London Bridge had been closed to all traffic at midnight, and Westminster Bridge and other bridges between at 5 o'clock that morning, when all persons were removed from them.

The first great difficulty of the police was assisting owners of seats on stands and houses to get to them, they being permitted to drive to them up to 10 o'clock, for there was a vast interval between a title to a seat and actual possession.

The crowds on the sidewalks were willing to give passage to the favored mortals who owned seats, but to do so was difficult. The difficulty was further increased by the arrival of the troops, taking their appointed places. The wise, however, had early taken their seats in stands or obtained access to the houses where they had bought windows. It was only the late-comers who had to push and struggle—in the case of ladies much to the damage of their toilettes. Finally many of the late-comers were peremptorily shut out, and everybody settled down to wait.

MR. HOPKINS DESCRIBES THE SCENE

Mr. Hopkins, the distinguished Canadian author, gives a picture of the scene:

"With the dawn of light on the 22d of June everything was in readiness for the greatest celebration and function the world has seen. The decorations were completed, and the Jubilee colors of red, white, and blue were to be seen in every direction, and in every form of varied beauty or ugliness. Costly flowers and tinsel imitations, fir and evergreen and laurel, pennons, shields and standards, Venetian masts and wreaths and festoons, colored globes and balloons, garlands and myriad flags, everywhere presented a brilliant wall of color, behind and above, and around a vast sea of faces along the six miles which the procession was to take. Without any serious accident, without disorder or apparent difficulty, the millions of spectators were placed in line or seat to await the commencement of the day's proceedings. At St. Paul's Cathedral the stands and seats prepared for them soon held the great and representative personages of British life and modern achievement. The brilliant robes of the peers, the beautiful dresses of the peeresses and a myriad other ladies, the lawn sleeves and somber gowns of the bishops of the church, the diplomatic uniforms of varied color and degrees of brilliance, the splendid robes of the Catholic clergy, the quieter dresses of the commoners and dissenting ministers, the scarlet uniforms of the officers, the jeweled and superb costumes

of Indian princes, and the stately gold-laced garb of the privy councilors mixed and merged into one blaze of gorgeous color.

"Above this display of individual splendor towered the Corinthian columns and turrets of the great cathedral. In front, and down through Ludgate Hill, winding along Fleet Street and the ever-crowded Strand, stretched a long and longer avenue, lined with column after column of the best troops of England—a thin red line now prepared to meet and honor its sovereign, as it ever is to defend the interests and integrity of the empire. Through this line of scarlet from Victoria Embankment and Pall Mall" was to come the great procession. London was the scene that day of a pageant of imposing dimensions. Gathered in the city was the largest aggregation of human beings ever assembled in one place.

The Queen breakfasted at 9 o'clock, and informed her physician that she was not fatigued by the ceremonies of the preceding day.

Already at that hour, in the great quadrangle of the palace, there were many signs of the coming ceremonial. Gorgeously attired servants gathered near the scarlet-carpeted staircase, which was lined by rare flowers, while the strains of the national anthem, as a band passed the palace, announced that the Colonials had started.

DIGNITARIES IN ATTENDANCE

At the same time the special envoys who were to take part in the procession began arriving in the quadrangle. Whitelaw Reid, the United States special envoy, was the first to appear. He drove in, accompanied by one of the royal equeries, all in gold, scarlet, and feathers. Mr. Reid was quietly attired, wearing an Inverness coat, an opera hat, and a white tie. He drove up to the great door of the palace, where he was escorted to the waiting-room by the master of the ceremonies. Later General Nelson A. Miles, representing the United States army, rode up on a splendid horse and in full uniform.

The minor royalties next dropped in, followed by richly caparisoned steeds, intended for the use of the princes. The arrival of

the princes who were to take part in the escort formed a splendid picture, full of color. The quaint-looking Crown Prince Danilo of Montenegro, with black, glossy hair, under a dull crimson cap and wearing a crimson jacket heavily embroidered with gold, and with full, short, pale-blue skirts, was greeted by the German princes, who were in fine military uniforms.

The Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, a man of the heavy Romanoff type, was eclipsed in appearance by the gorgeous Austrians and Hungarians in scarlet and gold, with white hussar jackets, lined with pale blue and fastened to their left shoulders, their striking attire being completed by high fur caps and stiff plumes. The brother of the Khedive of Egypt, Mohammed Ali Khan, was mounted on a pure white Arabian charger which was greatly admired.

The Duke of Cambridge, carrying his field-marshal's baton and wearing the ribbon of the Garter across his portly person, next arrived, and after him came the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Lothian, and a score of white wand chamberlains attired in the darkest of blue, smothered with gold. They mingled with the crowd and later passed up the staircase. Eleven royal landaus then arrived and were mustered in the center of the quadrangle. Each carriage was a show in itself, forming, with its brilliant assembly of escorting horsemen and footmen, a most gorgeous display.

A preliminary gleam of the sun pierced through the clouds at this hour, touching everything with bright light and making the scene a grand feast of color.

By 10.20 the envoys' carriages were filled, and took up their position in the center of the quadrangle. Soon afterwards the Queen's superb coach arrived. It had hardly come to a standstill when the landaus, with the ladies and lords in waiting and the princesses, were in their alloted positions. All the ladies wore light toilettes of blue, green, lilac, and pink.

The envoys' landaus started, after which the princes mounted their horses and ranged themselves in groups of threes.

The carriage of the ex-Empress Frederick of Germany, who was dressed in lilac and carried a white sunshade, waited until after the others had gone, while the Duke of Cambridge chatted with her Highness. In the mean while a platoon of the royal servants lined up on each side of the great door, and an inclining platform from the foot of the stairs to the place to be occupied by the Queen's coach was placed in position and carefully tested by a Scotch gillie.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

A hoarse roar of cheers, quickly followed by the royal anthem, played by the band outside of Buckingham Palace, announced the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince wore the uniform of a field-marshal. The Princess was dressed in pale lilac, and wore a lilac bonnet with white feathers. The Prince of Wales mounted by the scarlet-covered steps to the entrance of the palace, and then the Queen's carriage was drawn into position. It was what is known as "No. 1 plain posting landau," a carriage with a light-running body, built about a quarter of a century ago, and of which her Majesty was known to be very fond. The body was dark claret, lined with vermilion, the moldings outlined with beads of brass. Brass beads decorated the rumble, and the body loops and lamp irons were gilt. The wheels and underworks were vermilion, with heavy lines of gold.

The carriage was drawn by the famous eight Hanoverian creams, cream in color, with long tails, white, almost fish-like eyes, and pink noses, their manes richly woven with ribbons of royal blue. They wore their new State harness saddle cloths of royal blue velvet, with rich fringes of bullion, the leather work red morocco above and blue morocco beneath, glittering everywhere with the royal arms—the lion, the unicorn, and the crown in gold.

The liveries of the postilions were in keeping with the harness and had cost $600 a piece. They consisted of scarlet and gold coats, white trousers, and riding boots. For once since the Prince Consort's death the Queen permitted the mourning band to be

removed from the men's arms: there was no note of sorrow. Each of the horses was led by a "walking man" in the royal livery and a huntsman's black velvet cap.

At 11.10 A.M. a bustle on the main staircase announced the coming of her Majesty.

Queen Victoria slowly descended the stairs, assisted by a scarlet-clad and white-turbaned Indian attendant. She was dressed in black, wore a black bonnet trimmed with white, and carried a white sunshade. At the foot of the stairway her Majesty paused for a minute, and touched an electric button connected with all the telegraph systems throughout the British empire, and it flashed around the world, to forty British governments and peoples, this simultaneous message:

"From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!"

Her Majesty then slowly seated herself in her carriage, and the royal trumpeters sounded a fanfare. The Princess of Wales and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein joined the Queen, seating themselves opposite her Majesty, and the Queen's coach started.

Two gillies in Highland costume, wearing the tartan of Mac-Donald of the Isles, the so-called Crown Prince of Scotland, occupied the rumble.

As her Majesty emerged from the portico the sun broke brightly through the clouds, and the Queen raised her sunshade. At the same time the royal salute was fired, announcing to the waiting millions that her Majesty was on her way through London.

THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON

Immediately preceding the royal carriage rode Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-chief of the Army. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Connaught rode to their places about her Majesty's carriage, and the latter took its place in the procession. The Queen then rode in state from Buckingham Palace through seven miles of streets gayly decorated, and lined by

throngs of enthusiastic spectators. Probably five millions of people awaited her arrival in London alone.

The jubilee procession was practically in three sections as far as St. Paul's, though the last two *en route* to the Cathedral were consolidated as they moved into Piccadilly. The first to take up position was the colonial procession, which formed on the embankment and moved *via* the Mall, past the palace, where her Majesty viewed it from a window, over the route to St. Paul's.

The march began at 9.45, and the great cortège proved a welcome relief to the waiting multitude. For the colonies were living pictures, presenting in tangible shape the extent of the Queen's sway. The procession, after some police, was headed by an advance party of the Royal Horse Guards. Then followed the band of the same corps, playing the "Washington Post March." Next came Lord Frederick (now General Earl) Roberts, commanding the colonial troops, with Colonel Iver Herbert, of the Grenadier Guards, second in command. The trim, upright figure of the popular general, his breast covered with orders, sitting his charger in the most soldier-like manner, elicited shouts of "Hurrah for Bobs!"

Close after him came the Canadian Hussars and the picturesque Northwest mounted police, as escort to the first Colonial Premier to win a round of cheers—Wilfrid Laurier, of Canada.

The New South Wales Lancers and the Mounted Rifles, with their gray semi-sombreros and black cock's plumes, succeeded them, escorting the Premier of New South Wales, S. H. Reid.

The Victorian mounted troops followed, smart, weather-beaten fellows, in unattractive brownish uniforms, succeeded by the New Zealand mounted contingent, a fine-looking, sunburned lot, drawn from almost every town of any importance in the colony. A number of Maoris rode with these, their black faces exciting the greatest interest. They escorted the New Zealand Premier, Richard J. Seddon.

The Queensland mounted infantry came next, in their khaki tunics and scarlet facings, and then the Premier of Queensland, Sir H. M. Nelson. For the moment Australia gave way to Africa, and

the Cape of Good Hope Mounted Rifles—well-set-up men wearing the scarlet, with white helmets—rode by, accompanying the Cape Premier, Sir J. Gordon Sprigg.

Then came the South Australian mounted troops, lean, long specimens of wiry manhood, dressed in khaki tunics of yellowish brown, lit with bright scarlet, a blazing pugree on the spiked helmets, and double stripes down the seams of tightly fitting corduroy trousers, with large chamois leather patches where the knee gripped the saddle.

The Premier of New Foundland, Sir W. V. Whiteway, followed, and after him came the Premier of Tasmania, Sir Eric Braddon. The Natal mounted troops, similar in equipment to the Cape brothers-in-arms, escorted H. M. Hescombe, the Premier of Natal, who was followed by Sir J. Forrest, Premier of Western Australia.

Then succeeded an attractive display—mounted troops of the Crown Colonies, the Rhodesian Horse, and the Colonial Infantry, broken by three bands, typical of the United Kingdom, those of St. George's, the London Scottish, and the London Irish Rifle Volunteer Corps. The colonial contingent included local militia of Hong Kong, Singapore, Ceylon, Mauritius, Jamaica, St. Lucia, Bermuda, and the Royal Malta Artillery Corps; Hong Kong, Singapore, Ceylon, Mauritius, Jamaica, and Royal Malta Submarine Mining Companies of the Royal Engineers; the West India Fortress Company of Royal Engineers; the West India Infantry regiment; the Hong-Kong regiment, and the Royal Malta regiment of militia.

CONTINGENT FROM CANADA

Then there passed the splendid contingent from Canada infantry, 175 strong, uniformed somewhat like the regular service infantry, with Colonel Alymer leading. Much applause was bestowed on these men, who in every way kept the Dominion to the front.

Following these came the real oddities in the eyes of Londoners, of which the Zaptiehs from Cyprus divided honors with the

HAWARDEN CASTLE
The Home of the Queen's Great Minister, William E. Gladstone

HATFIELD HOUSE
The Home of the Marquis of Salisbury, the Queen's last Prime Minister.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY

The center of all London and a place of historical interest.

Dyaks of Borneo. Both are military police. The Zaptiehs were mounted on island ponies and wore the Turkish fez, with a jacket suggestive of Constantinople. The Borneo Dyaks, yellow-colored and small, were eagerly awaited by the crowd, owing to their head-hunting proclivities.

Notable also were the Hong Kong police, Chinamen with strange, saucepan-like hats inverted over their immutable yellow faces.

The Trinidad Field Artillery; the Sierra Leone militia, with their strange, small blue turbans and depending tassels and knicker-bockers; the British Guiana police, with their white-curtained caps; the Haussas, in the familiar Zouave costumes of long ago, and the Royal Niger Haussas,—men who fought at Ilorin and Bida,—in uniforms of Kharkill cloth, trousers exposing the leg, and shaved heads, were all blacks. The Haussas, the blackest of the blacks, wearing "the burnished livery of the sun," were enthusiastically greeted.

The procession ended as it began, appropriately, by defenders from Canada—the rest of the Northwest mounted police. The second procession passed the palace fifty minutes after the Colonials had climbed Constitution Hill. It was the military parade, and eloquently filled up the picture of Britain's war strength.

It was a carnival of gorgeous costume and color—scarlet and blue and gold, white and yellow; shining cuirasses and polished helmets; plumes and tassels; furs and gold and silver spangled cloths; bullion embroideries and accoutrements; splendid trappings for horses, and more splendid trappings for men; sashes and stars; crosses and medals—medals for the Crimea, Indian, Seringapatam, the Nile, Ashanti, Afghanistan, Chitral, South Africa, China, and dozens of others, and here and there the finest of them all, the most highly prized the world can show, the Victoria cross: death-dealing weapons—swords and revolvers, carbines and cutlasses; batteries of artillery; men of splendid physique and horses with rare action, who fully entered into the spirit of it all, the fondly car-

ried colors for which these men would die, and, over all, the rich strains of that music they loved to hear. The sight was one to stir the blood.

The procession was led by Captain Ames, of the Second Life Guards, one of the tallest men in the British Army, who, by the special wish of the Prince of Wales, rode in front of the procession. He was followed by four of the tallest troopers in that regiment of very tall men. The naval brigade followed, wearing straw hats and carrying drawn cutlasses. They met with a rousing reception.

As the soldiers wound out of sight to wait for the Queen's procession on Constitution Hill, it seemed like nothing so much as some stream of burnished gold, flowing between dark banks of human beings.

REVIEWED BY THE QUEEN

The empire had passed in review, the army and navy had been shown in its panoplied strength, the head of it all was now to come —her Majesty.

The military portion of the royal procession proper formed at Hyde Park, and marched round by Belgrave Square to the palace, where it was interwoven with the crowd of waiting dignitaries of all sorts. When ready, it moved to join the rear of the military procession. First came nine naval aides-de-camp, including Lord Charles Beresford ; then followed the military aides-de-camp to the Queen, among these being the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught. Then followed alone the Lord Lieutenant of London, the Duke of Westminster, followed by a glittering cavalcade of officers, among whom were Sir Redvers Buller and General Sir Evelyn Wood.

Next came three officers of the auxiliary forces in attendance on the Prince of Wales, equeries, gentlemen-in-waiting and military attachés, foreign naval and military attachés, in alphabetical order, beginning with Austria and ending with the United States, followed by General Nelson A. Miles, representing the United States Army, and General Lagron, representing President Faure, of France.

Most of the foreigners were men with a glittering array of titles, uniformed in the dresses of all the courts of Europe and half its crack regiments, and wearing all its stars.

Then, as a compliment from the Kaiser, followed a deputation from the First Prussian Dragoon Guards, splendid looking men, quite able to live up to the Kaiser's reputation for turning out fine soldiers.

Following these came the most brilliant group of all the soldiery, the officers of the Imperial Service Troops from India, in their uniforms,—a mixture of the English regular army and native dress,—brilliant to a degree not to be witnessed outside of countries where barbaric splendor and ingenuity in embroidery is the rule. Most of the men were swarthy featured fellows, bearded, and wearing wondrously twisted turbans in colors and cloths of gold. Their tunics were of scarlet or blue or white or green, laced and interlaced with gold or silver. Many wore broad sashes, or "kammerbands," in radiant colors, and most of them white breeches with Napoleon boots ; many also wore massive gold earrings with enormous stones, while some wore, in addition, gold anklets ablaze with sapphires and emeralds.

The special envoys not numbered among the princes followed the Indians, riding in two-horse landaus, painted lake and vermilion, with heavy lines of gold in the vermilion running gear, with scarlet and purple hammer cloths, and lined with blue-figured rep. The royal arms were on the panels and royal crowns on the tops. The horses were high-stepping bays. A gorgeous coachman sat in each box, clad in royal scarlet, white knee-breeches, and silk stockings, his head bewigged with white horsehair and crowned with a magnificent three-cornered hat, decorated with ostrich plumes, dyed in royal red. Each hat cost $100, and must have required a courtier's art to keep balanced.

Two gorgeous footmen stood at the back of each landau, dressed like the coachmen, only their hats were more of the old field-marshal's pattern, heavily bullioned and cockaded and trimmed with

red ostrich tips. In the first carriage were the representatives of Costa Rica, Chili, and Greece; in the second, those of Paraguay, Peru, Servia, and Central America; in the third, those of Mexico, Uruguay, Guatemala, and Brazil; in the fourth, those of China, Belgium, Holland, and the Papal envoy; in the fifth, the envoys of the United States, France, and Spain.

The crowd began to show more eager interest as the Queen drew near. Following the envoys came landaus bearing the princes and princesses and other notable persons.

The little princes and princesses who filled the first carriages were an interesting feature. The girls, dressed in white, bowed right and left with the aplomb of their mothers, and the boys, in Highland costume, saluted in the most approved style.

Then the first part of the sovereign's escort rode into view —the Second Life Guards. As their brilliant uniforms appeared the whisper ran electrically, "She's coming." The Guards were succeeded by the escort of British and foreign princes. The gorgeous uniforms and splendid horses of the princes, who rode in threes, made this part of the show the feature of the entire procession.

At the head were the Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of the Queen, and the Duke of Fife, son-in-law of the Prince of Wales. The former wore a dark-blue uniform, and the latter a red uniform. They were both covered with orders. Behind them was every conceivable variety of brilliancy, from Mohammed Ali Khan, the Egyptian representative, in dark frock coat and fez, to the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand, in a gorgeous hussar's uniform.

SIX AND THREE-QUARTER MILES, ROUTE

The Duke of York rode toward the rear of the princes' escort, wearing a naval uniform and the Order of the Garter, while his children, on the main balcony of the palace, waved their hands to him. Following the princes came the Guard of Honor, twenty-two officers of native Indian cavalry corps, men of fine physique, picturesque uniform, and strange faiths—Jat Sikhs, Brahman Sikhs,

Mussulman Pathans, Hindustani Mussulmans, Hindu Jats, Mussulman Rajputs, Punjab Mussulmans, and plain Mussulmans. But for these the crowd had no eyes. They could see the Queen's horses.

To emphasize the second basic idea in connection with the Queen's Diamond Jubilee,—loyalty being the first,—a wondrous wall of defense was in position both sides of the six and three-quarters miles of route which the Queen traversed, a wall of proud wearers of the Queen's uniform, in almost every variety known. It was a concrete, appreciable object-lesson in empire making and empire holding.

The army, in the various arms of the service, presented an imposing array of almost 50,000 men, which, with those in the procession, formed the flower of the British soldiery.

The formal crossing of the boundary of the ancient city of London at Temple Bar was the occasion of the first ceremony of the day—the receiving of stately homage from the chief magistrate. The frame in which this picture was set was picturesque. On one side the broken gray pile of the Law Courts rose from portières of legal luminaries, most of her Majesty's judges in their splendid robes and full-bottomed wigs, Queen's counsels galore, in more somber silk and less voluminous horsehair, ladies in charming toilettes, and every window filled with eager faces.

The Lord Mayor, Sir Faudel Phillips, and the city officials on horseback, arrived ten minutes before the Queen was due. The Lord Mayor wore the earl's robe to which lord mayors are entitled when crowned heads visit the city—a cloak of ruby silk velvet lined with white silk and edged with ermine. Sheriffs Ritchie and Rogers wore the sheriff's velvet court dress, scarlet gowns, and chains.

The "very goodlye sword," known as "Queen Elizabeth's pearl sword," presented to the corporation by the maiden queen at the opening of a royal exchange A.D. 1570, was carried by the Lord Mayor. The sword is three feet eleven inches long, with a fine Damascus blade. The pommel is silver gilt, with a carefully wrought figure in a medallion of Justice on either side.

On the arrival of the Queen the Lord Mayor uncovered, and, approaching her carriage with all due obeisance, presented the hilt of the city's sword, which was undrawn. This was the ancient ceremony of dutiful submission.

The Queen lightly touched it, thus returning it to the Lord Mayor in token that his submission was graciously accepted by his sovereign. Her Majesty then commanded the Lord Mayor and sheriffs to proceed. The sheriffs took their places with the aldermen and commoners immediately after the field-marshals; the Lord Mayor rode bareheaded immediately before the sovereign's escort of Life Guards, and the procession moved toward St. Paul's.

The great bells of St. Paul's broke out in happy chorus as the Queen's carriage started from Temple Bar, and only ceased as her Majesty's carriage stopped in front of the steps of the city cathedral.

THE ESCORT OF PRINCES

As the Queen's procession arrived the carriages containing the envoys and the princesses drew up *en echelon* on the roadway on the right. The escort of princes turned to the left on reaching the churchyard, and then to the right across the front of the edifice, drawn up in open order between the statue to Queen Ann and the cathedral steps.

Her Majesty's carriage then came between, halting opposite the platform in front of the portico. The broad steps presented to the Queen a picture similar to that on a crowded stage, wonderful in the brilliant costuming. Immediately in front of the royal carriage were the church dignitaries—the archbishops, robed in purple and gold, and holding their gilded croziers, and the lesser ecclesiastics in white, with violet birettas. Then there were the cathedral dignitaries in white and gold capes and scarlet skull-caps, doctors of divinity in crimson cassocks, and back of them two massed military bands. Beyond the bands was the bareheaded surpliced choir, stretching to the cathedral door, a field of dazzling white. On the right of the archbishops were two rows of seated judges, robed in

black, scarlet, and purple, and wearing their wigs, and on the left were other prominent ecclesiastics.

In front of the platform was a cordon of Gentlemen of the Guard, twenty of the tallest noblemen of the royal household, uniformed in scarlet and blue and flanked by the picturesque beefeaters, or old-fashioned guardians of the tower, dressed in the costumes of the time of Henry VIII.

The archbishops advanced down the steps upon the appearance of the royal procession, and remained standing throughout the ceremony. A Te Deum by Dr. Martin, organist of St. Paul's, composed for the occasion, was first sung. The bass solo was sung chorally by a large number of bassos, and the accompaniment was furnished by the military bands.

As the sonorous "Amen" died away the sweet voices of the cathedral clergy were heard chanting "O Lord, Save the Queen," to which the great choir in a wondrous volume of harmonious sound responded "And Mercifully Hear Us When We Call Upon Thee."

The Bishop of London then read a short collect. The Queen remained for a short time in prayer. Two verses of "Old Hundred" completed the service, and the vast congregation, joining with the choir, sang "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." Then, amid the further ringing of bells, the national anthem was sung.

The "Amens" in the service were accompanied by the blast of horns and the roll of drums. When all was ended, the Archbishop of Canterbury called for "Three times three cheers for Queen Victoria." All present rose and gave nine cheers for her Majesty, wildly waving their hats and handkerchiefs, the Queen bowing repeatedly. As the procession was being reformed the Queen called the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Archbishop of London to her carriage and thanked them.

From St. Paul's the procession moved on to the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor here made obeisance, and presented the Lady Mayoress, who, attended by maids of honor on foot, approached the carriage and offered to the Queen a beautiful silver basket filled with gorgeous orchids.

The Queen twice replied: "I am deeply grateful." Her Majesty smiled, was evidently greatly pleased, and looked fresh and bright. She wore no spectacles, took the flowers, passed them to the Princess of Wales, and put out her hand to the Lady Mayoress to kiss. The latter, it is said, agitated by the splendor of the occasion, shook her Majesty's hand instead of kissing it.

In the mean while a distant band struck up the national anthem, and the crowd joined in singing "God Save the Queen," which was sung by thousands of voices until her Majesty was out of sight.

The Lord Mayor and sheriffs resumed their places in the procession, but at London Bridge the Lord Mayor took leave of the sovereign and she passed out of the city limits.

The Queen reached the palace on her return at 1.45, and a gun in Hyde Park announced that the great procession was over, and the event so long prepared had passed into history. The sound of the royal salute was answered by cheering, and then the crowd faded away as it came. On leaving the carriage the Queen was very much pleased and smiling and was not overfatigued.

DEMONSTRATIONS WERE HELD IN ALL THE BRITISH COLONIES

Nor was this all. As the celebration was planned, above all, to demonstrate the extent and power of the British empire and the unity and loyalty of all its constituent members, simultaneous demonstrations were held in all the British colonies and dependencies from the Northwest Territory of Canada to Cape Colony, and from Malta to New Zealand. Nearly all the foreign cities, also, had fêtes decorations, and illuminations in honor of the Queen's Jubilee.

The celebration evoked a chorus of comment. The recognition of its grandeur and significance was so wide and thorough as to be itself significant. A great American humorist, writing to the Philadelphia "Press," said:

"It took me but a little while to determine that this procession could not be described; there was going to be too much of it, and too much variety in it, so I gave up the idea. It was to be a spec-

THE QUEEN IN HER JUBILEE YEAR,

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT IN 1886
The Royal Processions in Westminster Palace on the way to the House of Peers.

THE JUBILEE PROCESSION
In 1887 the Queen celebrated the 50th Anniversary of her Accession to the Throne.

tacle for the camera, not the pen. . . . I was not dreaming of so stunning a show. . . .

"It was a memorable display, and must live in history. It suggested the material glories of the reign finely and adequately. The absence of the chief creators of them was, perhaps, not a serious disadvantage; one could supply the vacancies by imagination, and thus fill out the procession very effectively; one can enjoy a rainbow without necessarily forgetting the force that made it.

"MARK TWAIN."

Special Ambassador Whitelaw Reid said: "The march of today was one of the grandest and most impressive displays I have ever beheld. The most striking thing also was the admirable conduct of the people along the line of procession. Dense as the crowd was, there was no struggling or pushing, and the task of the police was an easy one."

Ambassador Hay said: "It was a splendid, spontaneous outburst of loyalty, and of a character to deeply impress the many foreigners who beheld it. The glories of the empire were faithfully imaged in long lines of marching men."

Chauncey M. Depew's impressions were in part as follows:

"We Americans glory in our country, and in its marvelous developments in a hundred years, and duly assert ourselves on the Fourth of July. The celebration by the Germans of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Sedan and the founding of the German empire, which I saw, was a wonderful exhibition of race and national feeling.

"But the concentrated and irrepressible joy and pride which preceded, accompanied, and followed the Queen like a resistless torrent surpassed anything ever witnessed before. Though many races and many tongues participated, the dominant absorbing expression was English, and the glory was England's. Peers and commoners, masters and workmen, millionaires and the multitude, were welded by tremendous force.

"This concentration of loyalty from the remotest corners of the

earth into one wild, frantic mass of patriotic enthusiasm had an effect upon observers which can be likened to nothing so much as to the North and South, electrified by the first gun fired at Fort Sumter, or by the Seventh Regiment marching down Broadway to the defense of the Capitol.

"The enthusiasm and shouting were far different from those evoked by the triumphal procession of a Roman conqueror. Men and women eagerly expressed to each other, and emphasized to foreigners, as the colonials marched by, that they were not captives, chained to the chariot of their conqueror, but 'willing subjects—free citizens of one world-wide empire following their sovereign.'

"I can conjure no tribute like the popular ovation to the Queen ever being given to any human being except the reception to Washington by the people on his way from Mount Vernon to New York to assume the position of first President of the United States. Respect, reverence, love, or gratitude are words too tame, and there is no intermediate expression between them and adoration. This practical age does not worship, but, leaving out the idea of divinity, to-day's greeting to the Queen and Empress is its equivalent.

"That she was deeply moved was evident, but she seemed more absorbed by the significance of the event than conscious of her past. Therein she impressed me as proud and happy with this grand tribute of her people, but at the same time sharing with them the universal joy in the thought of both oppressed and elevated that there has not been such a sixty years in recorded time—that all nations have enjoyed its benefits and blessings, and none more than our own.

"But for this day and place the crowd only saw what Great Britain has gained during her reign, and accorded praise therefor to her. Her reign has been a period of emancipation in English history. The prerogatives of the throne have diminished, and by her rule and conduct its power has so increased that this welcome came with acclaim and unanimity from the free people governing them-

selves who gave it its might and majesty. Making due allowance for the exaltation of the hour, Victoria will occupy a great place in the history of the nineteenth century. Her influence for peace has been of momentous consequence to Great Britain, Europe, and civilization.

"She has always been cordial in her friendships and anxious for the loftiest relationship with the United States. Her messages, sweet, tender, and womanly, to the widow of Lincoln and the wife of the dying Garfield gave her a warm welcome and a permanent memory in our American homes.

"In estimating her influence we must picture what might have occurred with a warlike or corrupt sovereign, and recognize in her power the accumulated force of sixty years of wisdom as a ruler and as the best example as woman, wife, and mother."

TROOPS FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE

The American commander, Nelson A. Miles, thus expressed in part his view of the day's military side:

"I consider it as a remarkably fine display on the part of the military. The troops were as fine a set of men as any soldier could wish to see. The discipline was excellent. Their demeanor left nothing to be desired.

"I confess that what appealed to me more than anything else in the wonderful spectacle was the collection of troops from every quarter of the globe,—white, black, every hue,—all showing great efficiency and uniformity of instruction in military movement. The troops belonging to the British empire which I saw to-day would be creditable to any nation, as far as intelligence, their high order of efficiency, their equipment, their admirable conduct, were concerned.

"The military representatives from the different nations of the world were also a most imposing feature of the pageant. I think almost every uniform worn by military men throughout the world was included in the procession.

"This city (London) has made a profound impression on me. I think it a wonderful thing, looking along an endless crowd in the streets to-day, to see that the majority of the people were of such good physical strength, so ruddy, so well dressed, and to think that they all found seemingly profitable employment in this one city."

Though the war clouds were even then gathering over the Transvaal, President Kruger marked the occasion by releasing two Uitlander prisoners who had refused to sue for pardon. The event was celebrated in various ways by the British in the United States, and President McKinley sent a cable message felicitating the Queen on "the prolongation of a reign which has been illustrious and marked for advance in science, arts, and popular well-being." Lord Salisbury, in moving a Parliamentary address congratulating the Queen on "the longest, the most prosperous, and the most illustrious reign," spoke of it as a period marked by "a continuous advance in the frontiers of this empire, so that many races that were formerly alien to it have been brought under its influence: many who were formerly within its boundaries have been made to feel in some degree for the first time the full benefits of its civilization and its educating influence." He dwelt also on the great political change: "The impulse of democracy, which began in another century and in other lands, has made itself felt in our times, and vast changes in the center of power and the incidence of responsibility have been made almost imperceptibly, without any disturbance or hindrance in the progress of the prosperous development of the nation."

How England regarded the great event may be further shown by a quotation from the pen of an English writer:

"The supreme pageant of the Diamond Jubilee celebration is over, and an event more superficially splendid, more intrinsically significant, than any this country has seen now takes its place in the recorded history of the Kingdom. Writing with the roar of London's welcome to Queen Victoria still in our ears, while yet the metropolis is bright as day and thousands still throng the streets under the glare of a million fires, it is not easy to set forth more than the bare

fact of the magnificent success of her Majesty's great triumphal progress from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral, from the city to Westminster, and to the palace again. Enthusiasm far beyond most loyal expectations marked her road, and every station of the long journey brought its own triumph and tribute. A reign unparalleled in duration and in splendor has been fittingly crowned by a British pageant unparalleled; and the memory of this magnificent event will not only endure in the minds of the thousands upon thousands of English men and women who beheld it, but must leave its mark upon unnumbered children who in days to come will tell the great story to generations yet unborn."

The spectacular features of the celebration culminated in the great naval review at Spithead on Saturday, June 28th. The vessels assembled, though they comprised only the Channel Squadron and coast defense fleet, with a few additional ones, being only about half of the Queen's navy, mustered four hundred, and formed a line twenty-five miles long, broken into five ranks of five miles each. A number of foreign warships, of which the American cruiser *Brooklyn*, specially designated for the honor, was one, formed a sixth line, and a seventh was composed of seven of the largest ocean-liners. At 8 A. M. a signal was given, and instantly every ship was covered with flags and bunting. Later the Prince of Wales and a royal party on the Queen's yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, reviewed the fleet; while the guns of both British and foreign vessels fired a salute of twenty-one rounds, and every ship was "manned" by sailors and marines standing in solid masses on the ironclads and filling all the yards of the sailing craft. At night there was a grand illumination of the whole fleet, and a royal salute of sixty guns was fired from every ship that had a gun to fire.

A myriad of minor events had their part in the Jubilee, but these were the prominent ones. The chief feature of the entire celebration was the demonstration of the loyalty of the colonists, and the glory of this demonstration was its value as evidence of the indivisible unity of the British empire.

CHAPTER XXII

The Queen and Her Early Ministries

WE can not undertake to give, in the brief space at our command, an account of the numerous party movements and political discussions while Victoria was Queen. The best that can be done will be to offer a few passing remarks in reference to the succession of ministers and some of the important events of their administrations. The first great Reform Bill, which widely extended the franchise and cured many evils of ancient date in regard to representation, was passed in 1831. Before that time the House of Commons hardly represented the people at all, since places with no population sent members to Parliament, while some rich and flourishing cities were deprived of the franchise. This great abuse was removed in the reign of William IV.

When Victoria came to the throne, Lord Melbourne was premier of England, and held that post, largely through the Queen's desire for his retention and her vigorous opposition to the removal of her ladies-in-waiting, until September, 1841, when he was succeeded by Sir Robert Peel, as chief of a Tory administration. The great question of that day was the protective policy, and especially the retention of the Corn Laws—import duties on foreign grain. It was on this question that the election of 1841 turned, and Peel was sustained by a large majority in his policy of retaining those laws. Yet in four years from that time we find him repealing the laws which he had been pledged to support, in the face of the execration of the great bulk of his own party.

For centuries commerce in grain had been a subject of legislation. In 1361 its exportation from England was forbidden, and in 1463 its importation was prohibited unless the price of wheat was

greater than 6s. 3d. per quarter. As time went on changes were made in these laws, but the tariff charges kept up the price of grain until late in the nineteenth century, and added greatly to the miseries of the working-classes.

The farming land of England was not held by the common people, but by the aristocracy, who fought bitterly against the repeal of the Corn Laws, which, by laying a large duty on grain, added materially to their profits. But while the aristocrats were benefited, the workers suffered, the price of the loaf being decidedly raised and their scanty fare correspondingly diminished.

RICHARD COBDEN, ONE OF ENGLAND'S GREAT ORATORS

More than once they rose in riot against these laws, and occasional changes were made in them, but many years passed after the era of parliamentary reform before public opinion prevailed in this second field of effort. Richard Cobden, one of the greatest of England's orators, was the apostle of the crusade against these misery-producing laws. He advocated their repeal with a power and influence that in time grew irresistible. He was not affiliated with either of the great parties, but stood apart as an independent Radical, a man with a party of his own, and that party, Free Trade, for the crusade against the Corn Laws widened into one against the whole principle of protection. Backed by the public demand for cheap food the movement went on, until in 1846 Cobden brought over to his side the government forces under Sir Robert Peel, by whose aid the Corn Laws were swept away and the ports of England thrown open to the free entrance of food from any part of the world.

The result was a serious one to English agriculture, but it was of great benefit to the English people in their status as the greatest of manufacturing and commercial nations. Supplying the world with goods, as they did, it was but just that the world should supply them with food. With the repeal of the duties on grain the whole system of protection was dropped, and in its place was

adopted that system of free trade in which Great Britain stands alone among the nations of the world. It was a system especially adapted to a nation whose market was the world at large, and under it British commerce spread and flourished until it became one of the wonders of the world.

The famine then raging in Ireland had much to do with the repeal of the Corn Laws, the opening of the ports to cheap food from abroad being necessary if several millions of the Irish peasantry were to be saved from starvation. But, as a result, Peel was defeated in an appeal to his constituents for reelection, and resigned office, Lord John Russell succeeding him in July, 1846.

For modesty, dignity, simplicity, and sincerity the figure of Sir Robert Peel is conspicuous among the great statesmen of the country and century. Cobden said of him that he lost office and saved his country. In addition to his work in repealing the Corn Laws, he reorganized and simplified the finances of the government, a service for which he was highly esteemed by the Queen and Prince Albert, both of them strict economists in their private affairs and desirous of similar economy in national concerns. When Peel succeeded Melbourne, the finances were in a desperate state: the revenue was falling, huge deficits were occurring, and ruin seemed impending; while in the country at large a state of semi-starvation prevailed. Peel lifted the state out of this slough, brought back prosperity to the people, and redeemed the revenue from chaos. He was a man of whom it was said that it was necessary to know him intimately to know him at all; and such an intimacy and friendship existed between him and the Queen. In his five years' premiership he did much in teaching the young sovereign the principles of politics and government, and Victoria grew to depend on him with a trust equal to that she had placed in Lord Melbourne. In the critical times that followed, this far-seeing and able statesman was one of the most important supporters of the government, and would probably have come again to its head but for a hunting accident which caused his death in 1850.

Lord John Russell, on coming into office in 1846, found himself confronted by a difficult situation. The whole country was in a state of incipient rebellion, the result of the recent severe distress. The famine in Ireland, due to the destruction of its chief food substance by what was known as "the potato rot," still continued, and in spite of every effort for relief hundreds of thousands perished from starvation and its attendant pestilence.

The intense feeling which this engendered against the government led in 1848 to a sentiment of rebellion, with which Lord Russell's administration had to deal. John Mitchell, editor of "The United Irishman," stirred the people to revolt, and openly gave them advice how to act in a street fight. They were to throw broken glass in the streets to lame the horses of the cavalry, and to fling missiles from the houses. They were advised to use "boiling water or grease, or cold vitriol if available. Molten lead is good, but too valuable: it should always be cast in bullets and allowed to cool." An attempt was made to obtain aid from France, but the government there refused to have anything to do with the movement. In the end Mitchell and his associates were arrested and transported, and the danger was averted.

The trouble, however, was not confined to Ireland, the pinch of scarcity of food being bitterly felt in England and Scotland. Wheat, in February, 1847, was 102 shillings a quarter, or over three dollars a bushel; and not only was food dear and scarce, but a commercial panic led to a great depression in business, attended by lack of employment and loss of wages. All classes of society felt the pinch; but while it meant only lack of luxuries to the rich, it meant actual want of the necessaries of life to the poor. The result was a perilous threat of rebellion. In Scotland a serious outbreak took place near Glasgow, and the whole manufacturing district of western Scotland might have been swept with riot and bloodshed but for the vigorous action of the authorities, who nipped the insurrection in the bud.

In England the threat of trouble came from the Chartist agita-

tion. During the Reform excitement of 1832 the revolutionary party embodied their demands in what was called the "People's Charter," which asked for universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual Parliaments, abolition of property qualification in candidates, payment of members, and equal electoral districts. Nearly all these demands have since been granted, but then they were opposed by the conservative party as utterly revolutionary. For ten years the agitation continued, riots were numerous, and many of the Chartist leaders were arrested. The details of this trouble we give in another chapter.

During the agitation the Queen, on the advice of Lord John Russell, had retired to Osborne. She had been much affected by the revolutionary events on the Continent, and on March 6th she wrote to Baron Stockmar that they had gone through "enough for a whole life—anxiety, sorrow, excitement." On that very day a mob attacked Buckingham Palace, breaking the lamps and shouting "Vive la République!" Two weeks afterwards the Princess Louise was born, and with a three-weeks-old baby on her hands, the Queen could well be pardoned for withdrawing from the possible insurrection on April 10th. On the succeeding day Prince Albert wrote, "What a glorious day was yesterday for England! How mightily this will tell all over the world!"

The next event of importance in the ministerial history of England came in 1851, as a result of the Queen's disapproval of the actions of Lord Palmerston, Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Russell Cabinet. What the Queen objected to was Palmerston's unwarranted habit of sending out despatches on important subjects in his own words and on his own responsibility. These, when altered by the Cabinet and the Queen, were sometimes changed again by Palmerston and sent abroad, making the sovereign and minister appear to have consented to matters of which they entirely disapproved. In other cases he would send the Queen despatches which he gave her very little time to examine, as if he wished her to sign something which she did not understand.

Complaints were made by the Queen, Russell remonstrated with Palmerston, but the latter proved incorrigible; while his amusing manner, his unyielding good nature, his absence of bitter feeling against his opponents, disarmed those who sought to call him to terms. He would boast of his triumphs, while defeat ran off him like rain, and the next day he would be joking as jovially as ever.

This could not go on indefinitely. When the Neapolitans were in insurrection against their infamous king in 1849, Palmerston sent them arms from the English arsenals without the knowledge of his colleagues. Russell first found out what his Foreign Secretary was doing through a question asked in Parliament. As a result, Palmerston had to make an official apology to the King of Naples. In 1850, when the Austrian General, Haynau, abhorred for his brutal treatment of the Hungarians, was mobbed by the brewers' draymen during a visit to London, Palmerston apologized to the Austrian *chargé d'affaires* for the incident, but expressed his real sentiment in a private letter, saying: "The draymen were wrong in the particular course they adopted. They ought to have tossed him in a blanket, rolled him in the kennel, and then sent him home in a cab, paying his fare to the hotel."

THE QUEEN AND LORD PALMERSTON

When ordered to write a formal apology to the Austrian government, Palmerston did not willingly accede, and his wording of it led to a long controversy between himself, the Prime Minister, and the Queen. In his draft of the paper he implied that General Haynau would have shown better taste by taking his autumn holiday nearer home. This was corrected by Lord Russell, and the correction was indorsed by the Queen and the paper returned to Palmerston. But before it reached him he had sent off a copy of the original despatch.

A pitched battle ensued. Palmerston said he would rather resign than withdraw his despatch in favor of the one approved by Russell and the Queen. He did not resign. One author says that

in the end he gave way. Another says that he never yielded. However that was, there ensued a long-continued hostility of Austria to England. Palmerston gave Austria still better reason for this. In 1851 Kossuth visited England, where he met with an enthusiastic ovation from the people. The fury of the Austrians at this action was intensified by the report that Palmerston proposed to receive the Hungarian exile at the Foreign Office. Many politicians thought that Austria would look upon this as equivalent to a declaration of war, and the cabinet was greatly relieved when Palmerston yielded to their remonstrances. A few days afterwards Greville saw Russell and Palmerston together at Windsor, "mighty merry and cordial, laughing and talking together."

But Palmerston was not to be controlled. He did not hesitate to express in public his sympathy with the Hungarians, and spoke of the British government as the "judicious bottle-holder" in the conflict between Austria and Hungary. His action was severely censured by Cabinet and Queen. Her Majesty was very angry, and was not to be appeased when told that her Foreign Secretary was very popular with the people of England, even if the Austrian emperor was angry. She replied: "It is no question with the Queen whether she pleases the Emperor of Austria or not, but whether she gives him a just ground of complaint or not, and if she does so, she can never believe that this will add to her popularity with her own people."

This letter was written to Russell, who showed it to Palmerston, bidding him to be more guarded in his conduct. Lord John answered the Queen to the effect that he was sure her remonstrance would "have its effect upon Lord Palmerston." They did not yet know that versatile individual. The ink with which these letters were written was hardly dry when, like a thunderbolt, came the news of the *coup d'état* by which Louis Napoleon had overthrown the French government, sent his opponents to prison, shot down thousands of people in the streets of Paris, and exiled 500 persons to Cayenne without a trial.

The Queen at once wrote to Lord Russell, bidding him caution the British ambassador in Paris to be strictly neutral, and to remain passive towards the new government. Lord Palmerston sent off those instructions. But at the same time he met the French ambassador in London and told him that he fully approved of the *coup d'état,* and did not see how the President could have done anything else. Soon after he sent a despatch to Lord Normandy, the British ambassador, fully approving of Louis Napoleon's action. This document was not shown either the Queen or Premier, and was in open opposition to their express wishes.

Palmerston had carried his autocratic ways to a finish. He was at once dismissed from office by Lord Russell, with the full approval of the Queen. There was great rejoicing over his fall in the despotic courts of Europe, especially in Austria, and it was widely predicted that his political career was at an end, particularly as Parliament fully sustained the action of the Prime Minister. But those who thought he was done for did not know Palmerston nor the sentiment of the British people. In two months afterwards he "gave Russell his tit for tat," defeating him over a militia bill in February, 1852.

RUSSELL IS SUCCEEDED BY LORD DERBY

A ministry under Lord Derby followed, but this came to an end in December, when the reins of government fell into the hands of the Earl of Aberdeen, with Russell for Foreign Secretary and leader in the House of Commons, and Palmerston for Home Secretary. It is said that during this administration Palmerston continued to dictate the policy of the foreign office, and knew next to nothing of home affairs. When the Queen asked him about some labor troubles in the North of England, she found that he was quite ignorant of them. One morning she said to him: "Pray, Lord Palmerston, have you any news?" "No, madam," he replied, "I have heard nothing; but it seems certain that *the Turks have crossed the Danube.*"

The Crimean War that followed was strongly approved by Lord Palmerston, and in this the Queen was heartily in accord with him. The events of this war gave him a final triumph over his foes, leading him to the highest position a British subject can fill, that of Prime Minister. The vacillating policy displayed by the Aberdeen ministry in the conduct of this war, and the gross mismanagement of the commissariat in the winter of 1854, led to its downfall, Lord Aberdeen resigning on February 1, 1855. Palmerston, then seventy years old, succeeded, being called to the premiership by the unanimous demand of the nation. In his own words, he was "the inevitable."

Under his control the war was vigorously prosecuted, until Sebastopol fell and peace was made. On the signing of the treaty of peace, in April, 1856, the Queen invested him with the Order of the Garter, in token of her earnest appreciation of his services to the country. In 1857 the ministry was defeated in Parliament on a motion by Mr. Cobden condemning the Chinese war. Palmerston appealed to the country, and was strongly supported, the new Parliament having a large majority in his favor.

He was again defeated, however, in February, 1858, over the Conspiracy Bill—intended to protect the French emperor against the plots of political refugees. Lord Derby formed the new ministry, the chief important event in whose short career was the Indian mutiny, a fierce struggle for independence among the Queen's subjects in India, which led to horrors unmentionable, but ended in the reestablishment of British authority over that distant realm.

In 1859 the Derby ministry met with defeat upon a Reform measure, and in an appeal to the country found itself without support. Derby resigned on a vote of want of confidence, and in June Lord Palmerston was again asked by the Queen to form a ministry, and once more returned to the chief place in the government under the sovereign. This term as Premier ended only with his death, on October 18, 1865.

The great event of this period was the American Civil War, in

which Great Britain became especially concerned over what was known as "the Trent affair"—the forcible seizure of two Southern envoys on their way to Europe upon an English ship, the Trent. Palmerston sent a despatch on the subject to the Queen for approval, which, if mailed as written, might have led to war between the two countries. It came back from the sovereign's hand essentially modified, and Palmerston this time did not attempt his former arbitrary method of ignoring the Queen's desire. As a result, the affair blew quietly over.

Victoria wrote to Palmerston saying that the peaceful issue of the quarrel was "greatly owing to her beloved Prince," who had died while the settlement was being made. The Prime Minister, in his reply, acknowledged the wisdom of Prince Albert in this critical difficulty, and said: "But these alterations were only one of innumerable instances of the tact and judgment and the power of nice discrimination which excited Lord Palmerston's constant and unbounded admiration."

There were other questions of moment that arose during the American Civil War, and in which the management of the ministry made trouble for England. Notable among these was the permission for the building of a privateer for the Southern Confederacy in England, and the freedom given this vessel, the Alabama, to sail from an English port, in defiance of the protest of the American minister. This was one of the "curses" that "came home to roost." Great Britain paid dearly for her fault ten or twelve years afterwards.

EARL RUSSELL AGAIN PRIME MINISTER

On the death of Palmerston, Russell—now Earl Russell—again became Prime Minister, but held the post only some eight months, being defeated in June, 1866, on a Reform Bill which he brought forward. He was succeeded by the Earl of Derby, who now for the third time became Prime Minister. The question of reform was in the air, the reform granted in 1832 being insufficient to meet the national demand three decades later, and an insistent demand for a

greater extension of the suffrage grew more vital year after year. This question, as we have seen, overthrew Russell's ministry. It became the leading problem in that of Derby, and in 1867, in conjunction with Disraeli, he passed a new Reform Bill of far more liberal character. In February, 1868, ill health induced him to resign the premiership in favor of his colleague, Disraeli. The character of the reform measure alluded to, with the conditions surrounding the new administration, will be dealt with in a succeeding chapter.

It will not be amiss to state, at this point, a fact which many do not know concerning Queen Victoria's labors and power. There were few harder workers in her kingdom than its ruler, and, to make a rough estimate, she signed 50,000 documents yearly. No despatch of any importance was issued from the Foreign Office without passing through her hands and being understood by her before signing, and it is said that this office alone handles considerably over a thousand despatches weekly. The constant supervision over affairs, thus indicated, is shown in several statements made in this chapter, and it may be seen that, while she could not defy the will of the people, she was capable of exercising considerable control over the progress of affairs as an adviser, and at times as a royal mistress. As for her position being a sinecure, some doubt may be felt in view of the facts here stated. A thoroughly conscientious constitutional monarch would find it difficult to live a life of idleness.

CHAPTER XXIII

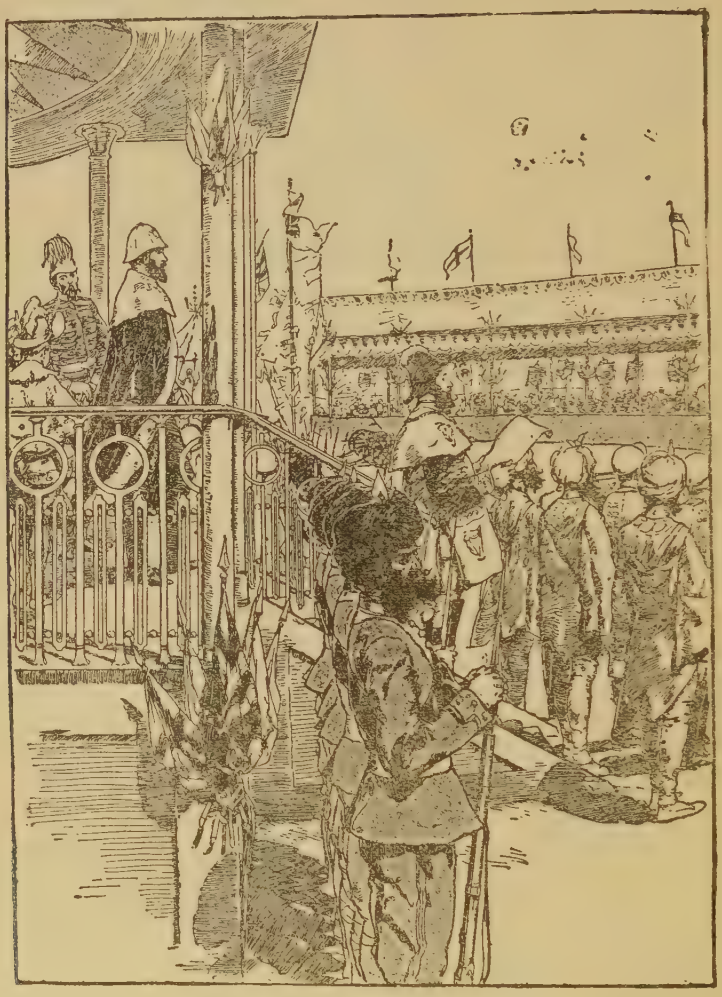
Gladstone and Disraeli, Victoria's Great Ministers

THE long reign of England's Queen was marked by many ministries, headed by able premiers who bore the weight of the Empire upon their broad shoulders, and relieved the monarch of those heavy cares and responsibilities of state which only men of exceptional mental strength and experience in political affairs are competent to bear. Among these one man stood above all his compeers in moral and mental worth and dignity, and in the respect and reverence of the people of all nations, William Ewart Gladstone, Victoria's greatest and noblest Minister, and a man whose political career very nearly covered the whole period of her reign.

THE GREAT ADVOCATE OF ENGLISH LIBERALISM

It is a fact of much interest, as showing the growth of the human mind, that Gladstone, the great advocate of English Liberalism, made his first political speech in vigorous opposition to the Reform Bill of 1831. He was then a student at Oxford University, but this boyish address had such an effect upon his hearers, that Bishop Wordsworth felt sure the speaker "would one day rise to be Prime Minister of England." This prophetic utterance may be mated with another one, by Archdeacon Denison, who said: "I have just heard the best speech I ever heard in my life, by Gladstone, against the Reform Bill. But, mark my words, that man will one day be a Liberal, for he argued against the Bill on liberal ground." Both these far-seeing men hit the mark Gladstone became Prime Minister, and for many years he figured as the leader of the Liberal Party in England.

In April, 1853, Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced his first Financial Budget, which was acknowledged as



THE VICEROY PROCLAIMING QUEEN VICTORIA EMPRESS OF INDIA

a marvel of ingenious statesmanship in its highly successful effort to equalize taxation. Taken altogether this first Budget of Mr. Gladstone may be justly called the greatest of the century. The

speech in which it was introduced and expounded created an extraordinary impression on the House and the country. For the first time in Parliament, figures were made as interesting as a fairy tale; the dry bones of statistics were invested with a new and potent life, and it was shown how the yearly balancing of the national accounts might be directed by and made to promote the profoundest and most fruitful principles of statesmanship. With such lucidity and picturesqueness was this financial oratory rolled forth that the dullest intellect could follow with pleasure the complicated scheme; and for five hours the House of Commons sat as if it were under the sway of a magician's wand. When Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat, it was felt that the career of the coalition Ministry was assured by the genius that was discovered in its Chancellor of the Exchequer.

GLADSTONE'S REMARKABLE ORATORICAL POWERS

It was, indeed, to Gladstone's remarkable oratorical powers that much of his success as a statesman was due. No man of his period was his equal in swaying and convincing his hearers. His rich and musical voice, his varied and animated gestures, his impressive and vigorous delivery, great fluency, and wonderful precision of statement, gave him a power over an audience which few men of the century have enjoyed. His sentences, indeed, were long and involved, growing more so as his years advanced, but their fine choice of words, rich rhetoric, and eloquent delivery carried away all that heard him, as did his deep earnestness, and intense conviction of the truth of his utterances.

Gladstone's career was that of a soldier, a man constantly at war for what seemed to him the best interests of his country and the good of mankind at large. Opposed to him, through nearly his whole career, as leader of the opposite forces, was Benjamin Disraeli—in his later years Earl of Beaconsfield—the high-priest of expediency, one of the most skilful of Parliamentarians and ablest of party leaders, and a man with but one object in view, the

supremacy of England in the world's councils, right or wrong, and with it his own supremacy as England's uncrowned ruler.

For many years the struggle between these two powerful men continued. Plumed knights of politics, their battle was fought, now on the floor of Parliament, now in the open field of public debate. Now one, now the other, was victorious, and for many years England rang with their names. Their Royal Lady, the Queen, loved Gladstone, the champion of moral right.

Her feeling towards Disraeli varied with the progress of his career. At its outset she viewed him with suspicion and distrust, but in his later life she grew to value him as a statesman and a friend more than any Prime Minister after Peel and Aberdeen. His policy of Imperialism she was in full accord with, and there was no statesman of her reign to whom she gave higher regard and friendship.

THE REFORM BILL OF 1866

The great measure which brought Gladstone and Disraeli—opponents through their whole Parliamentary careers—most actively into contest, was the Reform Bill of 1866, introduced by Gladstone, then leader of the House and Chancellor of the Exchequer under Earl Russell. This Bill proposed to extend the franchise in counties and boroughs, and would have added about 400,000 voters to the electorate. In the debate that followed there was a grand oratorical contest between the hostile statesmen. Disraeli spoke sneeringly of Gladstone's youthful speech in 1831 against the first Reform Bill. Gladstone replied in a burst of noble eloquence, scoring his opponent for lingering in the toils of conservatism, and proudly sustaining his own conversion to liberalism. If the Bill fell the principle of right and justice, on which it was founded, would not fall. It was sure to triumph in the end.

Disraeli and his party won. The Bill was defeated. But its defeat roused the people almost as they had been roused in 1832. A formidable riot broke out in London. Ten thousand people marched in procession past Gladstone's residence, singing odes in

honor of "the People's William." There were demonstrations in his favor and in support of the Bill througout the country. The agitation continued during the winter, its fire fed by the eloquence of another of the great orators of the century, the "tribune of the people," John Bright, who became one of the leaders in the new campaign. Through his eloquence and that of Gladstone the force of public opinion rose to such a height that the new Derby-Disraeli ministry found itself obliged to bring in a bill similar to that which it had worked so hard to overthrow.

And now a striking event took place. The Tory Reform Bill was satisfactory to Gladstone in its general features, but he proposed many improvements—lodger franchise, educational and savings-bank franchises, enlargement of the redistribution of seats, etc.—every one of which was yielded in committee, until, as one lord remarked, nothing of the original bill remained but the opening word, "Whereas." This bill, really the work of Gladstone, and more liberal than the one which had been defeated, was passed, and Toryism, in the very success of its measure, suffered a crushing defeat. To Gladstone, as the people perceived, their right to vote was due.

But Disraeli was soon to attain to the exalted office for which he had long been striving. In February, 1868, failing health caused Lord Derby to resign, and Disraeli was asked to form a new administration. Thus the "Asian Mystery," as he had been entitled, reached the summit of his ambition, in becoming Prime Minister of England.

He was not to hold this position long. Gladstone was to reach the same high eminence before the year should end. Disraeli's government, beginning in February, 1868, was defeated on the disestablishment of the Irish Church; an appeal to the country resulted in a large Liberal gain; and on December 4th the Queen sent for Mr. Gladstone and commissioned him to form a new ministry. The task was completed by the 9th, Mr. Bright, who had aided so greatly in the triumph of the Liberals, entering

the new cabinet as President of the Board of Trade. Thus at last, after thirty-five years of active public life, Mr. Gladstone was at the summit of power—Prime Minister of Great Britain with a strong majority in Parliament in his support.

The period which followed the election in 1868—the period of the Gladstone Administration of 1868–'74—has been called "the golden age of Liberalism." It was certainly a period of great reforms. The first, the most heroic, and probably—taking all the results into account—the most completely successful of these, was the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

Though Mr. Gladstone had a great majority at his back, the difficulties which confronted him were immense. In Ireland the wildest protests emanated from the friends of the Establishment. The "loyal minority" declared that their loyalty would come to an end if the measure were passed. One synod, speaking with a large assumption, even for a synod, of inspired knowledge, denounced it as "highly offensive to the Almighty God." The Orangemen threatened to rise in insurrection. A martial clergyman proposed to "kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne" if she assented to such a bill. Another announced his intention of fighting with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. These appeals and these threats of civil war, absurd as they proved to be in reality, were not without producing some effect in Great Britain, and it was amid a din of warnings, of misgiving counsels, and of hostile cries, that Mr. Gladstone proceeded to carry out the mandate of the nation which he had received at the polls.

On the first of March, 1869, he introduced his Disestablishment Bill. His speech was one of the greatest marvels amongst his oratorical achievements. His chief opponent declared that, though it lasted three hours, it did not contain a redundant word. The scheme which it unfolded—a scheme which withdrew the temporal establishment of a Church in such a manner that the Church was benefited, not injured, and which lifted from the backs of an oppressed people an intolerable burden—was a triumph of creative

genius. Leaving aside his Budgets, which stand in a different category, it seems to us there is no room to doubt that in his record of constructive legislation this measure for the disestablishment of the Irish Church is Mr. Gladstone's most perfect masterpiece.

Disraeli's speech in opposition to this measure was referred to by the *London Times* as "flimsiness relieved by spangles." After a debate in which Mr. Bright made one of his most famous speeches, the Bill was carried by a majority of 118. Before this strong manifestation of the popular will the House of Lords, which deeply disliked the Bill, felt obliged to give way, and passed it by a majority of seven.

VICTORIA ACTS BY ROYAL WARRANT

In 1870 Mr. Gladstone introduced his Irish Land Bill, a measure of reform which Parliament had for years refused to grant. By it the tenant was given the right to hold his farm as long as he paid his rent, and received a claim upon the improvement made by himself and his predecessors—a tenant-right which he could sell. This Bill was triumphantly carried. It was followed by other important Liberal measures, a Bill establishing free secular education, vote by ballot,—one of the measures demanded by the Chartists,—and abolition of the purchase of army commissions,—in which latter measure Gladstone came into violent conflict with the House of Lords. He carried it by an autocratic action. Finding that purchase in the army existed, not by law, but simply by royal sanction, he advised the Queen to cancel it by royal warrant. This was done. It was the only time in Victoria's reign that she acted without parliamentary sanction, and the act was denounced as unconstitutional, and as Cæsarism and Cromwellism; but Gladstone was resolute enough to sustain it against all hostile criticism.

The tide of reform legislation came to an end in 1873, the government meeting with defeat. Gladstone resigned, but as Disraeli declined to form a government, he was obliged to resume

office. In 1874 he dissolved Parliament and appealed for support to the country. The election went against him and he again resigned. Diraeli now succeeded him as Prime Minister, Gladstone retiring to private life.

The new Minister adopted a policy of Imperialism, which, in 1852, he had distinctly opposed. In that year he wrote to the Foreign Secretary: "These wretched colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks." His views since then had undergone a revolution, and he now posed as the great advocate of colonial expansion, and of the development of the Indian Empire.

It has been said that the English people conquered and colonized half the world in a fit of absence of mind. It remained for this statesman of Jewish birth to point out that the achievement was a notable one, and that the secret of England's glory and strength lay in the development of her colonial dominion. The remainder of Disraeli's life was largely spent in carrying forward a policy of imperial outgrowth, of which one of the most showy and dramatic pictures was the enactment, in 1876, of a measure giving the Queen the title of Empress of India, and proclaiming this fact to her Indian subjects in 1877.

When the measure was first proposed it was very unpopular. People thought that to put such a brand-new piece of tinsel upon the old crown of England was childish and vulgar. Its advocates replied that it would impress the Eastern mind, and that the title would never be used in England, so the Royal Titles Bill gained the consent of Parliament.

Accompanied by splendid ceremonial, the proclamation, at the command of Lord Lytton, the Viceroy, was read by heralds in different languages, and after each reading salvoes of artillery were fired. The native Princes, with the new banners that had been presented to them, their gorgeously-dressed retinues, and the hundreds of elephants that were arranged behind their chairs, made not the least striking picture in the pageant.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

Showing the Queen, the Prince of Wales (Edward VII.), Empress Frederick, and her son William II. and other children and grandchildren of the Queen.

QUEEN VICTORIA
Scenes in her official and domestic life.

"The sports of children satisfy the child," and what gratified the chiefs most was the addition made in several instances to the number of guns in their salutes. Very popular, too, were the hereditary titles conferred in honor of the occasion upon some of the ruling chiefs; thus the Guicowar was to be styled "Child of the English Government," Scindia, "The Sword of the Empire," and the Maharajah of Cashmere, "The Shield of the Indian Empire." Disraeli himself was rewarded by his Royal Mistress by being raised to the peerage with the title of Earl of Beaconsfield.

The atrocities committed by the Turks in Bulgaria in 1876 called Gladstone again into the field, and he denounced these butcheries with all the strength of his vigorous rhetoric and the fire of his moral energy — calling the Government sharply to account for its support of a nation of assassins. For four years he sought, as he expressed it, "night and day to counterwork the purpose of Lord Beaconsfield." He succeeded. England was prevented by his eloquence from joining the Turks in the war; but he excited the fury of the war party to such an extent that at one time it was not safe for him to appear in the streets of London. Nor was he quite safe in the House of Commons, where the Conservatives hated him so bitterly as to jeer and interrupt him whenever he spoke, and a party of them went so far as to mob him in the House.

THE QUEEN'S REGARD FOR DISRAELI

Yet the sentiment he had aroused saved the country from the greatest of the follies with which it was threatened; and, if it failed to stop the lesser adventures in which Lord Beaconsfield found an outlet for the passions he had unloosed,—an annexation of Cyprus, an interference in Egypt, a suzerainty over the Transvaal, a Zulu war which Mr. Gladstone denounced as "one of the most monstrous and indefensible in our history," an Afghan war which he described as a national crime,—it nevertheless was so true an interpretation of the best, the deliberate, judgment of the nation, that it sufficed eventually to bring the Liberal party back to power.

In the parliamentary election of 1880 a great Liberal victory was gained and an overwhelming majority returned to Parliament. Beaconsfield at once resigned, and Gladstone a second time was called to the head of the government. This was the end of Disraeli's career. He died in the following year. The Queen showed her warm regard for him by the memorial tablet which she placed in Haghenden Church, and on which was the following inscription, written by herself :

TO THE DEAR AND HONORED MEMORY OF
BENJAMIN, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,
THIS MEMORIAL IS PLACED BY
HIS GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE SOVEREIGN AND FRIEND,
VICTORIA. R. I.
"Kings love them that speak right."—*Prov.* xvi, 13.

In Gladstone's new administration the Irish question, which had been dwarfed by the Eastern problem under Beaconsfield's rule, rose again into prominence. Gladstone, in assuming control of the new government, was quite unaware of the task before him. When he had completed his work with the Church and the Land Bills, ten years before, he fondly fancied that the Irish question was definitely settled. The Home Rule movement, which was started in 1870, seemed to him a wild delusion which would die away of itself. In 1884 he said : "I frankly admit that I had had much upon my hands connected with the doings of the Beaconsfield Government in every quarter of the world, and I did not know—no one knew—the severity of the crisis that was already swelling upon the horizon, and that shortly after rushed upon us like a flood."

He was not long in discovering the gravity of the situation, of which the House had been warned by Mr. Parnell. The famine had brought its crop of misery, and, while the charitable were seeking to relieve the distress, many of the landlords were turning adrift their tenants for non-payment of rents. The Irish party

brought in a Bill for the Suspension of Evictions, which the government replaced by a similar one for Compensation for Disturbance. This was passed with a large majority by the Commons, but was rejected by the Lords, and Ireland was left to face its misery without relief.

The state of Ireland at that moment was too critical to be dealt with in this manner. The rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill was, to the peasantry whom it had been intended to protect, a message of despair, and it was followed by the usual symptom of despair in Ireland, an outbreak of agrarian crime. On the one hand over 17,000 persons were evicted; on the other there was a dreadful crop of murders and outrages. The Land League sought to do what Parliament did not; but in doing so it came in contact with the law. Moreover, the revolution—for revolution it seemed to be—grew too formidable for its control; the utmost it succeeded in doing was in some sense to ride without directing the storm.

To put down the disturbances a Coercion Bill was carried through Parliament in 1881, despite a very vigorous and protracted resistance by Parnell and his followers. As a counterweight to it and as a measure of conciliation, Gladstone introduced a Land Bill. It was a sweeping measure of reform, its dominant feature being the principle of the State intervening between landlord and tenant and fixing the amount of rent to be paid. Yet it did not put an end to the agitation. Crime and outrage continued, and a terrible event which took place soon afterward, the murder of Lord Cavendish, the new Secretary for Ireland, and his under-Secretary, Mr. Burke, in Phœnix Park, Dublin, brought back coercion into the field.

While Ireland was thus disturbed, Gladstone found himself forced into the arena formerly occupied by Beaconsfield, that of Eastern affairs. Great Britain had assumed the control of the Suez Canal, and made this an excuse for meddling with the government of Egypt. The result was the insurrection of Arabi Pasha, and a

war into which Gladstone was reluctantly forced. Then came the outbreak of the Mahdi in the Soudan, the murder of General Gordon in Khartum, and conflicts in that quarter which lasted for years. In South Africa the Boers defeated the British at Majuba Hill, and Gladstone, who had no sympathy with the effort to conquer the Transvaal, withdrew the British forces, leaving the Boers masters of the situation. It would have been well for Great Britain if this pacific policy had been sustained till the end of the century.

THE QUEEN SUMMONS LORD SALISBURY

This disaster weakened the administration. Parnell and his followers joined hands with the Tories and continued their attacks. The result was a defeat to the government, in May, 1885. Gladstone at once withdrew, and, his old antagonist having passed from the field of action, the Marquis of Salisbury was called upon by the Queen to form a new Ministry. It proved but a brief one. Owing its existence to Irish votes, it fell as soon as Parnell led his followers away from their unnatural alliance with the Tories, and Gladstone was again sent for by the Queen. On February 11, 1886, he became Prime Minister for the third time.

During the brief interval his opinions had suffered a great revolution. He no longer thought that Ireland had all it could justly demand. He returned to power as an advocate of a most radical measure, that of Home Rule for Ireland, a restoration of that separate Parliament which it had lost in 1800. He also had a scheme to buy out the Irish landlords and establish a peasant proprietary by State aid. His new views were revolutionary in character, but he did not hesitate—he never hesitated to do what his conscience told him was right. On April 8, 1886, he introduced to Parliament his Home Rule Bill.

The scene that afternoon was one of the most remarkable in Parliamentary history. Never before was such interest manifested in a debate by either the public or the members of the House. In order to secure their places, members arrived at St. Stephen's at

six o'clock in the morning, and spent the day on the premises; and a thing quite unprecedented, members who could not find places on the benches filled up the floor of the House with rows of chairs. The strangers', diplomats', peers' and ladies' galleries were filled to overflowing. Men begged even to be admitted to the ventilating passages beneath the floor of the Chamber, that they might in some sense be witnesses of the greatest feat in the lifetime of an illustrious old man of eighty. Around Palace Yard an enormous crowd surged, waiting to give the veteran a welcome as he drove up from Downing Street.

Mr. Gladstone arrived in the House, pale and still panting from the excitement of his reception in the streets. As he sat there the entire liberal party—with the exception of Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir George Trevelyan—and the Nationalist members, by a spontaneous impulse sprang to their feet and cheered him again and again. The speech which he delivered was in every way worthy of the occasion. It expounded, with marvelous lucidity and a noble eloquence, a tremendous scheme of constructive legislation—the re-establishment of a legislature in Ireland, but one subordinate to the Imperial Parliament, and hedged round with every safeguard which could protect the unity of the Empire. It took three hours in delivery, and was listened to throughout with the utmost attention on every side of the House. At its close all parties united in a tribute of admiration for the genius which had astonished them with such an exhibition of its powers.

Yet it is one thing to cheer an orator, another thing to vote for a revolution. The Bill was defeated—as it was almost sure to be. Mr. Gladstone at once dissolved Parliament and appealed to the country in a new election, with the result that he was decisively defeated. His bold declaration that the contest was one between the classes and the masses turned the aristocracy against him, while he had again roused the bitter hatred of his opponents.

But the "Grand Old Man" bided his time. The new Salisbury ministry was one of coercion carried to the extreme in Ireland, wholesale eviction, arrest of members of Parliament, suppression of public meetings by force of arms, and other measures of violence which in the end wearied the British public and doubled the support of Home Rule. In 1892 Mr. Gladstone returned to power with a majority of more than thirty Home Rulers in his support.

THE END OF A GREAT CAREER

It was one of the greatest efforts in the career of the old parliamentary hero when he brought his new Home Rule Bill before the House. Never in his young days had he worked more earnestly and incessantly. He disarmed even his bitterest enemies, none of whom now dreamed of treating him with disrespect. Mr. Balfour spoke of the delight and fascination with which even his opponents watched his leading of the House and listened to his unsurpassed eloquence. Old age had come to clothe with its pathos, as well as with its majesty, the white-haired, heroic figure. The event proved one of the greatest triumphs of his life. The Bill passed with a majority of thirty-four. That it would pass in the House of Lords no one looked for. It was defeated there by a majority of 378 out of 460.

With this great event Gladstone's public career came to an end. The burden had grown too heavy for his reduced strength. In March, 1894, to the consternation of his party, he announced his intention of retiring from public life. The Queen offered, as she had done once before, to raise him to the peerage as an earl, but he declined the proffer. His own plain name was a title higher than that of any earldom in the kingdom.

On May 19, 1898, William Ewart Gladstone laid down the burden of his life as he had already done that of labor. The greatest and noblest figure in legislative life of the nineteenth century had passed away from earth.

Gladstone was succeeded in the Ministry by the Earl of Rosebery, who had been Foreign Secretary in his recent administration. The new Minister's term of office was a brief one, his party being defeated at the general election in June, 1895. He retired from the Premiership, and Lord Salisbury became for a third time Prime Minister of England, at the head of a Liberal-Unionist and Conservative Cabinet. For the time the question of Home Rule for Ireland was at an end.

The Salisbury administration continued during the remainder of the Queen's life. It was marked by a series of foreign complications which several times brought the government to the verge of war. This was averted by the conciliatory attitude of the administration—no doubt influenced in this by the wishes of the Queen. Turkish massacres in Armenia almost plunged Europe into war. The part taken by the United States in the boundary question between British Guiana and Venezuela threatened hostilities between the two great Anglo-Saxon countries. The Jameson raid into the Transvaal led to critical relations between the British and the Boers. The Cretan insurrection and the war in Greece tested strongly the peaceful policy of Salisbury's cabinet.

All this passed away without an outbreak, the re-conquest of the Soudan being the only warlike demonstration in the early years of the administration. Near its end, however, a threatening contest broke out, the war of conquest in South Africa, led to, as is widely believed, less through a conviction of any just claim of Great Britain to sovereignty over the Boer republics than through a desire to possess the rich gold mines of the Transvaal. However this be, the British entered this war in the autumn of 1899 with a jaunty confidence that they could bring it to an end in a campaign of a month or two and establish their dominion over all Southeastern Africa. Nothing need be said here about the very serious error they made in this. The twentieth century dawned, the Queen passed away, and the Boers were still unsubdued, though Great Britain had spent hundreds of millions of dollars and lost many

thousands of her valiant sons. And, furthermore, the sympathy of the whole outer world was with the gallant Boers, not with their invaders.

A TERRIBLE LOAD FOR THE AGED SOVEREIGN

Thus unhappily closed the political record of the Queen's reign. Nothing in her whole life bore more heavily on her than this dreadful contest—now not with savage or barbarous peoples, but with European colonists. The weight of disaster to her country and death to her subjects was a terrible load for the aged Sovereign to bear, and there can be no doubt that it had much to do with bringing her to the grave. It is said that tears were rarely absent from her eyes when the thought of this conflict came to her, and it is doubtful if the vision of its horrors often left her mind. Her grief and dismay are said to have been added to by interviews with Lord Roberts, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Chamberlain, in which she learned from them some disquieting truths, kept from the public, about the serious state of affairs in South Africa. William I. Stead, in a dispatch to the *New York Journal*, said: "The Boer war has killed the Queen." So it may be correct to affirm that among the victims of the British-Boer war was the revered Queen of the British Kingdom.

Queen Victoria took only one open political action during this conflict, her visit to Ireland, which was memorable for the loyal reception with which she was honored. The sympathies of the Irish people generally were with the South African republics in their resolute struggle to preserve their independence, but they did not hold the aged Queen in any sense responsible for this war, and she was everywhere greeted with chivalrous respect. Every imaginable danger was pointed out and impressed upon the Queen if she ventured upon the journey, but she would not abandon it, and its result fully justified her confidence in the Irish people. Then there came a sudden revulsion of feeling in England, and for a time the shamrock was the most popular emblem seen in the streets of London.

THE QUEEN LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, MAY 17, 1899

THE CHRISTENING OF THE SON OF THE DUKE OF YORK AT WINDSOR

The Bishop of Winchester receiving the infant Prince from the Queen.

But it would not be wise to imagine that the aspirations of Ireland for Home Rule were charmed away by the magic of a royal visit. The people of Green Erin showed their native courtesy in the reception of the Queen, but their national aspirations remained the same as before.

THE QUEEN'S FAIRNESS

To return to the subject of the Queen's Ministers, it has often been said that she had a personal liking for this Prime Minister and a personal disinclination for the manners of some other Prime Minister. One statesman was said, by gossiping report, to have been rather too argumentative and dogmatic for the Queen, and another to be too subservient and anxious to please. A certain Liberal Minister was believed to have won favorable notice from her Majesty when he first received office because he could speak German perfectly well, and a rising Conservative statesman was described as having made himself welcome to her by his easy and luminous exposition of complex and difficult subjects. But it is doubtful if the Queen liked or disliked any statesman because he was a Liberal or because he was a Tory. She rather seems to have accepted in the best faith every Ministry recommended to her by the existing majority of the House of Commons, and made it her task to assist her Ministers to the utmost of her power in carrying on the business of the country during their time of office. Not even the most extreme Radical has charged Queen Victoria with acting unfairly in the business of government, or seeking to exclude a rising public man from her councils on the ground that his political opinions were too Democratic to suit her ideas of statesmanship.

We have seen all sorts of monarchs in Europe, even during the lifetime of the present generation. We have seen sovereigns who wanted to arrange the whole work of government "out of their own heads," as the children say, and we have seen monarchs who cared little how or by whom the political business of the State

was carried on so long as their Ministers left them to the enjoyment of life after their own fashion and did not trouble them about wearisome legislation. Queen Victoria was not of this kind. She never neglected her duties as head of the State, and she never tried to make her sovereign will prevail over the authority represented by the House of Commons. No one who understands and accepts the theory of a constitutional monarchy can deny to her the merit of having, throughout her long reign, given to the world the best living illustration it has yet had of the part which the sovereign ought to play in a constitutional monarchy and a free country.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Industrial and Commercial Development of Great Britain

INDUSTRY in the past centuries was a strikingly different thing from what it has been in the recent period. For a century it has been passing through a great process of evolution, which has by no means reached its culmination, and whose final outcome no man can safely predict.

For a long period during the medieval and the subsequent centuries industry existed in a stable condition, or one whose changes were few and none of them revolutionary. Manufacture was in a large sense individual. The great hive of industry known as a factory did not exist, workshops being small and every expert mechanic able to conduct business as a master. Employees were mainly apprentices, each of whom expected to become a master mechanic, or, if he chose to work for a master, did so with an independence that no longer exists. The workshop was usually a portion of the dwelling, where the master worked with his apprentices, teaching them the whole art and mystery of his craft, and giving them knowledge of a complete trade, not of a minor portion of one, as in our day.

The trade-union had its prototype in the gild. But this was in no sense a combination of labor for protection against capital, but of master workmen to protect their calling from being swamped by invasion from without. In truth, when we go back into the past centuries, it is to find ourselves in another world of labor, radically different from that which surrounds us to-day.

It was the steam-engine that precipitated the revolution in industry. This great invention rendered possible labor-saving

machinery. From working directly upon the material, men began to work indirectly through the medium of machines. As a result, the old household industries rapidly disappeared. Engines and machines needed special buildings to contain them and large sums of money to purchase them, the separation of capital and labor began, and the nineteenth century opened with the factory system fully launched upon the world.

Great Britain, small as it was, had grown, by the opening of the nineteenth century, to be the leading power in Europe. Its industries, its commerce, its enterprise were expanding enormously, and it was becoming the great workshop and the chief distributor of the world. The raw material of the nations flowed through its ports, the finished products of mankind poured from its looms, London became the great money center of the world, and the industrious and enterprising islanders grew rich and prosperous, while few steps of progress and enterprise showed themselves in any of the nations of the continent.

VAST ACCUMULATIONS OF CAPITAL

The century of Victoria's reign was one of vast accumulations of capital in single hands or under the control of companies, the concentration of labor in factories and workshops, the extraordinary development of labor-saving machines, the growth of monopolies on the one hand and of labor unions on the other, the revolt of labor against the tyranny of capital, the battle for shorter hours and higher wages, the coming of woman into the labor field as a rival of man, the development of economic theories and industrial organizations, and in still other ways the growth of a state of affairs in the world of industry that had no counterpart in the past.

In past times wealth was largely accumulated in the hands of the nobility, who had no thought of using it productively. Such of it as lay under the control of the commonalty was applied mainly for commercial purposes and in usury, and comparatively little was used in manufacture. This state of affairs was brought somewhat suddenly to an end by the inventions above mentioned. Capital

became largely diverted to purposes of manufacture, wealth grew rapidly as a result of the new methods of production, the making of articles cheaply required costly plants in buildings and machinery, which put production beyond the reach of the ordinary artisan, the old individuality in labor disappeared, the number of employers largely diminished and that of employees increased, and the mediæval gild vanished, the workmen finding themselves exposed to a state of affairs unlike that for which their old organizations were devised.

A radically new condition of industrial affairs had come, and the working-class was not prepared to meet it. Everywhere the employers became supreme, and the men were at their mercy. Labor was dismayed. Its unions lost their industrial character and resumed their original form of purely benevolent associations. Such was the state of affairs in the early years of the nineteenth century. Industry was in a stage of transition, and inevitably suffered from the change. It was only at a later date that the idea of mutual aid in industry revived, and the trade union—a new form of association adapted to the new situation—arose as the lineal successor of the old society of artisans.

Great Britain did not content herself with going abroad for the materials of her active industries. She dug her way into the bowels of the earth, tore from the rocks its treasures of coal and iron, and thus obtained the necessary fuel for her furnaces and metal for her machines. The whole island resounded with the ringing of hammers and rattle of wheels, goods were produced very far beyond the capacity of the island for their consumption, and the vast surplus was sent abroad to all quarters of the earth, to clothe savages in far-off regions, and to furnish articles of use and luxury to the most enlightened of the nations. To the ship as a carrier was soon added the locomotive and its cars, conveying these products inland with unprecedented speed from a thousand ports. And from America came the parallel discovery of the steamship, signaling the close of the long centuries of dominion of the sail.

Years went on, and still the power and prestige of Great Britain grew, still its industry and commerce spread and expanded, still its colonies increased in population and new lands were added to the sum, until the island empire stood foremost in industry and enterprise among the nations of the world, and its people reached the summit of their prosperity. From this lofty elevation was to come, in the later years of the century, a slow but inevitable decline, as the United States and the leading European nations developed in industry, and rivals to the productive and commercial supremacy of the British islanders began to arise in various quarters of the earth.

THE FACTORY SYSTEM BROUGHT MISERY

It cannot be said that the industrial prosperity of Great Britain, while of advantage to her people as a whole, was necessarily so to individuals. While one portion of the nation amassed enormous wealth, the bulk of the nation sank into the deepest poverty. The factory system brought with it oppression and misery which it would need a century of industrial revolt to overcome. The costly wars, the crushing taxation, the oppressive Corn Laws, which forbade the importation of foreign corn, the extravagant expenses of the court and salaries of officials, all conspired to depress the people. Manufacturies fell into the hands of the few, and a vast number of artisans were forced to live from hand to mouth, and to labor for long hours on pinching wages. Estates were similarly accumulated in the hands of the few, and the small land-owner and trader tended to disappear. Everything was taxed to the utmost it would bear, while government remained blind to the needs and sufferings of the people and made no effort to decrease the prevailing misery.

Thus it came about that the era of Great Britain's highest prosperity and supremacy as a world power was the one of greatest industrial oppression and misery at home—a period marked by rebellious uprisings among the people, which were repressed with cruel and bloody severity. It was a period of industrial transition, in which the people suffered deeply and the seeds of discontent and

revolt were widely sown. This was the condition of industrial affairs when Victoria came to the throne. The era of her reign was largely devoted to its amelioration, and by its close the working-classes had won an assured position, and the old-time suffering and discontent were largely overcome. Want and misery existed still, abundance of them, but not among the members of the trades-unions—rather in that helpless and hopeless stratum of the population whose troubles have so far proved almost impossible to reach, much less to cure.

If we look back a few years into the past, it is to find the commercial superiority of England so overwhelming that no other nation came into comparison with it. Of the goods exported from all foreign countries, nearly one-half came to England. The exports of England, the product of her multitudinous workshops, were equal to one-third of those of all the rest of the world. Of the seventy million spindles employed in the production of cotton fabrics, forty million belonged to the people of the British islands. Woolen and linen fabrics, coal, iron, machinery, and many kinds of manufactured goods were produced in immense quantities and supplied to mankind throughout the world.

Robert Mackenzie, in his notable work, "The Nineteenth Century," succinctly indicates the earlier state of affairs, as a quotation from his pages will clearly show:

"England was not the birthplace of the industries which have attained upon her soil a maturity so splendid. Calicoes were imported from India long before they could be made in England. Silk-weaving was taught us by the Italians and French. The Flemings brought us our fine woolen trade. The Venetians showed us how to make glass. France and Holland were before us in paper-making, and a German erected our first paper-mill. Cotton-printing came to us from France. Although we had long made coarse linens, we were indebted for the finer varieties to Germany and Belgium. Our cloth was sent to Holland to be bleached and dyed. The Dutch caught our fish for us down to the end of the eighteenth century. A

Dutchman began our potteries. The Danes and Genoese built ships for us. The Dutch were our masters in engineering, and showed us how to erect the wind and water mills which presided over the lowly dawn of our manufacturing system. Tuscany made our straw hats. Much of our salt and most of our earthenware came from the Continent. Till nearly the middle of the last [the eighteenth] century we imported two thirds of the iron which we used. The use of coal for smelting was then only beginning, and the infancy of our gigantic iron-trade was watched with hostile eyes by a people who saw that it devoured the wood which they needed for fuel. The industrial genius of England awoke late, but at one stride it distanced all competitors.

"Until long after the middle of the eighteenth century commerce was strangled by the impossibility of conveying goods from one part of the country to another. While the English, with ill-directed heroism, expended life and treasure in the worthless strifes of the Continent, they were almost without roads at home. In all Europe there were no roads worse than theirs. It cost forty shillings to transport a ton of coals from Liverpool to Manchester. The food of London was for the most part carried on pack-horses. Often the large towns endured famine while the farmers at no great distance could find no market for their meat and grain. The peasant raised his own food. He grew his own flax or wool; his wife or daughters spun it, and a neighbor wove it into cloth. Commerce was impossible until men could find the means of transporting goods from the place where they were produced to the place where there were people willing to make use of them."

ENGLAND'S PREEMINENCE IN MANUFACTURE

In truth, England's preeminence in manufacture and commerce dates no further back than the beginning of the French Revolution, of which it was in some measure the product, and its supreme era of development lay within the Victorian reign. One does not need to go far back to find the origin of the cotton trade, that bulwark of

QUEEN VICTORIA DISTRIBUTING GIFTS

Her soldier's children were remembered at Christmas and given a Christmas Tree at Windsor Castle.

WINDSOR CASTLE

England's supremacy. In 1785 the British kingdom exported only £800,000 worth of cotton goods, and less than £14,000,000 worth of goods of all kinds. And for many years previous her advance had been very slow. But before the eighteenth century ended the steam-engine had been invented, spinning and weaving machines were in existence, and Eli Whitney's cotton-gin was at work in the American fields, setting free with new rapidity the valuable cotton fiber. Cheap cotton gave England her great opportunity. It began to pour into her ports. By 1801 her imports of cotton reached 21,000,000 pounds; in 1830, 200,000,000 pounds; in 1885, 1,700,000,000 pounds. In 1900 the cotton imports had made no further advance, and the empire of the loom was spreading to other lands.

Yet there was a check to the progress which cheap cotton, the steam-engine, the spinning machine, and, subsequently, the locomotive and the steamship, began to bring to the British nation. This was the system of protection, the import duties of which the Corn Law was the keystone. The repeal of this law, after Victoria came to the throne, gave an immense impetus to the industries of Great Britain. After the Corn Law fell, the whole protective system swiftly followed. In 1842 there were 1200 articles on which duty was levied in British ports. A few years later there were only twelve—and they were left only for revenue. With this the artificial regulation of prices came to an end, and the great natural law of supply and demand was given the freest and fullest liberty. The British islands had no need of protective duties. No nation on the earth had equal facilities for production or could place goods on the market at lower prices. No nation had such facilities for distribution as arose from Britain's rapidly growing commercial fleet. Protection, to that country, was a brake upon the wheels of progress. When it was lifted, these flew round with vastly accelerated speed.

In 1846 the whole foreign commerce of the United Kingdom—imports and exports combined—was only £134,000,000—five times that of 1785, but far less than it was destined to become. In

1890 it had reached the enormous total of £748,000,000. In 1900 it had grown to about £800,000,000, or $4,000,000,000 in American currency; the extraordinary enterprise of the island empire had carried her ships to all seas, and made her the commercial emporium of the world. Not only to her own colonies, but to all lands, sailed her enormous fleet of merchantmen, gathering the products of the earth, to be consumed at home or distributed again to the nations of Europe and America. She had assumed the position of the purveyor and carrier for mankind. This was not all. Great Britain was in a large measure the producer for mankind. Manufacturing enterprise and industry had increased immensely on her soil, and countless factories, forges, and other workshops turned out finished goods with a speed and profusion undreamed of before. Machines for spinning, weaving, iron-working, and a thousand other processes were in use on all parts of Britain's soil, and by their aid one of the greatest steps of progress in the whole history of mankind had taken place—the grand nineteenth century revolution in production, which was matched only by the equally grand revolution in commercial distribution.

INVENTIVE PROGRESS DURING VICTORIA'S REIGN

To glance rapidly at some of the steps of inventive progress during Victoria's reign we may quote from Sir Edwin Arnold. While a small child, he was taken by his nurse to see the troops in the street when Victoria was proclaimed Queen, and on his way home he saw something quite new—a man selling lucifer matches in the street, and drawing them through a folded piece of sand-paper to show how they would burst into flame.

"On that morning," says Sir Edwin, "as on all mornings before, I had, probably, on awakening from sleep, witnessed my nurse kindling the fire or lighting the dressing candles with an old-fashioned flint and steel, laboriously striking the wayward sparks into a smutty tinder, and then applying to a traveling fringe of fire the point of a splinter of wood dipped into brimstone, bundles of which used to be

sold by beggars in the highways. So did we procure the sacred element when this reign began; little, if at all, advanced beyond the fire-stick of the savage.

"From that trivial Coronation Day match the thought passes naturally to very much greater things. I do not even know whether the lucifer can be set down as a British discovery; yet of what wonderful new times, of what superb mental and mechanical expansions, of what amazing revelations in science and advances in arts, trades, commerce, geographical research, imperial possessions, uprises in political liberty, education and daily life; of what stirring events abroad, what augmentation of population and national wealth at home, and what unforeseen but epoch-making occurrences generally, was that Coronation match to become the humble harbinger! One needs, no doubt, to strain the memory in order to force it back into realizing all the strange backwardness of those days. Let me, nevertheless, make an endeavor towards this by means of a sharp contrast or two of facts and figures.

"The revenue of the United Kingdom—to-day exceeding one hundred millions—stood in 1837 at forty-seven millions only. There was no railway open between Liverpool and Birmingham in that England which now has 21,000 miles of iron roads, and you still went down to the Blackwall Docks in carriages drawn by a rope. Not a single electric wire spanned the air, or burrowed through the earth, or crept under the sea. Lord Beaconsfield, whose 'Primrose Day' is now a national festival, had not made his maiden speech. The *Sirius* and the *Great Western* steamers—earliest of their kind—had yet to cross the Atlantic; Grace Darling had not, by her sweet story of heroism, started our noble life-boat system, the glory of British coasts; India was still reached only by the long Cape route, for Waghorn did not ventilate his overland scheme in the Jerusalem Coffee House until October 12, 1838.

"We had practically little use as yet of railroads, telegraph wires, and of steam navigation, and were only beginning to get the new machine of our popular representative institutions into order at

the time when those Coronation trumpets sounded. The Reform Act was but five years old; the criminal law was still fierce and bloody; the wealth of even such a family as Mr. Gladstone's had been derived without public scruples from the labor and sale of slaves; when softly and auspiciously—into this epoch, the description of which must smack of barbarism to the young, as we recall it—entered the gracious figure of the girl Queen, bringing in her hand the magic wand of virtue, and, as we see to-day, those hidden national benedictions which accompany its eternal potency. For, indeed, our Queen has borne an immense personal part in molding her age, if that age has also reflected back upon her name and her greatness a luster beyond the glory of all other reigns."

A quotation from the same writer, in reference to the progress in postal facilities, a direct outgrowth of the developments above described, will not be without interest, although we have referred to this subject elsewhere:

"Rowland Hill published his pamphlet on 'Postal Reform' in 1837. Thus one may affirm that it was Queen Victoria who brought the penny post with her. In 1839 the charge for letters inside London was timidly lowered to a penny. In 1840 this boon was tentatively extended to the United Kingdom. By 1884 the penny stamp, in which the wiseacres of the old post office utterly disbelieved, had been issued to the amazing total of thirty-one billions, three hundred millions! The number of letters posted yearly at the date of her Majesty's accession was 80,000,000; the number to-day is rapidly approaching two thousand millions! Imagine what this signifies in closer and more constant intercourse of home with home, heart with heart, mind with mind, locality with locality, friend with friend, parent with child, lover with sweetheart, customer with dealer. It is all Victorian! In 1836 a letter took ten hours to go from Charing Cross to Hampstead, and might cost one shilling and eight pence."

One further result of the immense progress in industry and commerce made by Great Britain during the Victorian era may be here given. While the producing and trading classes won vast

wealth, the working-classes shared the advantages of the new conditions. During the reign of the Queen they passed from a position of oppression to one of power. From being the victims of a system of crushing taxation, they emerged into an economic system in which the payment of taxes was largely optional.

It was estimated, about the close of the Napoleonic wars, that a workman paid nearly eleven pounds annually out of his small income to sustain the government and to protect the home industries. In the case of poorly paid workmen, such as the handloom weaver, this absorbed nearly one-half his income. Thirty years later Mr. Cobden estimated that of every pound sterling expended by the working-classes on the great staples of consumption, from 4s. to 16s. went to the government.

In the succeeding years these taxes on imported goods—upon which the British workingman so largely depends—have practically disappeared. Only two articles pay heavily, spirits and tobacco, and it is at the option of the artisan whether or not he consumes and pays taxes on these detrimental luxuries. The only excise tax remaining on necessary articles of consumption is that on tea, and this averages less than three shillings annually for each of the population. So, for the very moderate exaction of less than one penny per week, any British workingman who chooses may enjoy the advantages of citizenship. This is certainly a vast advance from his condition when Victoria came to the throne, and when nearly one-half of his very moderate wages went to the government.

CHAPTER XXV

Livingstone and Stanley, the Famous Travelers

WHEN Queen Victoria came to the throne, comparatively little was known of the surface of the earth, compared with what had been learned at the end of her reign. Two of the great colonial provinces of her wide-spread Kingdom, Canada and Australia, were settled only in their border-lands, and their vast interiors remained to be explored. And the great continent of Africa, over so much of which now floats England's flag, was then through nearly all its mighty extent a land unknown. The discovery of the world has been in great part made during Victoria's reign, and very largely by subjects of her throne. And among the travelers of British birth who have done so much to make her reign glorious, two especially may be named, the most famous explorers of the nineteenth century, David Livingstone and Henry M. Stanley, around whose careers the whole story of African exploration revolves.

GOOD WORK AND UNFLAGGING ENTERPRISE

It was in 1840, three years after Victoria became Queen, that David Livingstone, a man of Scotch birth, born to good work and unflagging enterprise, left England to devote his life to missionary labor in Africa. Landing at Port Natal, he became associated with the noted missionary, Rev. Robert Moffat—whose daughter he afterwards married—and for years he labored earnestly among the pagan natives, studying their languages, habits, and religious beliefs, and becoming one of the most devoted and successful of their moral teachers.

His experience in missionary work convinced him that success in this field of duty was not to be measured by the tale of conversions—of doubtful character—which could be sent home every year, but that the proper work for the enterprising white man was that of pioneer research. He could best employ himself in opening up and exploring new fields of labor, and might safely leave to native agents the duty of working these out in detail.

This theory he first put into effect in 1849, in which year he set out on a journey to the unknown land to the north, the goal of his enterprise being Lake Ngami, on which no white man's eyes had ever fallen. In company with two English sportsmen, Mr. Oswell and Mr. Murray, he traversed the great and bleak Kalahari Desert,—which he was the first to describe in detail,—and on the 1st of August the travelers were gladdened by the sight of the previously unknown liquid plain, the most southerly of the great African lakes.

A BOLD AND UNDAUNTED EXPLORER

Two hundred miles beyond this body of water lived a noted chief named Sebituane, the chief of the Makololo tribe, whose residence Livingstone sought to reach the following year, bringing with him on this journey his wife and children. But fever seized the children and he was obliged to stop at the shores of the lake. Nothing daunted by this failure, he set out again in 1851, once more accompanied by his family, and with his former companion, Mr. Oswell, his purpose being to settle among the Makololos and seek to convert to Christianity their great chief. He succeeded in reaching the tribe, but the death of Sebituane, shortly after his arrival, disarranged his plans, and he was obliged to return. But before doing so he and Mr. Oswell made an exploration of several hundred miles to the northeast, their journey ending at the Zambesi, the great river of South Africa, which he here found flowing in a broad and noble current through the centre of the continent..

The subsequent travels of Livingstone were performed more for purposes of exploration than for religious labors, though to the

end he considered himself a missionary pioneer. Sending his family to England, he left Capetown in June, 1852, reached the country of the Makololos in May, 1853, and from there started up the Zambesi on a long and dangerous journey through unknown lands, which ended a year later at the Portuguese town of St. Paul de Loanda, on the Atlantic coast. Livingstone was half worn out by fever, dysentery, and semi-starvation; but he had a greater fever within him than that of the body,—the mental fever for exploration,—and back again into the centre of the land he plunged, not resting until, two years later, he reached a Portuguese town at the mouth of the Zambesi, on the Pacific coast. For the first time in history a white man had crossed the great African continent.

THE GREAT FALLS OF ZAMBESI

The most interesting discovery made in this remarkable journey was that of the great falls of the Zambesi, a cataract without a rival for grandeur upon the earth, except the still mightier one of the Niagara. An immense cliff or fissure in the earth cuts directly across the channel of the river, whose waters pour headlong downward in an enormous flood into the cavernous abyss, whence "the smoke of its torrent ascendeth forever." There seems here to have been at one time a vast lake, walled in by a ring of mountains, which was drained when some great convulsion of nature split the earth asunder across its bed. Livingstone testified his loyalty to the gracious lady who filled England's throne by giving her name to this grand wonder of nature, which since that time has been known as the Victoria Falls.

Livingstone returned to England in the latter part of 1855, and was received with the highest enthusiasm, being welcomed as the first to break through that pall of darkness which had so long enveloped the interior of Africa. The Royal Geographical Society had already conferred upon him its highest token of honor, its gold medal, and now honors and compliments were showered upon him until the modest traveler was overwhelmed with the warmth of his

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE OF WALES
Now Edward VII.

THEIR QUEEN AND EMPRESS

Her Majesty listening to a Despatch describing the elation of the troops at the services they had rendered the Queen.

reception. Not least among those who were deeply interested in his work was the royal lady whose name he had given to his greatest discovery.

The desire to complete his work was strong upon him, and after publishing an account of his travels, in a work of modest simplicity, he returned to Africa, reaching the mouth of the Zambesi in May, 1858. In 1859, his new career of discovery began in an exploration of the Shire, a northern affluent of the Zambesi, up which he journeyed to the great Lake Nyassa, another capital discovery. For several years he was engaged in exploring the surrounding region and furthering the interests of missionary enterprise among the natives. In one of his journeys his wife, who was his companion during this period of his travels died, and in 1864 he returned home, worn out with his extraordinary labors in new lands and desiring to spend the remainder of his days in quiet and repose.

But at the suggestion of Murchison, the famous geologist and his staunch friend, he was induced to return to Africa, one of his main purposes being to take steps looking to the suppression of the Arab slave-trade, whose horrors had long excited his deepest sympathies. Landing at the mouth of the Rovuma River—a stream he had previously explored—March 22, 1866, he started for the interior, rounded Lake Nyassa on the south, and set off to the northeast for the great Lake Tanganyika—which had meanwhile been discovered by Barton and Speke, in 1857.

In this exploration Livingstone vanished from sight and knowledge, and for five years was utterly lost in the deep interior of the continent. From time to time vague intimations of his movements reached the world of civilization, but the question of his fate became so exciting a one that in 1871 Henry M. Stanley was dispatched, at the expense of the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, to penetrate the continent and seek to discover the long-lost traveler. Stanley found him at Ujiji, on the northeast shore of Tanganyika, on October 18, 1871, the great explorer being

then, in his words, "a ruckle of bones." Far and wide he had traveled through Central Africa, discovering a host of lakes and streams, finding many new tribes with strange habits. Among his notable discoveries was that of the Lualaba River—The Upper Congo—which he believed to be the headwaters of the Nile. His work had been enormous, and the "Dark Continent" had yielded to him a host of its long-hidden mysteries. Not willing yet to give up his work, he waited at Ujiji for men and supplies sent him by Stanley from the coast, and then started south for Lake Bangweolo, one of his former discoveries. But attacked again by his old enemy, dysentery, the iron frame of the great traveler at length yielded, and he was found, on May 1, 1873, by his men, dead in his tent, kneeling by the side of his bed. Thus perished in prayer the greatest traveler in modern times.

For more than thirty years Livingstone had dwelt in Africa, most of that time engaged in exploring new regions and visiting new peoples. His travels had covered a third of the continent, extending from the Cape to near the equator, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, his work being all done leisurely and carefully, so that its results were of the utmost value to geographical science. He had also aroused a sentiment against the Arab slave-trade which was to give that frightful system its death blow.

HENRY M. STANLEY GOES TO AFRICA

The work of Livingstone stirred up an enthusiasm for African travel, and many adventurous explorers set out for that continent during his career, the greatest of whom was Henry M. Stanley, a man of English birth, though long a resident of the United States.

While in Spain, in 1869, as a reporter of the *New York Herald*, James Gordon Bennett sent him the brief order to "find Livingstone." This was enough for Stanley, who proceeded at once to Zanzibar, organized an expedition, and did "find Livingstone," as above stated.

Next, filled with the spirit of travel, Stanley set out to "find Africa," now as joint agent for the *Herald* and the London *Daily Telegraph*. Setting out from Zanzibar in November, 1874, he proceeded, with a large expedition, to the Victoria Nyanza, which he circumnavigated; and then journeyed to Tanganyika, whose shape and dimensions he similarly ascertained. From these he proceeded westward to the Lualaba, the stream which Livingstone had supposed to be the Nile. How Stanley made his way down this great stream, overcoming enormous difficulties and fighting his way through hostile tribes, is too long a story to be told here. It must suffice to say that he soon found that he was not upon the Nile, but upon a westward-flowing stream, which he eventually identified as the Congo—a great river whose lower course only had been previously known. For ten months the daring traveler pursued his journey down this stream, assailed by treachery and hostility, and finally reached the ocean, having traversed the heart of that vast "unexplored territory" which long occupied so wide a space on all maps of Africa. He had learned that the interior of the continent is a mighty plateau, watered by the Congo and its many large affluents and traversed in all directions by navigable waters. Politically this remarkable journey led to the founding of the Congo Free State which embraces the central region of tropical Africa, and which Stanley was sent to establish in 1879.

In 1887 he set out on another great journey. The conquest of the Egyptian Soudan by the Mahdi had not only greatly diminished the territory of Egypt, but had cut off Emin Pasha (Dr. Edward Schnitzler), governor of the Equatorial Province of Egypt, leaving him stranded on the Upper Nile, near the Albert Nyanza. Here Emin maintained himself for years, holding his own against his foes, and actively engaging in natural history study. But, cut off as he was from civilization, threatened by the Mahdi, and his fate unknown in Europe, a growing anxiety concerning him prevailed, and Stanley was sent to find him, as he had before found Livingstone.

Organizing a strong expedition at Zanzibar, the traveler sailed with his officers, soldiers and negro porters for the mouth of the Congo, which river he proposed to make the channel of his exploration. Setting out from this point on March 18, 1887, by June 15th the expedition had reached the village of Yambuya, 1,300 miles up the stream. Thus far he had traversed waters well known to him. From this point he proposed to plunge into the unknown, following the course of the Aruwimi, a large affluent of the Congo which flowed from the direction of the great Nyanza lake-basins.

THE DIFFICULTIES BEFORE THE TRAVELER

It was a terrible journey which the expedition now made. Before it spread a forest of seemingly interminable extent, peopled mainly by the curious dwarfs who form the forest-folk of Central Africa. The difficulties before the traveler were enormous, but no hardship or danger could daunt his indomitable courage, and he kept resolutely on until he met the lost Emin on the shores of Albert Nyanza, as he had formerly met Livingstone on those of Lake Tanganyika.

Three times in effect Stanley crossed that terrible forest, since he returned to Yambuya for the men and supplies he had left there and journeyed back again. Finally he made an overland journey to Zanzibar, on the east coast, with Emin and his followers, who had been rescued just in time to save them from imminent peril of overthrow and slaughter by the fanatical hordes of the Mahdi. This second crossing of the continent by Stanley ended December 4, 1889, having continued little short of three years. The discoveries made were great and valuable, and on his return to Europe the explorer met with a reception almost royal in its splendor. Among the large number of travelers who during the latter half of the century have contributed to make the interior of Africa as familiar to us as that of portions of our own continent, Livingstone and Stanley stand pre-eminent, the most heroic figures in modern travel: Livingstone as the missionary explorer, who

won the love of the savage tribes and made his way by the arts of peace and gentleness; Stanley as the soldierly explorer, who fought his way through cannibal hordes, his arts being those of force and daring. They and their successors have performed one of the greatest works of the nineteenth century, that of lifting the cloud which for so many centuries lay thick and dense over the whole extent of interior Africa.

This does not complete the story of the exploration of Africa by daring British travelers during Queen Victoria's reign. While the two great men named were at work, Burton and Speke in 1857 discovered a great lake, also named, after their Queen, the Victoria Nyanza; and Baker in 1864 reached another large lake west of the Victoria, which he, with equal loyalty to the Queen, named, after the Prince Consort, the Albert Nyanza. In 1874–'75 Lieutenant Cameron repeated Livingstone's feat of crossing the African continent from sea to sea. Since that period Africa has been traversed from north and south, east and west, by adventurous travelers, till little of its soil remains unknown—and this largely by explorers of British birth.

THE COLONIAL EXPANSION OF GREAT BRITAIN

We might extend this story of travel to other lands, and especially to show how bold adventurers penetrated into the deserts of interior Australia, daring death by thirst and starvation, until that great island became very well known. But it seems better, in the concluding section of this chapter, to refer briefly to the outcome of the discoveries named, the vast extension of the colonial empire of England. This has already been referred to in our opening chapter, but to speak of it again will not be out of place.

The colonial expansion of Great Britain since Victoria came to the throne has been enormous. Canada and Australia were held before that period, but their development since 1837 has been very great. This is especially the case with Australia, which was then simply a convict settlement, and whose great progress did not begin

until after the discovery of gold in 1851. The incitement of the yellow metal drew the enterprising thither by thousands, until the population of the colony is now more than 3,000,000, and is growing at a rapid rate, it having developed other valuable resources besides that of gold. Of its cities, Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, has nearly 500,000 population; Sidney, the capital of New South Wales, 303,000, while there are other cities of rapid growth. Australia is the one important British colony obtained without a war. In its human beings, as in its animals generally, it stood at a low level of development and it was taken possession of without a protest from the savage inhabitants.

The same cannot be said of the inhabitants of New Zealand, an important group of islands lying east of Australia, which was acquired by Great Britain as a colony in 1840. The Maoris, as the people of these islands call themselves, are of the bold and sturdy Polynesian race, a brave, generous, and warlike people, who gave their new lords and masters no end of trouble. A series of wars with the natives began in 1843 and continued until 1869, since which time the colony has enjoyed peace. At present this colony is one of the most advanced politically of any region on the face of the earth, so far as attention to the interests of the masses of the people is concerned, and its laws and regulations offer a useful object lesson to the remainder of the world.

So great has been the progress of Australia that, on the first day of the twentieth century, its several colonies united into "The Commonwealth of Australia," forming a federal union similar to the "Dominion of Canada," of earlier origin. This new Commonwealth embraces six States, five of them—New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland and Western Australia—occupying the island continent, while the sixth is the island of Tasmania, which lies some short distance to the south. As the island of Newfoundland lies outside the Canadian "Dominion," so the New Zealand group forms no part of the Australian "Commonwealth." This new federation in the southern seas is bound to the Mother-country

rather by the ties of loyalty than by political bonds. The Governor-General, appointed by the British sovereign, has little more than advisory authority, being controlled in his actions by a Ministry chosen like that of England, and taking no more active part in the work of administration than did Queen Victoria in that of the home government. Politically, therefore, the new Commonwealth is virtually independent.

Returning now to Africa, we may say that the work of discovery has been followed by a very active period of annexation, nearly the whole continent being divided up between various European nations within the last two decades of Victoria's reign. In this work Great Britain was, as usual, the most energetic and successful, possessing a position of advantage from her earlier colonial holdings on African soil.

To-day the possessions and protectorates of this active kingdom in Africa embrace 2,587,755 square miles; or, if we add Egypt and the Egyptian Soudan—practically British territory—the area occupied or claimed amounts to 2,987,755 square miles. France comes next, with claims covering 1,232,454 square miles. Germany lays claim to 920,920; Italy, to 278,500; Portugal, to 735,304; Spain, to 243,877; the Congo Free State, to 900,000; and Turkey (if Egypt be included), to 798,738 square miles. The parts of Africa unoccupied or unclaimed by Europeans are a portion of the Desert of Sahara, which no one wants; Abyssinia, still independent though in danger of absorption; and Liberia, a State over which rests the shadow of protection of the United States.

Of the British colonial possessions in Africa, that in the south extends from Cape Town to Lake Tanganyika, and forms an immense area, replete with natural resources, and capable of sustaining a very large future population. On the east coast is another large acquisition, British East Africa, extending north to Abyssinia and the Soudan and west to the Congo Free State, and including part of the great Victoria Nyanza. Further north a large slice has been carved out of Somaliland, facing on the Gulf of

Aden. In addition, there is the colony of Sierra Leone, the Ashantee country, and an extensive region facing on the Gulf of Guinea, and extending far back into the Soudan.

AFRICA DURING VICTORIA'S REIGN

So immense are these British holdings in Africa, nearly all acquired during Victoria's reign, that a railroad traversing the whole length of the continent, from Cairo to Capetown, is projected and partly laid, nearly the whole of which will run through regions dominated by Great Britain. In this colonial dominion in Africa the Anglo-Saxon has found only one serious check in his march to empire, that of the district held by the Boers—descendants of old Dutch and French settlers on South African soil. Holding, as they do, the section richest in mineral wealth of the whole continent, the famous Witwatersrand gold ledges, the British Government has felt a burning anxiety to round up its South Africa possessions by the annexation of this little foreign "lodge in the wilderness." The result of this costly effort at annexation, and its seemingly fatal effect upon the Queen—against whose earnest wish the war is thought to have been entered upon—we have already told. We need say here no more than that the Boer war has proved the most serious check met by Great Britain in her plan of empire, with the exception of that met in the preceding century, in her effort to subdue the American colonies. But from the sin of this war—if sin it be—Queen Victoria's hands and soul were free.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Progress of Science in Victorian Era

AMONG the many elements of progress during the fertile Victorian Era may be specially mentioned the advancement of science ; and of the men of science whose careers particularly distinguished the reign of the Queen, the name of one stands pre-eminent, that of Charles Darwin, the originator of the world-wide famous theory of the Origin of Species by Natural Selection. In giving a review, therefore, of Victorian science we are irresistibly drawn to the life and work of this remarkable man, who ranks in the history of science with Aristotle, Galileo, Newton, Kepler, and the few other stars of first magnitude in the scientific galaxy

CHARLES DARWIN THE SCIENTIST

Charles Darwin came from good old English stock. Born February 12, 1809, at Shrewsbury in Middle England, he was a grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, one of the fathers of evolution, his views upon which were embodied in several works, one of them, a poem, "The Botanic Garden." The ardent young scientist had an early and great opportunity of studying the living forms of the earth. He left College to embark upon the *Beagle*, a ship of the Royal Navy, which was about to sail on a scientific expedition around the earth. In this ship he visited and explored many of the coast regions of South America and numerous islands of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, gaining a vast amount of fresh and valuable information. His adventures and observations are embodied in a work of surpassing interest, his "Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the Various Countries visited by His Majesty's ship *Beagle*," whose multitude of various details and

its simple and lively style of narrative give it all the attractiveness of a romance.

Once more on his native soil he found honors awaiting him. In 1838 he was made Secretary of the Geological Society, in 1859 Fellow of the Royal Society, while Sir Charles Lyell and other distinguished scientists gave him their intimate friendship. In the latter year he married his cousin, Miss Wedgwood. His delightfully chatty "Journal" was followed by the weightier "Zoology of the Voyage of the *Beagle*," a great work, which occupied the succeeding four years of his life, and was published by the British Government. In 1842 appeared his notable theory of coral formation, under the title of "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs;" in 1844, "Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands;" in 1846, "Geological Observations on South America," and in 1853 a valuable treatise on the barnacles, entitled "A Monograph of the Cirripedia." These various works placed him in the front rank of the scientific thinkers of his day.

RESULTS OF HIS STUDY

Such were the results, as given to the world of the observation of nature through distant regions of the earth by one of the keenest of modern observers and ablest of modern thinkers. They were followed by a second series of observations, made within the narrow limits of an English country-seat, as extended in scope and as prolific in results as those which had half the surface of the earth for their stage. Settling down, three years after his marriage, at Down, near Beckenham, a Kentish town seven miles south of London, he spent there the remainder of his life as a country gentleman, occupying his time, so far as persistent ill-health would permit, with his conservatories, his garden, his pigeons, and his fowls. He was fortunate in the possession of private means that enabled him to devote his life to the study of science, and especially to those observations on variation and interbreeding in his birds and plants, of which he made such notable use in his later lifework.

Darwin had become engaged with the problem of the origin of species before this. His work on the *Beagle* had led his thoughts in this direction, and in 1837 he began diligently to collect facts and note down observations tending towards the solution of this puzzling problem. Five years were thus spent before he "allowed himself to speculate" on the subject, the notes then jotted down forming the germ of his celebrated later theory. But he was too cautious and painstaking to rush hastily into print, and for years afterwards he continued to gather corroborative facts. How many years more his constitutional caution would have kept him silent it is impossible to say, for an incident occurred that precipitated his theory upon the world—to save himself from being deprived of the fruit of his long years of labor by another.

THE ELEMENTS OF A ROMANCE

This incident had in it the elements of a romance. While Darwin was engaged among his pigeons and plants at Down, Alfred Russell Wallace, a scientific thinker of the highest ability, was spending years of travel in the Malay Archipelago, one of the richest tropical centres of animated nature upon the earth. In 1858 he sent home a memoir which was addressed to Darwin himself, asking him, as a friend, to present it to the Linnæan Society. On opening and reading it, Darwin found, much to his surprise, and doubtless somewhat to his consternation, that it embraced the main idea of his own theory of natural selection. He spoke of this strange circumstance to his friends, Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Joseph Hooker, and was persuaded by them to draw up a statement of his own views and read it before the Linnæan Society at the same meeting at which Wallace's paper would be read, July 1, 1858. This he did; and thus the greatest theory of the nineteenth century was presented to the world simultaneously by two minds, though strangely through one hand.

Stirred to work by this disturbing fact, Darwin at once began the labor of condensing and arranging his vast mass of notes, and

in November, 1859, appeared the greatest work of his life, and the most influential work of the century, "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection." It was an epoch-making book. Europe and America alike received it with the deepest interest; every one talked of it, with enthusiastic acceptance or bitter rejection; it was violently assailed and earnestly defended; for the time being it divided the scientists and thinkers of the world into two camps, the Darwinists and the Anti-Darwinists, between which rained a furious bombardment of polemical books. We need scarcely say here that the battle was won by the Darwinists, and that before the end of the century the contest was at an end and the Darwinian theory almost universally accepted.

The remainder of Darwin's life-story may be briefly told. His notes had been far from exhausted, new observations were unceasingly made, and from time to time there appeared supplementary volumes from his pen, all bearing upon and going to strengthen the argument of his famous "Origin of Species." Of these we will name but one, "The Descent of Man," published in 1871, and for a time stirring up again the controversy which had in great part subsided. This work took up a subject which he had avoided in 1859, and carried his theory to its legitimate conclusion, to wit: that man is no more a product of special creation than any other animal, but is a direct offspring of the lower animal creation, his immediate ancestor having been an animal belonging to the anthropoid group, the highest forms of the ape family, and a more or less distant relative of the existing anthropoids, the orang-outang, gorilla and chimpanzee.

This and later works brought Darwin to the end of his career. Long in a very feeble state of health, and the victim of distressing ailments, he had worked for years under the severest disadvantages, and at length succumbed on April 19, 1882, dying suddenly after a very short illness. He was buried with unusual honors in Westminster Abbey, being placed among those whom his country most delighted to honor. Throughout life, despite the frequently bitter

attacks upon him by excited opponents, Charles Darwin won high credit for unflinching honesty of purpose and earnest devotion to truth, while kindliness of disposition and warm attachment to his friends were marked features of his character, which was, indeed, as admirable on its moral and affectional side as it was remarkable from a purely intellectual point of view.

DARWIN'S INFLUENCE IN THE VICTORIAN ERA

The work that Darwin did lives after him. It has profoundly influenced the thought of the later years of the Victorian era, making itself felt not only in science, but in theology, sociology, and all the deeper movements of the age. Huxley, Wallace, and a dozen other scientists of eminence took up the work where Darwin laid it down, and developed it so thoroughly that few educated people now think of questioning the theory that the changes in animals are due to the struggle for existence among vast multitudes and the survival of those whose variations in form gave them an advantage in the battle of life. This theory that the numerous species of animals arose by development from lower forms, not by a succession of creations, is now accepted, not only by the great body of scientists, but by great numbers of churchmen as well, and is distinctively the great thought product of the Victorian age.

The idea of evolution thus formulated is not confined to the appearance of animal and plant forms. It has been extended to embrace all nature, the several domains of which have been treated by able scientific and philosophical writers, while the general conception of the origin of all things by a process of development has been extended to cover all changes in the universe, inorganic and organic alike.

In this work a writer, as eminent in his way as Darwin, gave lustre to the Victorian age, and calls for mention as the leading philosophical scientist, as Darwin was the leading practical scientist of the period. This power in the world of thought is Herbert Spencer, the author of a complete system of philosophy based on

evolution, and illustrated by a vast multitude of scientific facts, which he has lived to give to the world in its fully rounded form.

Born in 1820, Spencer's work, like that of Darwin, was all included during the life of Britain's late Queen. His "Social Status," "Development Hypothesis," "Principles of Psychology," and other able works appeared before Darwin's "Origin of Species," but they adopt evolution as a fact and carry it into numerous fields of thought. While writing these works the conception of a system of evolutionary philosophy was growing into form in his mind, and in 1860 he announced his intention to produce a "System of Synthetic Philosophy," which would begin with the first principles of all knowledge, and trace the law of evolution as it realized itself stage by stage in the realms of life, mind, society and morality.

This was an ambitious programme, but Spencer lived to carry it through. Beginning with his "First Principles," published in 1862, he issued in succession the "Principles of Biology," "Principles of Psychology," "Principles of Sociology," and "Principles of Ethics," the last work not being completed until the final years of the century. This great production may be looked upon as the only truly scientific system of philosophy in existence. It is not founded on figments of thought, like the metaphysical writings of the famous German philosophers, but is strictly physical in its foundations, selecting and systematizing the facts of nature discovered by a multitude of observers, and showing how they fit into and strengthen his argument, and demonstrate the principle of universal evolution.

It may be said that the strength of Spencer's life work lies in his brilliant powers of generalization, his wide acquaintance with science in its various fields, and the unsurpassed wealth of illustrations which he brings to bear upon his arguments. His profound treatment of the theory of evolution has deeply influenced the thought of the age, and he ranks high among the few modern thinkers who have sought to work out a system of the development of the universe in its totality. Herbert Spencer's works are not

likely to supplant the modern novel with the great reading public. Those who attack them must come prepared to think deeply and must be possessed of an active power of reasoning. To these, and to these alone, will the works of this great thinker appeal; but those who turn to them with a fine capacity of understanding will be amply repaid for their labor.

SCIENCE IN VICTORIAN ERA

Leaving now these great masters of theoretical science, let us consider what developments in practical science illumine the Victorian age. It may be said here that, while science was in a measure in its infancy at the dawn of the nineteenth century, there had been accumulated facts in considerable abundance to form the groundwork of the massive edifice about to be erected. The building of this great temple of science went on with extraordinary rapidity during the century, and to-day our knowledge of the facts of science is immensely greater than that of our predecessors of a century ago; while of the views entertained and theories promulgated previous to 1800, the great sum have been thrown overboard and replaced by others founded upon a much wider and deeper knowledge of facts.

New and important theoretical views of science have been reached in all departments. Recent chemistry, for instance, is a very different thing from the chemistry even of as late a date as the accession of Victoria to the throne. Geology has been almost completely transformed. Heat, once supposed to be a substance, is now known to be a motion; light, formerly thought to be a direct motion of particles, is now believed to be a wave motion; new and important conceptions have been reached concerning electricity and magnetism; and our knowledge of the various sciences that have to do with the world of life is extraordinarily advanced. As for the practical application of science, one extraordinary illustration exists in the startling fact that the substance of the atmosphere, scarcely

known a century ago, can now be reduced to a liquid and carried about like water in a bucket.

In view of the facts here briefly stated it might almost be said that science, as it exists to-day, is a result of the thought and observation of the Victorian age; since that of the past was largely theoretical and the bulk of its theories have been set aside, while the scientific observations of former times were but a drop in the bucket as compared with the vast multitude of those made within the recent period. As regards the utilization of scientific facts, their application to the benefit of mankind, this is almost solely the work of the period under review, and in no direction has invention produced more wonderful and useful results.

The whole vast progress of science within the Victorian period, the extraordinary activity of investigators in their researches in all parts of the earth, the enormous collections of facts in all branches of science, the brilliant theories that were evolved, the numerous and remarkable applications of scientific discoveries to the benefit of mankind, form an immense accumulation of results very far beyond our power to consider in a brief space, and which, as a whole, throws a brilliant flood of illumination upon the period of Victoria's reign. The most we can undertake to do in the space at our command is to allude to a few of these lines of progress and the results to which they led.

THE OLDEST AND NOBLEST OF THE SCIENCES

Beginning with astronomy, the oldest and noblest of the sciences, we could record a vast number of minor discoveries, but shall confine ourselves to the major ones. Progress in astronomy has kept in close pace with development in instruments. The telescope of the end of the century, for instance, has enormously greater space-penetrating and star-defining powers than that used at the beginning, and has added extraordinarily to our knowledge of the number of stars, the character of their groupings, and the constitution of solar orbs and nebulæ. These results have been

greatly added to by the use of the camera in astronomy, the photograph revealing stellar secrets which could never have been learned by the aid of the telescope alone. This has also the great advantage of placing on record the positions of the stars at any fixed moment, and thus rendering comparatively easy the detection of motions among them.

But it is to a new instrument of research, the spectroscope, that we owe our most interesting knowledge of the stars. This wonderful instrument enables us to analyze the ray of light itself, to study the many lines by which the vari-colored spectrum is crossed and discover to what substances certain groups of lines are due. From studying with this instrument the substances which compose the earth, science has taken to studying the stars, and has found that not only our sun, but suns whose distance is almost beyond the grasp of thought, are made up largely of chemical substances similar to those that exist in the earth. A second result of the use of this instrument has been to prove that there are true nebulæ in the heavens, masses of star dust or vapor not yet gathered into orbs, and that there are dark suns, great invisible orbs, which have cooled until they have ceased to give off light. A third result is the power of tracing the motions of stars which are passing in a direct line to or from the earth. By this means it has been found that many of the double or multiple stars are revolving around each other. A late discovery in this direction, made in 1899, is that the Polar star, which appears single in the most powerful telescope, is really made up of three stars, two of which revolve round each other every four hours, while the two together circle round the more distant companion.

In the group of sciences known under the general title of Physics—chemistry, light, heat, electricity and magnetism—the progress has been equally great, and discoveries of almost startling significance were made. The chemistry of to-day is in great part a new science, mainly built up since Victoria began her reign. Formerly the chemistry of lifeless nature and the chemistry of living

things were thought to be separated by a wide gap. Now this gap has been closed, and there is only one chemistry, while hundreds of substances, once to be had only from plants, are now made by the chemist in his laboratory; some of them, indigo, for instance, being produced more cheaply than nature is able to manufacture them.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE

Light, one of the first of nature's phenomena to attract the attention of man, is only now becoming understood. It was formerly supposed to be a substance given off by shining bodies, and it was not until the nineteenth century that it was found to be, not a substance, but a motion, a series of waves rapidly traversing a rarefied element known as the ether, its speed of progress being more than 186,000 miles in a second.

Much might be said about the discoveries in the constitution and applications of light. Among these steps of progress perhaps the most interesting is the development of instantaneous photography, a striking result of which is the power, by aid of photographs taken in rapid succession, of portraying objects in motion—living pictures, as they are called—an exhibit now so common and so marvelous. But among all the advances in the science of optics the most important are spectrum analysis and the Röntgen ray. The remarkable discoveries made in astronomy by the former of these have been already stated. The Röntgen ray, which has the power of rendering ordinarily opaque substances transparent, has become of extraordinary value in surgery, as showing the exact location of foreign substances within the body, the position and character of bone fractures, etc. A surgeon to-day can look through the human body, discover the locality of many of its injuries, and learn the exact spot in which to apply the knife.

As regards the phenomena of heat, we need only speak of the remarkable power now possessed of producing very high and extremely low temperatures. By the former the most refractory substances may be vaporized. By the latter the most volatile

gases such as those of the air, may be liquified and even frozen. The point of absolute zero, that in which all heat motion would disappear, is estimated to be at the temperature of 274 degrees 6 minutes centigrade below the freezing point of water. A degree of cold within some forty degrees of this has been reached in the liquefaction of hydrogen.

Electricity, formerly, like heat and light, looked upon as a substance, is now known to be a motion, being, in fact, identical in origin with light and radiant heat. All these forces are considered to be motions of the luminiferous ether, their principal distinction being in length of wave. In fact, it is easy to convert one of them into the other, and the great doctrine of the conservation and correlation of forces means simply that heat, light and electricity may be mutually transformed, and that no loss of motion or force takes place in these changes from one mode of motion to another. In the operation of the electric trolley car, to offer a familiar example, the heat power of coal is first transformed into engine motion, then into electricity, then again into light and heat within the car, then into mass motion in the motor, and finally passes away as electricity.

THE APPLICATIONS OF ELECTRIC POWER

The applications of electric power to human use form the most striking and brilliant developments of the Victorian age, and open out before us a startling vista of extraordinary future probabilities. During the reign of the Queen, whose life we are considering, the whole field of human thought and action has been largely transformed by the magic of the electric current. Its developments include the electric telegraph, now extended over all lands and under all seas; the telephone, by whose aid men may speak to their friends more than a thousand miles away; wireless telegraphy, which enables information to be sent directly through many miles of earth or air; electric metallurgy, a principle of the highest utility to mankind; the electric light, with whose marvels we are all fully familiar; electric power, which is now used in a

thousand applications; and various other useful employments of this universal agent, which has been delivered into our hands mainly during the life of the Queen.

In the science of geology, the most striking theory of the Victorian era is that of Sir Charles Lyell, whose "Principles of Geology" (1830–33) formed an epoch in the advance of the science. Before his time the seeming breaks in the series of the rocks were looked upon as the results of mighty catastrophes, vast upheavals or depressions in the surface, which worked widespread destruction among animals and plants, these cataclysms being followed by new creations in the world of life. Lyell contended that the forces now at work are of the same type as those which have been always at work; that catastrophes have always been local, as they are now local; that general forces have acted slowly, and that there has been no world-wide break, either in rock deposits or the progress of human beings. Geology since Lyell's day has moved onward in these lines, and has added an extraordinary mass of facts to our former slight knowledge of the constitution and evolution of the earth's surface and of the realm of living things.

THE STUDY OF THE ATMOSPHERE AND ITS PHENOMENA

Meteorology, the study of the atmosphere and its phenomena, is another science to which much attention was given during the period under review. A vast number of facts have been learned concerning the atmosphere, its variations of heat and cold, of calm and storm, of pressure, of diminution of density and loss of heat in ascending, and of its fluctuations in humidity, with the variations of sunshine and cloud, fog, rain, snow, hail, lightning and other manifestations.

The study of the winds has been a prominent feature in the progress of this science, and our knowledge of the causes and character of storms has been greatly developed. The theory that storms are due to great rotary movements in the atmosphere, immense cyclonic whirls, frequently followed by reverse, or anti-cyclonic

movements, has gone far to clear up the mystery of the winds, while the destructive tornado, the terrific local whirl in the winds, has been closely studied, though not yet fully understood.

We must stop here, on the threshold of the great kingdom of life, with its numerous sciences, including botany, zoology, anatomy, physiology, sociology, psychology, anthropology, and various others that might be named, each bristling with facts in every direction in which we look. Of these many sciences there is only one to which we need give special attention, that of bacteriology, which has had its complete development within the Victorian era, and which, while one of the most brilliant, is perhaps the most vitally important of them all to the human race.

While the discovery of the influence of bacteria in producing the most dangerous and terrible of diseases was discovered largely by French and German scientists, one of its most important results, that of the use of antiseptics in surgery, was due to an Englishman, Sir Joseph Lister, whose valuable discovery has saved thousands of lives. But the whole theory of the germ-origin of diseases is of incalculable benefit to mankind. Medical science has, for the first time in history, discovered the cause of the frightful epidemics which for ages past have been a scourge to mankind, and is rapidly learning how to cure, and still better, how to prevent, the deadly assaults of pestilence. If to give man a sound body and good health is the greatest benefit that could be conferred, then we must credit the Victorian period with being supreme over all that preceded it.

CHAPTER XXVII

Literature in the Victorian Age

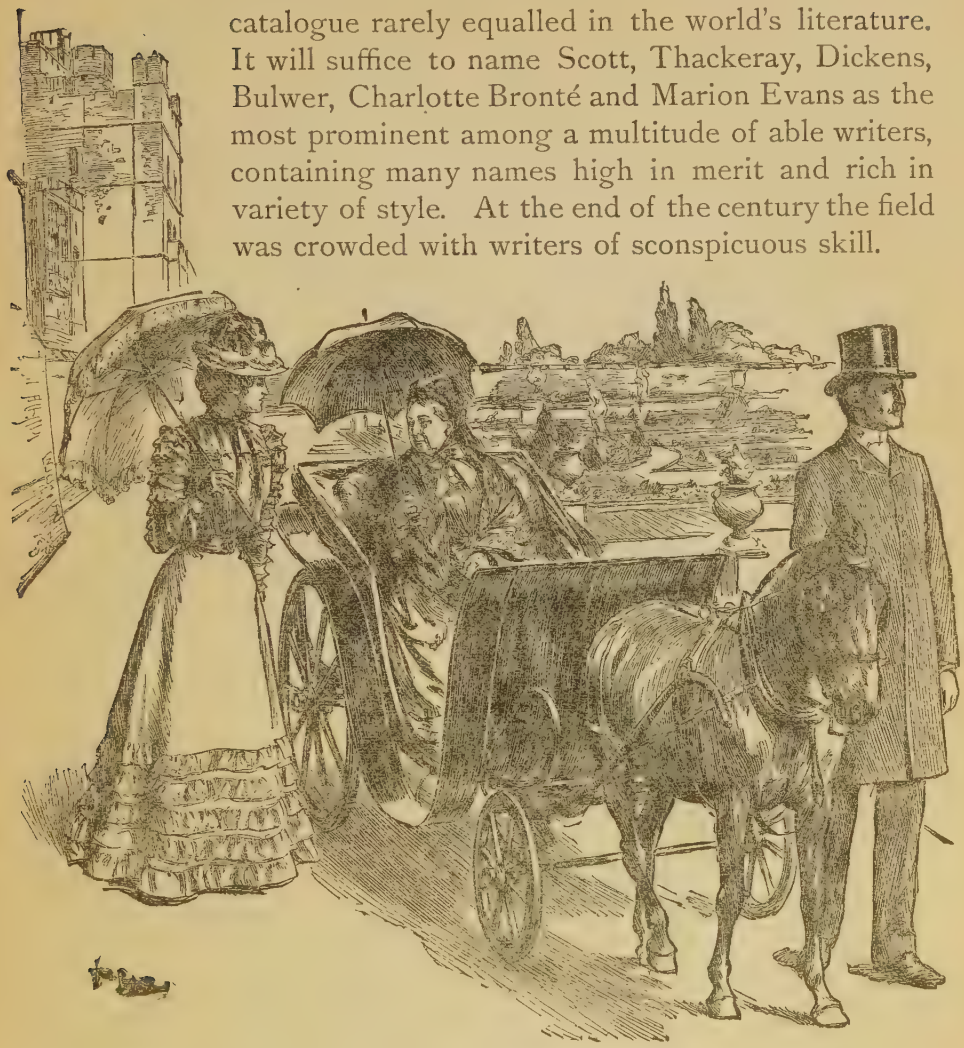
GREAT Britain came to the nineteenth century with a great galaxy of famous writers, leading back through many centuries. The eighteenth century is rich in great names, including among its poets Pope, Burns, Cowper, Gray and Thompson; among its essayists, Addison, Swift and Johnson; among its novelists, Richardson, Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, and Goldsmith; among its historians, Gibbon, Hume and Robertson. It crossed the portals of the nineteenth century with a galaxy of poets more brilliant than has appeared in any equal period of English literature, including the world-famous Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Moore, Keats, Scott and Campbell, a group of writers which, taken as a whole, it would be difficult to match in any age.

SWEET SINGERS OF THIS ERA

These sweet singers have been followed by others who well kept up the standard of British poetry in the Victorian age, including Tennyson, one of the rarest of artists in words, the two Brownings, Matthew and Edwin Arnold, William Morris, Swinburne, the Rossettis, and various others of lesser note, among whom we must include Alfred Austin, the latest, though not the most admired poet-laureate. These are but the elder flight of singing birds of the century, many younger ones being on the wing, among whom at present Rudyard Kipling leads the way.

In the second field of imaginative literature, that of the novel, the British Isles are abundantly represented, and by some of the most famous names anywhere existing in this domain of intellectual activity. The names alone of these writers form a

catalogue rarely equalled in the world's literature. It will suffice to name Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Charlotte Bronté and Marion Evans as the most prominent among a multitude of able writers, containing many names high in merit and rich in variety of style. At the end of the century the field was crowded with writers of sconspicuous skill.



THE QUEEN'S MORNING RIDE

History has reached a high level in the hands of some of the ablest writers in this field known in any age, including Macaulay, Freeman, Froude, Grote, Thirwall, Hallam, Merivale, Buckle, Leckey, Carlyle and Green. Two of these, Carlyle and Macaulay, have won as high a place in the field of criticism and biography as

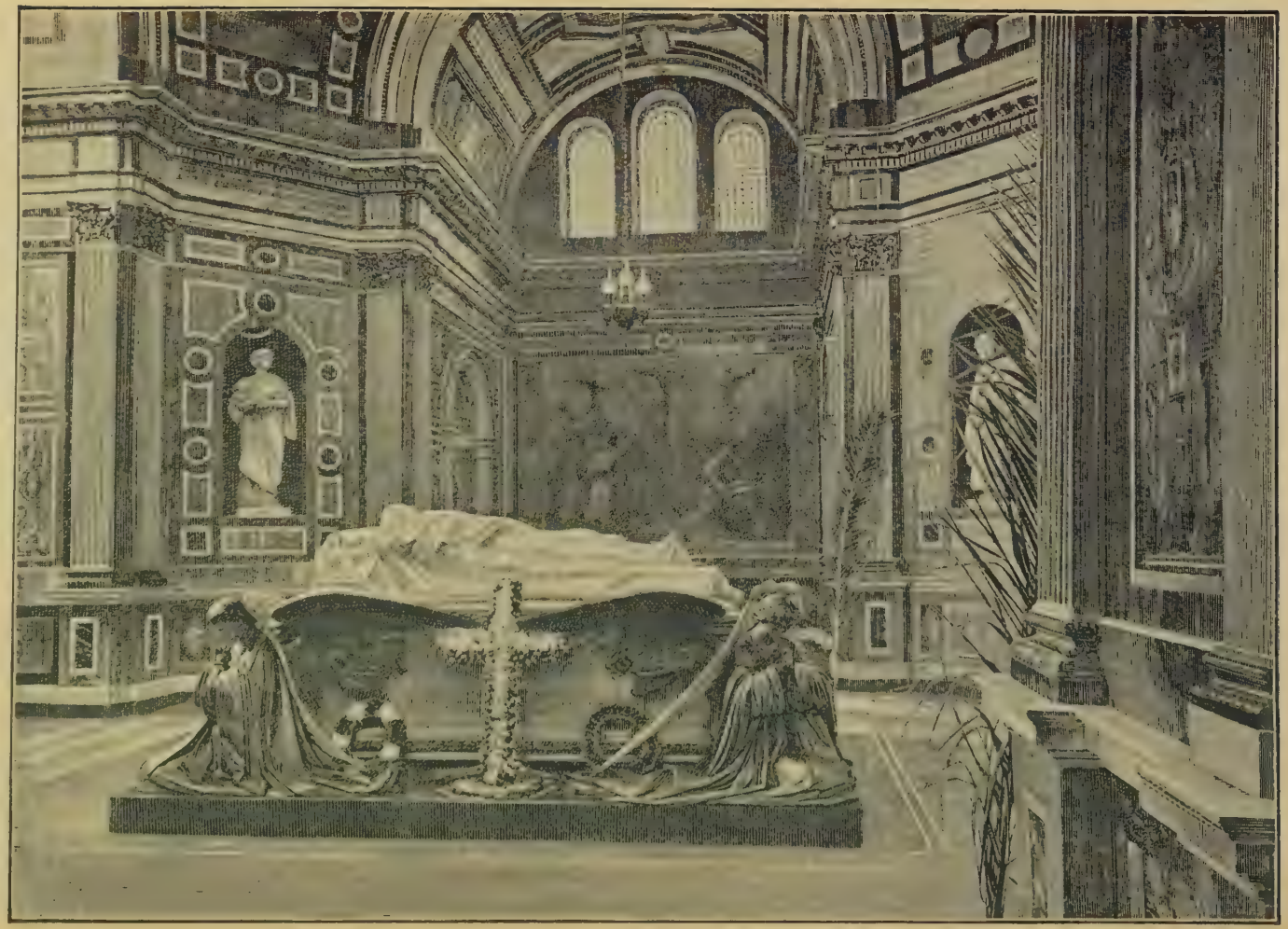
in that of history. In art criticism Ruskin occupies a unique position, while theological subjects and religious thought are represented by such able exponents as Cardinal Newman, Dean Stanley, Canon Liddon, Dean Farrar, Martineau, Whately, Drummond, Spurgeon and many others. The great reviewers include Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Hazlitt, De Quincey and Foster; the wits, Sheridan, Hook, Jerrold, Smith and Hood; the philosophers, Stewart, Bentham, Brown, Hamilton, Spencer and Mill; and the scientists, Owen, Faraday, Murchison, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall and various others.

STEPS OF PROGRESS IN LITERATURE

We may credit the Victorian age with several marked steps of progress in literature. The most meritorious works of the past ages were in the fields of poetry, drama, philosophy, oratory, and other branches of imaginative and metaphysical thought. The practice of accurate observation and the literature arising from it are very largely of nineteenth century development. The literature of travel, for instance, is confined in great measure to the Victorian period, and the same may be said of that of science, the comparatively few scientific treatises of the past having been replaced by a vast multitude of scientific works. These are largely confined to records of scientific observation and discovery, the gathering of facts in every field of science having been enormous, so that great libraries of works of science to-day replace the scanty volumes of a century ago.

A second field of nineteenth century advance is in the domain of history. The history of the past is largely the annals of kings and the story of wars. Thucydides, the philosophical historian of Greece, had few successors before the recent period, within which written history has greatly broadened its scope, reaching to heights and descending to depths unattempted before. Histories of the people have for the first time been written, and the outreach of historical research has been made to cover institutions, manners and customs, morals and superstitions, and a thousand things

HER MAJESTY RECEIVES LORD ROBERTS, 1901
The Last Official Act of the Queen



THE MAUSOLEUM FROGMORE, WINDSOR
Where are the Tombs of the Queen and Prince Consort

neglected by older authors. History, in short, has at once become philosophical and scientific, efforts being made in the latter direction to sweep into its net everything relating to man, and in the former to discover the forces underlying the downward flow through time of the human race, and to trace the influences which have given rise to the political, social and other institutions of mankind.

A still more special field of the Victorian literary development is that of the novel, which attained some promising development in the latter part of the eighteenth century, but was still in a crude state at the opening of the nineteenth, when it was taken up by the powerful hand of Scott, whose remarkable works first fairly opened this new domain of intellectual enjoyment to mankind. Since his time the literature of the novel has grown stupendous in quantity and remarkable in quality, reaching from the most worthless and degraded forms of literary production to the highest regions of human thought. The novel, as now developed, covers almost the entire domain of intellectual production, embracing works of adventure, romance, literal and ideal pictures of life, humor, philosophy, religion, science,—forming indeed a great drag-net that sweeps up everything that comes in its way.

BOOK-MAKING IN THE VICTORIAN AGE

There is another field of literary production, more humble but not less useful than those named, which has had an immense development within the Victorian age, that of the school text-book. The text-books of earlier periods were of the crudest and most imperfect character as compared with the multitude of works, admirably designed to smooth the pathway to knowledge, which now crowd our schools. In connection with these may be named the great development in methods of education, and the spread of educational facilities, whose effect has been such that, whereas a century ago education was confined to the few, it now belongs to the many, and ignorance is being almost driven beyond the borders of civilized nations. These who cannot read and write are becoming

a degraded minority, while a multitude of colleges and universities are yielding the advantages of the higher education to a constantly increasing multitude.

A highly important feature of the Victorian epoch has been the enormous development in book-making. The wide-spread education of the people in recent times has created an extraordinary demand for books, there being a thousand readers now to each one of a century or two ago. This demand has given rise to as extraordinary a supply, which is not offered in books alone, but in periodicals of the most varied character and scope, including a multitude of newspapers almost beyond comprehension.

The demand for reading matter could not have been a tenth part supplied with the facilities of half a century ago, but man's powers in this direction have steadily increased. From the intellectual side, the advance in education has provided a great number of men competent to cater to the multitude of readers, as authors in various fields, editors, reporters, etc., an army of able men and women being enlisted in this work. From the mechanical side, invention has served a similar purpose; the paper-making machinery, with the use of wood as raw material, the mechanical type-setters, the rapid printing-presses, and other inventions having not only enormously increased the ability to produce books and newspapers, but cheapened them to such an extent that they are now within the reach of the poorest. A century ago such a thing as an one-cent newspaper was unknown. Now a daily that sells for more than a cent is growing rare. A century ago only a few dictionaries, enclyclopedias, and other works of reference were in existence, and those were within the reach only of the well-to-do. Now works of this kind are very numerous, and they are being sold so cheaply and on such easy terms of payment that they are widely spread through the families of artisans and farmers.

In truth the number of books possessed by wage-earners and agriculturists to-day is very much greater than those classes formerly possessed, and the character of these works has improved so

greatly that they serve a highly useful purpose in the advancement of popular education. In addition to the actual ownership of books, there has been a vast increase in libraries, and such an improvement in methods of distribution that books of all kinds are within the reach of the poorest of city people, and measures are being taken to place them at the disposal of country people as well.

What has been said about literature can scarcely be repeated about art. The nineteenth century has developed no new species of fine art, and in its productions in sculpture, painting, architecture and music has given us no works superior to those of the earlier centuries. Many names of artists of genius could be given, if necessary, but as these names indicate nothing original in style or superior in merit there is no call to present them. The advance of art in the Victorian epoch has been rather in the cheap production and wide dissemination of works of art than in any originality of conception.

ADVANCE IN PICTORIAL ART

In this direction the greatest advance has been made in pictorial art. Methods of engraving have been very greatly cheapened, and the photograph has supplied the world with an enormous multitude of faithful counterparts of nature. Among the many ways in which this form of art has been applied, one of the most useful is that of book illustration. The ordinary "picture-book" of the beginning of the century was an eye-sore of frightful character, its only alleviation being that the cost of illustrations prevented many of them being given. The "half-tone" method of reproduction of photographs has made a wonderful development in this direction, pictures that faithfully reproduce in black and white scenes of nature or art being now made with such cheapness that book illustrations of superior character have grown very abundant, and it has become possible to illustrate effectively the daily newspaper, laying before us in pictorial form the scenes of events that happened only a few hours before.

If we depart from this general treatment of the subject, and come to consider more closely the literary features of the reign of Queen Victoria, we find ourselves in a field of extraordinary fecundity. The sky of English thought in this period is thickly starred with shining names. In the field of fiction, a writer of the most striking originality, Charles Dickens, began his career almost in the first year of the reign, his inimitably amusing "Pickwick Papers" appearing in 1836, and "Oliver Twist," in which he began his war against social wrong, in 1837. During the earlier years of the reign his books came out in rapid succession, most of them brimming with humor, while many of them struck trenchant blows at the evils of the age.

Side by side with Dickens stood Thackeray, his rival for public favor, a writer as restrained in method and polished in style as Dickens was exaggerated and careless. His humor differs widely from the broad fun-making and ludicrous situations of Dickens, being rather ironical satire than humor. As a novelist Thackeray is unsurpassed in style, in character drawing and in power of description, while his story-telling faculty is of the highest order. Side by side, these two strikingly diverse, yet equally able, authors gave lustre to the early period of Victoria's reign. A third author of the same period, Bulwer, was perhaps chiefly meritorious for his industry, though he had an admirable gift as a teller of stories, and this has sufficed to keep some of his works fresh.

But the credit of literary skill in fiction was not confined to the men of the reign, several women of excellent powers coming forward to claim their share of public admiration. Jane Austen had done her work and passed away before Victoria was born, but Charlotte Brontë, whose works were published between 1847 and 1853, gave a share of brilliancy to the reign of the woman Sovereign, while her friend and biographer, Mrs. Gaskell, produced a village epic in prose in her delightful "Cranford." But most illustrious of the women writers of the reign was Marian Evans (George Eliot), a woman of extraordinary ability in the field of

fiction, and whose "Adam Bede," "Mill on the Floss," "Middlemarch," and other works struck the world as a fresh revelation of power in character drawing, fine humor, philosophic thought, and novelistic skill. Others of later date, women and men alike, who have adorned the Victorian reign with fine examples of prose fiction, might be named, but those given must suffice.

POETRY IN THIS ERA

In poetry the era was not less brilliant, and Tennyson in particular, with his delightful "Idyls of the King," his philosophic "In Memoriam," and his musical lyrics, took the world's ear captive. Markedly unlike him in style appears Browning, concealing his deep thoughts in a cloud of obscure phrases, from which the gold of his verse can be obtained only by a process akin to mining. Fortunately the product is well worth the pains. Still different in method and subject is William Morris, who calls himself "the idle singer of an empty day," yet who has given the world delightful visions of an ancient world of legend too vapory to exist outside the poet's brain.

Poets dealing in less ambitious themes, lyrical rather than epical in handling, yet full of the divine spirit, are Rossetti, Swinburne, Matthew and Edwin Arnold, and others of considerable merit. Among women we may particularly instance Mrs. Browning, a poetess of fine vein of thought and rich facility of expression, who deservedly ranks among the most important of the women who graced the Victorian reign with their literary productions. Miss Rossetti also wrote some charming verses, marked by much feeling and great technical skill.

Leaving these domains of literary labor, we find the Victorian era well filled with able writers in other fields of thought. Prominent among them is Carlyle, a man who exerted a most important influence upon his age. His fervor, his eloquence, his sincerity, his stern appeals to do one's duty and cling to the right, his rugged, uncouth, but often intense style, are familiar to us all, and he stands high

among the forces that gave greatness and distinction to the recent age.

By his side stands another man as potent in his influence upon the age, yet as smooth and flowing in style as Carlyle was disjointed. This man was John Ruskin, the famous art critic, who denounced false methods in the art of painting as earnestly as Carlyle did in the art of living. Ruskin was an enthusiast, a special admirer of the glowing style of Turner and of the vagaries of the pre-Raphaelites, yet thoroughly honest and intensely earnest, and his influence upon the art of the Victorian age was a factor of great importance in the history of that era.

Coming to a prosier subject of thought, that of economics, we meet in John Stuart Mill another author who threw lustre upon the era of the Queen. He, too, was seeking the amelioration of mankind, but in a very different way from the two writers just named. In his hands the subjects of logic and the theory of utilitarianism were given new treatment, and in his "Principles of Political Economy" he presented many new ideas to the world. His argument was with the prejudices and false views which had grown up about the subject of industrial and social relations, and his influence became very great.

THE DOMAIN OF HISTORY

In the domain of history, Macaulay stands prominent as the most fluent, lucid and eloquent writer of the age, as unlike Carlyle as the smooth and slender willow is unlike the rough and gnarled oak. His pictures of the English life of the past are vividly drawn, clearly outlined, and touched in with an abundance of illustrative facts whose cumulative effect is highly convincing. Among the various able historians of the reign Macaulay will long remain the most popular, from the romantic interest with which he invested the often dry details of history.

We have particularized here only a few of the more notable authors of Victoria's reign. There are others of less prominence,

yet of exalted merit, who might well be named but for the limitation of space. Even in what is usually considered the dry field of scientific authorship there are authors who write almost with the fluency and vim of novelists. Take Huxley, for instance, with his strong, flowing, and argumentative style, bringing scientific writing well within the domain of pure literature, or the clear-cut descriptive pages of Tyndall, or the convincing arguments of Clifford, or a dozen others who have enriched literature by their popularization of scientific facts.

The literature of this long reign was not confined to great works of literary art. In addition, much was done to provide mental pabulum for the common mind. Before Victoria came to the throne Charles Knight had begun his "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," and in 1838 he published his popular "Pictorial History of England." Chambers' "Information for the People" began its career in 1833, and various other cheap works of information adapted to the average taste were offered to the masses. These were but the beginnings of a reign of educative literature, which increased enormously as the Victorian reign went on, and included works for the information of the people on a thousand diverse topics. To them were added ambitious collections of material for ready reference,—dictionaries, encyclopædias, manuals of information, and other accumulations of facts,—until by the end of the reign it was possible for the humblest cottager to have well digested stores of useful information at command, which the best libraries scarcely afforded at its beginning. We are now in an age of universal education, and the sun of the Victorian era has set upon a period in which the humblest may, with little expenditure of cash and energy, become as well informed in the more useful topics as scholars could have done a century before.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Queen's Last Illness

THE first month of the new century had little more than half passed when the world was startled by the announcement that the life of Queen Victoria was seriously menaced. To be sure, her reign was already unprecedently long, and she had reached an age beyond which she could not expect to see many years. She had celebrated a Jubilee and a Diamond Jubilee. Yet so accustomed were the people of all nations to see her on the throne of England that the prospect of a change—even a change that was recognized to be inevitable—was a shock. The Queen's strong constitution manifested the first symptoms of serious decay as early as in November and December, 1899, during the stay of the Court at Windsor when evil tidings of the South African war came in rapid succession. At this time she began to have fits of weeping, which, in an aggravated form, preceded her last illness. Excitement over her visit to Ireland seemed to revive her, but before the visit ended a reaction had set in.

The public, it is believed, was misled by accounts of her alleged replies to addresses and other evidences of mental activity, when, in reality, the Queen lived as in a dream. For instance, she is reported to have made an animated reply to the address presented to her at Mount Anville convent, Dublin, whereas all that she uttered was the dazed inquiry: "Where am I?"

Her spirits revived in her Highland home under the influence of Lord Roberts' achievements, but the death of Prince Christian Victor, her grandson, the hopeless reports concerning the Empress Frederic and the prospect of an indefinite prolongation of the war

EDWARD VII. KING OF ENGLAND
January 22, 1901.

ALEXANDRA
The Queen Consort of King Edward VII.

constituted a trial under which, in November, 1900, her health began to suffer severely. Still her spirit remained undaunted, and when it was reported that Kruger had said that the war would claim her as one of its victims, the Queen declared, "I may die, but Mr. Kruger won't kill me."

In December her feebleness rapidly increased. Sleepless nights passed in prayer and in tears caused profound anxiety to her household. She lost appetite and began to shrivel away, presenting for the first time all the characteristics of senile decay. It has always been a source of wonder to physicians that, with her great appetite and physique, she had escaped an apoplectic stroke, but about this time a falling away on her left side and the loss of power in her left arm and leg caused apprehension of approaching paralysis.

So alarming was her condition at the beginnig of December that the royal family was precluded for the time from going on the continent. The change to Osborne did not work the benefit that had been anticipated from it, as news of the war and of the Empress Frederic's illness had become a constant anxiety to the Queen, and she suffered with increasing frequency from depression and weeping.

She was constantly referring to the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and expressed the wish to see the Duchess, who accordingly, was brought to Osborne, but the first interview with the Duchess left the Queen prostrated with grief. The last drive she had with the Duchess as a companion was on Tuesday, the 15th of January. On her return the Queen was asleep in the carriage, in which condition she was taken to bed, from which she never rose.

Dr. Pagenstecher, the great expert in eye diseases, was summoned to Osborne. The Queen suffered acutely with her eyes, owing to constant weeping. Dr. Pagenstecher made a general examination on Monday, and reported that there was nothing organically wrong with the Queen, and that she was suffering only from nervous exhaustion.

Still she harped on the war, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was commanded to go to Osborne House to console her. His efforts were fruitless, and it is said that the Queen abruptly closed the audience, directing subsequently that Earl Roberts be invited. His interview on Tuesday was more prolonged. It was immediately after this that the Queen went for a drive with the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg.

For a fortnight before Sir Francis Laking, without the knowledge of the public, had been assisting Sir James Reid at Osborne House in professional attendance upon the Queen, and on Thursday Sir Douglas Powell, the famous heart and lung specialist, was summoned, owing to two attacks of heart failure during Wednesday night.

The condition of the Queen now assumed the gravest complexion. Still the Prince of Wales, in order to allay public apprehension of the real facts, went to Earl Roberts' dinner and subsequently to the theatre on Thursday night. On that day the Queen had a stroke of paralysis and sank into a comatose, or semi-comatose, condition, occasionally asking, "Is the war over?"

On Saturday morning, January 19th, the Queen's physicians issued a reassuring bulletin, and members of the royal family started to carry out their usual plans. Later, alarming dispatches went to London, that the Queen was at the point of death, and members of the royal family hastened toward Osborne as swiftly as special trains could carry them from every part of Europe. All around Europe went tidings to the Kaiser, the Czar, the King of the Belgians, the King of Greece, the King of Denmark and the scores of the Queen's descendants, princes great and small. The Queen was understood to be suffering from an intestinal trouble of a cancerous nature, which shut off all hope of recovery. The doctors described it as "extreme physical prostration," but in reality it was a state of semi-consciousness. Added to her other ailments was her almost complete loss of sight. The only consolation for her children and near relatives was that she was spared suffering. A dispatch gave a

picture of the effect of the unwelcome news on the capital Saturday night:

"To-night was one of the gloomiest nights London has ever known. Not a light flickered from Buckingham Palace, where so many stately functions had been ordered by the Queen.

"The old palace of St. James, where the girlish Sovereign had shown herself at the window when her accession was proclaimed sixty-three years ago, was dark and gloomy, and there were no lights in Marlborough House.

"Pall Mall was empty and silent, and the Strand was strangely quiet at the theatre hour. It was the first night at the Globe Theatre, where 'Sweet Nell of Old Drury' had returned in triumph from the provinces, and the old playhouse was crowded to welcome her. Miss Nielson has seldom acted with more pathos and dramatic force, and Frederick Terry as merry Charles was brilliantly effective but if the audience enjoyed the entertainment it did not forget the shadow of the impending calamity at Osborne.

"When the plaudits ceased at the close of the play 'God Save the Queen' was sung with fervor and solemnity, as was done also at every theatre and concert hall. Slowly the theatres were emptied, and the Strand, Whitehall and Piccadilly were quiet and dreary."

ALL EYES CENTRED ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

London was not alone in her gloom. The eyes and hearts of all the world were centred on the little Isle of Wight, where, at Cowes, stands Osborne House. America especially waited in suspense, hoping for the best, but fearing the worst. In Plymouth Church, New York city, Sunday morning, the organist, at the close of the usual organ prelude, branched off into the American national hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." The tune being the same as that of "God Save the Queen," several persons in the congregation arose and commenced singing the English national anthem, having been moved by the news of the Queen's illness. The whole audience then stood up, and while the greater portion

sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the rest sang "God Save the Queen." Later, in his prayer, Dr. Hillis referred to the Queen. He said:

"Be gracious this day unto the nation across the sea. Regard Thy servant, Queen Victoria, and recover her unto health and power if it be Thy will. And to the home where the candle flickers low in the socket grant the peace of God to the people who have always loved her, and may Thy servant be able to say with them: 'I live because Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.'"

The night of the 20th (Saturday) the members of the royal family were gathered in a room adjoining the Queen's bed chamber. A collapse occurred unexpectedly about 10 o'clock, when the Queen had a severe sinking spell, with an increase of the paralytic symptoms; and the physicians resorted to artificial methods of prolonging life, such as are used only in extreme cases. Immediately on the occurrence of the collapse, a message was sent to London summoning the Prince of Wales and Emperor William, the latter having arrived by fast passage from Germany. The Prince of Wales was in such ill health that it was utterly impossible for him to leave London at that hour, but Monday morning he drove up to Osborne House with the Emperor. A crowd met them as they disembarked at Cowes. Naturally, there was no cheering, but the men present took off their hats, and the German Emperor cordially and frequently responded by bowing. They drove to Osborne House in open carriages, arriving there at half-past eleven o'clock. The Prince of Wales appeared to be half dazed, and the eyes of the Duke of York were red, while the Duchess of Connaught did not cease crying. There was intense relief at Osborne House on the arrival of the imperial and royal party, for several times during the course of the morning it was feared that the Queen would not live to hear of the return of the Prince of Wales. By the use of desperate remedies, however, the Queen's feeble life was prolonged, and, when the Prince of Wales and Emperor William entered the

castle grounds, they found the Queen a trifle better than had been expected.

Early in the afternoon the Queen regained consciousness. She asked that her little Pomeranian spaniel be brought to her bedside. Her rally astonished no one more than her physicians, and when at four o'clock they heard her ask for light refreshment, their amazement almost equalled their delight. But they built no false hopes upon these fading signs of what has been one of the strongest constitutions with which a woman was ever endowed.

THE QUEEN'S ILLNESS OVERSHADOWED EVERYTHING ELSE

In London the Queen's illness overshadowed everything else. Even the war in South Africa was forgotten. Lord Roberts went himself to Buckingham Palace to write his name in the visitors' book and ask for news. There was intense sadness in the rugged old Field Marshal's face, and he uttered not a word to the military-looking gentleman who accompanied him as, followed by a crowd, he walked up St. James Street. The mall in front of Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, was blocked from eleven o'clock on with callers anxious to sign their names. From every quarter of both hemispheres expressions of sympathy and love poured in, and of these none was so appreciated as those from the United States and Canada. It was remarked that in all parts of America the illustrious patient was referred to under the simple title of "The Queen," and the deep affection implied by this term was greatly appreciated. The Queen's illness caused a profound sensation in Pretoria. Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, countermanded the Court ball at Vienna fixed for Monday evening. In Paris the evening papers published more frequent editions, which were quickly sold, and the subjects of the Czar of Russia freely admitted that Queen Victoria had been one of the principal bulwarks of peace.

Despite the favorable afternoon, the doctors dreaded greatly the period between six o'clock and midnight. When that was

safely passed, they seemed hopeful that the Queen would live at least through another day, although the memory of the previous night's relapse kept their anxiety at high tension. Well were they anxious, for it was the last midnight the Queen was to pass.

THE LAST SCENE

Tuesday came, the twenty-second of January, 1901. It was feared that the Queen was dying about nine in the morning, and carriages were sent to Osborne Cottage and the Rectory to bring all the Princes and Princesses and the Bishop of Winchester to her bedside. It seemed then very near the end; but, when things looked the worst, the Queen had one of the rallies due to her wonderful constitution, opened her eyes, and recognized the Prince of Wales, the Princess and Emperor William. She asked to see one of her faithful servants, a member of the household. He hastened to the room. Before he got there the Queen had passed into a fitful sleep. Four o'clock marked the beginning of the end. Again the family were summoned, and this time the relapse was not followed by recovery.

Around her were gathered nearly all the descendants of her line. Well within view of her dying eyes there hung a portrait of the Prince Consort. It was he who designed the room and every part of the castle. In scarcely audible words the white-haired Bishop of Winchester prayed beside her, as he had often prayed with his Sovereign, for he was her chaplain at Windsor. With bowed heads the imperious ruler of the German Empire and the man who is now King of England, the woman who has succeeded to the title of Queen, the Princes and Princesses, and those of less than royal designation, listened to the Bishop's ceaseless prayer.

Six o'clock passed. The Bishop continued his intercession. One of the younger children asked a question in shrill, childish treble, and was immediately silenced. The women of this royal family sobbed faintly and the men shuffled uneasily.

At exactly half-past six Sir James Reid held up his hand, and the people in the room knew that England had lost her Queen. The Bishop pronounced the Benediction.

The Queen passed away quite peacefully. She suffered no pain. Those who were now mourners went to their rooms. The Prince of Wales was very much affected when the doctors at last informed him that his mother had breathed her last. Emperor William, himself deeply affected, did his best to minister comfort to his sorrow-stricken uncle, whose new dignity he was the first to acknowledge. A few minutes later the inevitable element of materialism stepped into this pathetic chapter of international history, for the court ladies went busily to work ordering their mourning from London. The wheels of the world were jarred when the announcement came; but in this palace at Osborne everything pursued the usual course.

THE NEWS SPREADS

The outside world was not long in hearing of the event. The watchers at the lodge-gates had waited nervously. Suddenly along the drive from the house came a horseman, who cried as he dashed through the crowds, "The Queen is dead!"

Then down the hillside rushed a myriad of messengers, passing the fateful bulletin from one to another. Soon the surrounding country knew that a King ruled over Great Britain. The local inhabitants walked as if in a dream through the streets of Cowes, but they did not hesitate to stop to drink the health of the new monarch.

The news was announced in London by the following dispatch from the Prince of Wales to the Lord-Mayor:

OSBORNE, 6:45 P.M.

My beloved mother has just passed away, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. ALBERT EDWARD.

The Lord-Mayor replied to the Prince of Wales as follows:

Your Royal Highness' telegram announcing the nation's great loss I have received with profound distress and grief, and have communicated this most sad intimation to my fellow-citizens. Her Majesty's name and memory will forever live in the hearts of her people.

May I respectfully convey to your Royal Highness and to all the members of the royal family the earnest sympathy and condolence of the City of London in your great sorrow?

Two hours before the receipt of the Prince's telegram given above, this bulletin was posted at the Mansion House:

OSBORNE, 4 P.M.

My painful duty obliges me to inform you that the life of our beloved Queen is in the greatest danger. ALBERT EDWARD.

A scrap of paper a foot square, posted on the wall of the Mansion House at 6:58 o'clock, gave the first notice to London's homeward-hurrying thousands of the death of the Queen-Empress and the advent of a King. Excavations by which the street had been torn up made access to the bulletin difficult. But the bared heads of a silent group under a flickering gas-jet told the crowds on the 'bus tops and sidewalks that the Queen was no more.

A quarter of an hour later more than a thousand newsboys had invaded the streets with black-ruled newspapers, crying, "Death of the Queen!" while through the dark streets boomed the deep-toned notes of the big bell of St. Paul's Cathedral and the bells of the city churches re-echoing the news.

The bell tolled at St. Paul's Cathedral was the gift of William III., and is used only on occasions of the death of royal personages, Archbishops of Canterbury, Lord-Mayors of London and Bishops of London. The tolling continued for two hours at intervals of a minute, and could be heard for miles in the direction of the wind. Some hundreds of people stood in front of the Cathedral around the spot where Queen Victoria prayed on the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne.

The death of the Queen was heard everywhere with sorrow, and the new ruler received the condolences of the world. President

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

Her Majesty decorating Private Vickery and Piper Findlater with the V.C., at Netley Hospital, Saturday, May 14, 1898

Drawn by J. Finnemore, R.B.A.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig Holstein Her Majesty Prince Waldemare of Prussia Princess Henry of Prussia
Princess Victoria of Wales Prince Henry of Prussia

ROYAL FAMILY GROUP AT BALMORAL, 1898

From photo recently taken by Milne, Ballater.

McKinley sent a message of condolence and received a reply from King Edward.

The United States Senate was in executive session when news of the Queen's death arrived. The bulletin announcing the event was passed in through the doorkeepers. When the executive session closed, Senator Allison offered the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously and ordered to be engrossed and forwarded to the Prime Minister of Great Britain :

"That the death of her royal and imperial Majesty, Victoria, of noble virtues and great renown, is sincerely deplored by the Senate of the United States of America."

In the House Representative Hitt offered the following :

"*Resolved*, That the House of Representatives of the United States of America has learned with profound sorrow of the death of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and sympathizes with her people in the loss of their beloved Sovereign ; that the President be requested to communicate this expression of the sentiment of the House to the Government of Great Britain ; that, as a further mark of respect to the memory of Queen Victoria, the House do now adjourn."

The reading of the resolution was listened to in impressive silence and unanimously adopted, and the House adjourned.

The flag on the Executive Mansion was placed at halfmast at 3.30 o'clock. So far as any record goes, this was the first time in the history of the United States that this mark of respect had been paid to the memory of a foreign ruler. The papers contained editorials praising the character of the Queen, and devoted columns to accounts of her life and reign.

Queen Victoria's body was embalmed and the casket reposed in the centre of the dining-room, which was hung with trappings of mourning. Two Indian attendants remained within, in company with the ladies-in-waiting. The body was robed in black. The face was perfectly peaceful, and the remains were placed with the arms folded. On the breast rested a beautiful gold cross. The head

was inclined slightly to the right. All about were quantities of flowers.

The honor of first seeing the body of the Queen was conferred on her personal retinue, and such a simple, pathetic scene as marked the afternoon could hardly have occurred in any other monarchy. All the servants and tenants were admitted. The footmen, housemaids, coachmen, stable-lads and policemen, dressed in their Sunday clothes, filed through the room for four hours.

There were no formalities. It might have been the body of any country lady, whose tenants were bidding her a last farewell. Bent old men, children and families, who had grown up on the estate, who regarded Queen Victoria as a friend and patron rather than as a sovereign, took their turn, and their grief was the sorrow of those who had lost a friend. Many humble residents of Cowes and neighboring towns, besides many prominent people, were early to pay their last sad tribute of affection.

THE NEW KING

The Prince of Wales now became King, and without Act of Parliament he assumed the prerogatives of his office. The King departed for London early on the following morning, and as unostentatiously as an American President. He and his suite, in civilian attire, left the castle without a military escort and with no sign of pomp.

The route from Osborne House to Trinity Pier was deserted, except for a few groups of bareheaded persons, when, at 9.40 o'clock, three open carriages drawn by white horses galloped down the hill. In the first carriage were the King, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of York and Prince Christian. The King seemed sad but bowed repeatedly in acknowledgment of the greeting of his subjects. The royal personages immediately embarked on the royal yacht *Alberta*. The royal standard was hoisted as the King touched the deck. As the *Alberta* started off, signals were shown, ordering that no salutes should be fired. The crews of the cruiser

Australia and the other royal yachts were mustered as the *Alberta* steamed by. The commencement of the King's first voyage was a memorable and impressive event.

On the twenty-fourth the ceremonies of the King's accession to the throne were performed, after which he returned to Osborne. On the twenty-fifth the royal family took their last loving look at the features of the dead Queen. About 10 o'clock in the morning the shell, or inner coffin, was brought into the bedroom, where were waiting King Edward, Emperor William, the Duke of Connaught, Sir James Reid and the royal-ladies. The latter having retired, Sir James Reid, with reverent hands, assisted by three trusted household servants, and in the presence of the King, the Emperor and the Duke, removed the body from the bed to the coffin. In death it was lovelier than in the closing days of life. Not a trace of the ravages of disease was visible.

The servants having retired, Queen Alexandra, the Princess and the children were recalled, and, with lingering steps and stifled sobs, they passed slowly before the white-robed and peaceful figure. At the foot, never moving, stood the King, and when the mourning crowd had passed there remained only the son and grandson of the dead.

THE COFFIN CLOSED FOREVER

Emperor William wept even more bitterly than the royal ladies. Finally he also retired, and the King was left alone. Sir James Reid, beckoning to the servants who were holding the coffin-lid, asked the King's instructions. For a few seconds the King stood speechless, stricken with emotion at the last farewell. Then he said quickly, "Close it finally. It must not be opened again." Thus the remains of England's greatest ruler were forever closed from human view.

Reverently the coffin was borne into the dining-room. Officers and men from the royal yachts took their stand around the coffin, over which the King, Queen and Kaiser gently laid the robes of a

Knight of the Garter, placing at the head a diamond crown. Beneath lay the royal ensign, while hanging above was the Union Jack.

At the altar was the rector of Whippingham, who read a portion of the funeral service in the presence of the royal family. Emperor William covered his face with his hands, and the grief of Princess Beatrice, so long the companion of her mother, was pitiful. After the benediction each placed a wreath upon the coffin, and then all retired.

By a special request of the family, the authorities at St. Paul's Cathedral had sent to Osborne the six candelabra used at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

Sunday, the 27th, all places of worship throughout the United Kingdom held services in memory of Queen Victoria. At St. Paul's Cathedral there was an unusual scene. Before 9 o'clock in the morning an enormous crowd, wholly attired in black, streamed from all directions to the vast edifice, and by 10 o'clock it was packed. Thousands, unable to obtain admission, stood vainly waiting on the steps and around listening to the low organ strains and muffled peals. The service began at half-past 10. The Most Rev. Frederick Temple, Primate and Archbishop of Canterbury, preached a touching sermon, while the breathless thousands in silence repressed their grief.

There was a similar scene at Westminster Abbey, where all the services throughout the day were attended by enormous congregations. The large assemblage in the Chapel Royal, at St. James' Palace, included Princess Frederica of Hanover, Prince Francis of Teck, a host of titled people, many members of the Cabinet and other distinguished persons.

At Osborne, also, a memorial service was held. Lord Roberts and Mr. William St. John Broderick, Secretary of State for War, were present at morning prayers in Whippingham Church at 11 o'clock. An hour later King Edward, Queen Alexandra and all the royal personages then at Osborne arrived at the church for the

memorial service. This was a simple function, the hymns being sung by an unsurpliced choir of school children. Sir Walter Parratt, private organist to the late Queen and organist to St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor, played several funeral excerpts. The Bishop of Winchester delivered an eloquent panegyric upon Victoria, and declared that Emperor William's action in coming to her deathbed had touched the hearts of the British people and cemented the unity and friendship of the two kindred nations. At the conclusion of the service all stood during a performance of the "Dead March."

Then for more than a week the body rested at Osborne House while the imposing ceremonies of Victoria's funeral were being arranged.

THE MAP OF THE WORLD AT TIME OF VICTORIA'S BIRTH

Showing the possessions of the six great Powers—Great Britain, Spain, France, Germany, Russia and the United States. Of the Chinese Empire, Africa and Australia, little was known at the beginning of the century.

THE MAP OF THE WORLD AT END OF VICTORIA'S REIGN

Showing the political boundaries of the six great Powers at the close of the century. Africa, Australia and portions of China have been absorbed by one or more of the great Powers. Spain has withdrawn from the Western Hemisphere, and South America is held by independent governments.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Imposing Funeral Pageant

OTHER rulers have had obsequies of imposing splendor, but the ceremonies that marked the passing of Victoria were supreme in their manifestations of regard and sorrow.

The spectacle of the millions of her people bowed in grief was sublime. Their silence was an eloquent tribute of their sorrow. It was a procession such as the world had never seen before.

The Queen was the first English sovereign who was not buried at night and by torchlight. After the death of Prince Albert, she wrote, in 1862, and later revised, explicit directions concerning her funeral. It was her wish that the ceremonial should copy that of the Prince Consort, so far as possible. Her plans were not altered in any material respect, and her wishes were reverently followed.

The journey from Osborne, where she breathed her last, to Windsor Castle, where her body was entombed, was taken in three stages—the naval procession from Osborne to Portsmouth harbor, the land cavalcade from the harbor to Windsor, and the simple final transfer from the chapel at Windsor to the mausoleum at Frogmore. It was fitting that the navy and army, Neptune and Mars, should lend their services to the royal mourners, that the last tributes might be worthily paid to the sovereign of a people invincible in war, on land and on sea. And worthily were they paid! Through that capital that had so often shown a devotion to her beyond that usually accorded to monarchs, passed an imposing escort led by Edward VII. and four monarchs of friendly and related powers.

Not that it was a cortege of display. On the contrary, its magnificence lay in its simplicity and its dignity. The lavish pomp

of rulers less beloved vanishes before this spectacle unique in the history of nations—the spectacle of the metropolis of the world awed into mournful silence—business and pleasure ceased for a while—to witness the solemn procession of the beloved dead. It has been many a long day since a monarch of England was buried, and many a reign must yet pass before the like of the Victorian pageant is seen again. But let us with reverence start with the last rites as they began Saturday, the 2d of February, at Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight. For nine days the beloved Queen had been mourned by her children in Osborne House, waiting for the time of her removal to her permanent resting place. The funeral ceremonies began at noon, when the Bishop of Winchester conducted services in the chapel, where the Queen's body lay. Over the coffin was thrown the coronation robe worn by the girl Queen, and on this was placed the royal regalia, wand, sceptre, and crown, which were scarcely ever used by the Queen in her lifetime. Soon after one o'clock a gun-carriage drawn by six horses approached the house, accompanied by men wearing the blue uniforms and yellow-braided jackets of the Royal Horse Artillery. The carriage was halted at the door of Osborne House. A group of the blue-jackets from the Queen's favorite yacht, *Alberta*, stood behind the artillerymen.

THE CORTEGE FROM OSBORNE

The Queen's Highlanders, wearing short blue jackets with silver buttons, the royal Stuart tartan and kilts and white horsehair sporrans, entered the royal doorway at 1.20 o'clock, and ten minutes later from within the house, through the glass porch, the cloaked coffin was borne into the sunlight and placed at rest on the gun carriage. Then, bareheaded, came the Queen's male descendants. King Edward, Emperor William and the Duke of Connaught formed the first row. The King and the Kaiser wore the uniforms of British admirals and the Duke of Connaught that of a British general.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN

The Ladysmith Contingent of H.M.S. "Powerful" at Windsor Castle, May 2, 1900

Drawn by Chas. M. Sheldon

PLANTING THE COMMEMORATION TREE

On her arrival at Buckingham Palace, Monday, May 28, 1897. Her Majesty planted a tree in the palace grounds to commemorate her reign of sixty years

The spectacle of two great monarchs, followed by the women of their families and the noblest princes of Europe walking silently along the country road behind the bier, blazing with precious stones, will live long in the memory of those who saw it. But to those of our readers who have not witnessed such a spectacle the descriptions given us by the gifted men and women whose business it was to see and report these last hours, will be a helpful and an interesting story. In their own way we shall largely let them tell it. The head of the procession emerged from the royal entrance to Osborne, the scarlet bands rousing the country echoes with the grand strains of the funeral marches. The crowds massed behind the solid lines of troops first showed admiration and then a keen realization of the cause of the ceremony.

The pathos of the thought inspired lost nothing by the scrutiny of the King. His features were seared and bore the mark of grief. But in all that assemblage there will ever stand out one face—that of the German Emperor. Its tanned, almost olive, contours were turned fiercely toward the sun, and it was apparent that the Emperor was undergoing a mental strain.

A TRULY PATHETIC SIGHT

Hardly was there time to recognize the individuality of these personages before the most truly pathetic sight of the day came into view. It was a simple little band in black, for all the world like the sisters of some religious order mourning humbly for one of their number who had passed away. None were distinguishable from the others. They all wore plain black dresses, with long crape veils, and they followed meekly and with downcast heads. Yet, the first was the Queen of England, and with her was the woman who, if she lives, will also hold the proud title.

Immediately behind the Queen and the Princesses came the heads of the household, in strange, gaudy uniforms seldom seen in public. There have been more magnificent pageants than this we describe, but never has there been witnessed a procession more

remarkable in its combination of pomp and splendor with grief and humility.

The coffin, carried by sailors, was preceded by pipers, and was covered with the royal robes and regalia. The procession marched slowly down the winding cedar-hedged path until the gate was reached, where the glittering military escort was met, and the cortege pursued its sluggish way in the midst of intense silence, save the music of the bands.

As the khaki-colored gun carriage, followed by the King, with the Emperor of Germany and the Duke of Connaught on his right and left, passed down the hill, all hats were doffed.

The pipers had followed the first dirge by the touching lament, "The Flowers of the Forest," which represents the withering of the last and best of them. As they reached the Queen's gate and wailed their closing strain, the muffled drums rolled out with oft-recurring rhythmic beats, and the massed bands burst forth into the magnificent music of Chopin's "Funeral March." Off went every hat, every woman curtsied low, the troops reversed arms and leaned their bended heads over them, still as statues, pictures of unutterable woe.

The landing quay was surrounded by hundreds of boats as the procession approached. Eight bronzed and bearded tars were drawn up ready to receive their burden. Then came the grenadiers, resplendent in their busbies and scarlet, and quickly formed a circle around the court. A second later the King and the Emperor and their suites appeared. As the carriage stopped before the gangway of the *Alberta*, loud orders rang out, a sharp movement ran through the stalwart line of grenadiers, their arms were instantly reversed up to their hats, and, with equal precision, came the hands of the Emperor, King and the Duke of Connaught in courteous salute.

With perfect precision the coffin was lifted off the gun carriage and carried on board the yacht. Once more the grenadiers came to the "present," as the King, followed by his relatives,

stepped down the gangway, and the regalia and robes were replaced on the coffin.

The King boarded a steam launch and went off to the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert.* Shortly afterwards the other mourners boarded the royal yachts, and the *Alberta*, with her solemn burden, moved away from the pier, and passed the ships which lay waiting in the sunlit Solent.

THE IMPOSING LINES OF WARSHIPS

Meanwhile, at Portsmouth, where the cortege was to land, an immense throng of spectators had gathered, who crowded thickly the bastions and promontories and every point from which a view of the sea could be obtained. Thousands were waiting on tugs and yachts, viewing the imposing lines of warships that stretched from opposite Southsea to the Isle of Wight, and between which the *Alberta* was to make her way. These small visiting craft, the glistening sunshine and the huge bulwarks of the battleships in the background, presented a scene of surpassing grandeur.

The foreign ships attracted most of the attention of the English spectators. Giant of the whole fleet was the Japanese battleship *Hatsuse*, the largest war-machine afloat. Emperor William's navy was represented by the *Nymphe*, *Victoria Luise*, *Hagen* and *Baden*, all blue-gray colored upper works. The *Hagen* was flying Prince Henry of Prussia's flag, yellow arms on a white field.

The *Depuy de Lome*, under France's *tricolor*, was a fine sight. Portugal was represented by the cruiser *Don Carlos.* The *Emperor Carlos V.* of Spain, had, through an accident to her engine, been forced to turn back to port, and the absence of any man-of-war in British waters prevented the United States from adding its quota to the imposing spectacle of naval power.

Shortly before 3 o'clock white smoke broke from the *Majestic's* sides, and a second later a report cracked over the harbor, and echoed to the hill, announcing the starting of the *Alberta* from Trinity pier. From ship to ship the salute was passed down the

line. Each vessel of the fleet was firing minute guns. They all employed their shore side batteries, so that on the channel sides were silhouettes of hulls, spars and ironwork, before backgrounds of dense gray smoke. The sound was that of a great battle.

The band of each ship took up the funeral march as the *Alberta* came abreast of her, and the spectators on all the other craft took off their hats. When the *Alberta* entered the harbor, with the minute guns in the forts sounding and the bells of all the churches of the city tolling, the ancient frigate *Victory* fired a salute from muzzle-loaders. The marines manning her stood at arms. The Admiral's band played a dirge. The escorting torpedo-boat destroyers drew ahead and steamed to their berths, and the *Alberta* was moored in Clarence Yards and a guard of a hundred marines marched on board. During the night the bier rested on the quarter-deck, which was lighted with electricity, while chief among the officers aboard was Vice-Admiral Seymour, who recently played a distinguished part in the China campaign.

ENTERING LONDON

At 9 o'clock on the morning of February 2d, the coffin of Britain's Queen was carried on shore under a naval and military guard, and placed in the special royal train by which she had often traveled in her journeys from Windsor to the coast and which we have described in another chapter. The engine and carriages were heavily draped, and so also were the special trains conveying the members of the royal households. Half an hour elapsed before the kings, princes and princesses who had slept on board the royal and imperial yachts were in their places in the train, and the last tributes of respect and the military and naval honors were completed. The trains moved off as the distant guns of the fleet and forts were booming. Their passage was watched all the way from the coast by silent throngs at the stations along the line.

After 11 o'clock, the engine, draped in purple and white, and displaying a large metallic crown, steamed into Victoria Station,

and drew up beside a platform carpeted with purple cloth, on which a large waiting-room with purple hangings had been erected for the convenience of the royal mourners. A gun carriage was opposite the funeral car; horses for the Kings and Princes and carriages for Queen Alexandra and the Princesses were not far away, and two hundred Foot Guards were posted in the station as a guard of honor, with a mounted escort of nearly a hundred Life Guards in the outer courtyard. The public had been excluded for a full hour from the inclosure of Victoria Station, and all approaches to it and Buckingham Palace Road were in possession of military forces.

The route of the funeral cortege was about three miles long, leading from Victoria Station, by Buckingham Palace Road, across St. James' Park to Pall Mall, thence by St. James' Street and Piccadilly to Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch, and finally by Edgeware Road to Paddington Station. It was lined all the way by regulars and volunteers, with mounted forces at every street crossing, and with special guards of honor at railway stations and Buckingham and St. James' Palaces. About twenty-five thousand troops were employed in guarding the route from an early hour in the morning.

The gray dawn of a London morning, with the sky draped with fleecy clouds, proclaimed ideal conditions for the funeral day of England's Queen. The calm serenity of the atmosphere was reflected by the crowds which at daylight began to assemble at every point of vantage along the route of the royal obsequies. So soft, peaceful and noiseless was the progress of the ingathering hosts that the constantly swelling throngs and the tread of the assembling troops seemed to accentuate the solemn stillness.

The scenes were unlike those of many spectacular days which London has witnessed in the past. The crowds which so early gathered in the streets evinced an entire lack of feverish unrest and excitement. The great masses of police which assembled, phantom-like in the grayness of the morning, seemed more apologetically to tiptoe to their allotted stations, as though their presence

reflected on the solemnity dominating everything. Never did a concourse of people so little need either civil or military guidance. No man standing by his mother's bier ever needed admonition less than did these hundreds of thousands of men and women, gathered from all parts of the kingdom on the funeral route of their mother, the Queen.

In the great green spaces of Hyde Park, St. James and others, long black lines stood silhouetted against the morning sky, solemn, silent and picturesque, staunchly stemming the onrush of that endless flood of people pouring in from every street and avenue. Purple was the tone of the royal mourning, and this seemed almost a relief, contrasted with these silent masses of black-garbed crowds. It was the true note, after all, of the day's ceremonial, for no one among England's heart-stricken people could look upon the finished life of their Queen with feelings of entire gloom. The procession, apart from the gun carriage bearing the coffin and the royal family and official mourners about it, was not noteworthy. Parliament, the judiciary and the commercial bodies were not represented. Royalty, the army and navy monopolized the pageant. Three thousand soldiers and sailors, picked companies representing all branches of the service, cavalry, artillery, infantry, yeomanry, militia, volunteers and colonials, formed the advance escort. They marched slowly and without music. Most of the uniforms were covered with dark overcoats and the standards were draped with black, the officers wearing bands of crape on their sleeves. The infantry marched in columns of four, with rifles reversed. They were half an hour in passing. Then came Field Marshal Earl Roberts and his staff, and, after them, four massed bands playing funeral marches. Three hundred musicians announced the coming of the body of the Queen. There was a long array of Court officials, under the leadership of the Duke of Norfolk (the Earl Marshal), all attired quaintly and brilliantly, bearing maces or wands, most of them elderly men who for years had served the royal lady for whom they were performing the last offices.

Most of the spectators expected an imposing catafalque, but the coffin was almost past before they recognized its presence by removing their hats. It was a pathetically small oblong block concealed beneath a rich pall of white satin, on the corners of which gleamed the royal arms. Across the pall the royal standard was draped, and a large crown of gold, encrusted with jewels, rested at the head of the coffin, which was at the end of the gun carriage, just over the gun. On the foot of the coffin were two smaller crowns with a gold, jeweled sceptre lying between them. The eight cream-colored horses which drew the gun carriage were almost concealed beneath their rich harnesses. A large bow of purple was attached to the coffin. This was the only symbol of mourning.

THE SIMPLICITY OF THE DRAPERY

Around the coffin walked the stalwart bearers, non-commissioned officers of the guards and household cavalry, and on either side were the Queen's equerries, lords-in-waiting and physicians. All the uniforms were covered with long, dark cloaks. The spectacle was so quickly past that the spectators hardly realized it or had time to bare their heads and comprehend the details, when a group of magnificently-attired horsemen, with sparkling helmets and coats, mounted on beautiful chargers, was before them.

Immediately after the company about the coffin three royal mourners rode abreast. King Edward VII. was the central figure of the three, but no less ostentatious personage was seen in the procession. A black *chapeau* with a plume of white feathers was on his head and a long black cloak was buttoned around him and hung down over the big black horse which he was riding. The King's familiar face seemed grave and careworn. He looked straight ahead, apparently at the gun carriage on which was the body of the Sovereign whose glory and responsibilities he had inherited.

Beside King Edward rode Emperor William, his nephew and neighbor. The unique, commanding figure of the German

Emperor could not for a moment be mistaken. He looked every inch a soldier and the commander of men. He glanced right and left as he rode, and his hand was frequently raised to the red and white feathers hanging over his hat as he responded to salutes. He wore a black cloak over his new British Field Marshal's uniform, and the splendid white charger beneath him pranced up and down, giving him an opportunity to display his fine horsemanship. On the King's left rode his brother, the Duke of Connaught, a man of soldierly appearance, but almost unnoticed and unrecognized by the people. Behind the three chief mourners were their equerries and mounted aids, with the Duke of Portland as Master of the Horse and the Silverstick, in full uniform. Following close were forty sovereigns, heirs to thrones and Princes of English, German and Continental lines, all mounted and in military uniform. Prominent among them were the olive-skinned, dark-eyed King of Portugal, with a luxuriant, curled moustache and a sharp-featured, angular face; the King of Greece, prematurely bald; the Crown Prince of Denmark, with close resemblance to his uncle from Athens; the Crown Prince of Sweden, with eye-glasses, waxed mustache, and the face of a student; the boyish Duke of Aosta, hardly at home on a horse; the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary; the Grand Duke Michael, with typical Russian features; Prince Henry of Prussia, tall and manly, and the Crown Princes of Roumania, Germany, Greece and Siam.

The funeral cortege reached Paddington at about 1 o'clock, and the military section passed rapidly out by the cab-exit without checking the movement of the Queen's bodyguard and the royal mourners. The officers of the Guards and the Household Cavalry carried the coffin to the train, and the Kings, Princes, Princesses and Court ladies were escorted to the railway compartments. There was carpeting the entire length of the platform, and the whole north wall was draped with scarlet and festooned with white and purple hangings. The train was delayed until 1.30, and did not reach Windsor until after 2 o'clock.

Its arrival was announced by minute guns, and the arrangements carried out at Victoria Station were repeated at Windsor, with slight variation, apart from the absence of the great military escort. The military guard of honor was drawn up at present arms, and the second bearer party of officers of the Guards removed the coffin from the train and placed it on a gun carriage, the third used since the closing scene at Osborne.

ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR

As the coffin was lifted by grenadiers the diplomatists and officers stood at the salute. Hardly had the coffin reached the gun carriage when a dramatic incident occurred. The order had just been given to start, the muffled drums rolled, and, to the strains of Chopin's funeral march, the head of the procession had actually moved off, when it was found impossible to induce the artillery horses to move. They had grown cold from long waiting in the biting wind, became restive, and narrowly missed overturning the gun carriage. The distressing incident was brought to an end by Lord Roberts, who asked the King's permission to take out the horses and replace them by the men of the naval guard of honor. The order "pile arms" rang out, and the clean-shaven smart-looking handy men doubled to the front, and evoked the admiration of all by the speed with which they removed the refractory horses, improvised ropes out of the traces, and started the gun carriage with its precious burden toward the chapel.

The incident occurred at the spot where Roderick MacLean shot at the Queen in 1882. The refractory horses only delayed the procession fifteen minutes, as by then one hundred and thirty bluejackets had harnessed themselves to the gun carriage and the procession moved on at a sluggish pace. The coffin, with the same insignia surmounting it as in London, was followed by an escort of life guards; then came the officials of the Heralds' College, Lord Roberts, with the headquarters staff, deputations from the Russian regiments, etc.

King Edward, Emperor William, and the Duke of Connaught followed the bier closely. After them walked the Princes, foreign representatives, and yeomen of the guard, with the military escort bringing up the rear. The start of the cortege was signalized by minute salutes fired by guns posted on the long walk, which were continued until eighty-one shots had been fired, one for each completed year of the dead Queen's age.

Without further incident the procession moved into the long walk, thence up the sovereign drive to the grand quadrangle, where it passed beneath the dead Queen's favorite rooms, and thus on to St. George's Chapel. So, with the jeweled crown and the glittering orb of empire laid aside, the Queen had returned to royal Windsor.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

St. George's Chapel was a magnificent sight, and divided attention with the officials and College of Heralds, gorgeous in quaint mantles, tabards, and insignia, and the mediæval-looking yeomen of the guard, carrying their halberds at slope.

The great east window of the chapel, with its faint stained figures, threw a soft light over this burial and worshipping place of kings. Before each oaken stall glimmered the waxen taper that burns when Knights of the Garter worship there. Above their heads, resting upon the carved sabres of the stalls, were the special insignia of each knight, while hanging over this were the motionless banners bearing the strange devices of the members of this most powerful order. On each side of the chancel flamed two rows of candles, causing the gold and red of the knights to glitter. In sombre contrast with these rows of light and color sat the long line of Princesses and ladies-in-waiting, making a foreground of deepest black. On the altar two tapers burned, and within the rail on each side stood two large candelabra.

The profusion of flowers which was displayed outside the chapel ceased within. On the chancel only a very few lilies and the most delicate green ferns were used for the altar decorations.

At the entrance to that grand Tudor chapel, while bells were tolling and minute guns were booming, the dean, prebendaries and choir waited for the heralds to pass through, and then led the way through the nave into the choir, where the coffin was set down by its bearers in the centre. The King took his place at the head of the coffin, with Lord Pembroke and the Duke of Norfolk on either side, and Lord Clarendon at the foot. The German Emperor, Queen Alexandra and eighty royal personages were assigned to their proper places with the inflexible rigidity of Court etiquette as ordered since the reign of Henry VIII. The foreign ambassadors and envoys were in the gallery.

It was a stately pageant with military uniforms, decorations and knightly collars, with white rosettes all toned down by black. There were less than a thousand witnesses of the burial service, which followed without change the regular burial office of the English Church, the anthem and hymns having a plain musical setting, in accordance with the Queen's taste. The Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor read the service as far as the commitment sentences and prayers, these being deferred until the final services at Frogmore.

AN OLD CUSTOM REVIVED

When the anthem had been sung there was a last touch of mediævalism. William Henry Weldon, Norroy King-of-Arms, intervened to announce officially the termination of the Victorian reign. In a clear, resonant voice, ringing like a trumpet through the historic chapel, with its memories of knights of the Garter and its traditions of the glory of royalty, he pronounced, as Garter King-of-Arms, the various styles and titles of Queen Victoria, Empress of India.

So ended the stately obsequies of the good and gracious Queen, ruler of hearts in England, Europe and America, while closely-timed commemorative services were held simultaneously in

St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, every English cathedral and thousands of places of worship in London and throughout the Empire.

On Monday, February 4th, the last honors to the departed Queen were paid. The final ceremonies were of a deeply pathetic character. Shortly before 3 o'clock, in the presence of the royal mourners, the Grenadier Guard of Honor lifted the casket from its temporary resting-place in the Albert Memorial Chapel and placed it on a gun carriage. In the meanwhile the Queen's company of grenadiers, drawn up in the quadrangle, presented arms and wheeled into line, their rifles at the reverse, and, with slow, measured steps, marched towards the castle gate.

At the head of the procession was a band playing Chopin's funeral march. Slowly the cortege passed under the massive archway on to the Long Walk, which was a mass of black, brilliantly edged with scarlet. Life Guardsmen kept the crowd back.

In place on the gun carriage was the same regalia which had attracted the eyes of millions since the march to the grave began at Osborne. Close behind walked the King, Duke of Connaught, Emperor William, and the other royal mourners, wearing dark military overcoats and plumed cocked hats. Next came Queen Alexandra and the Royal Princesses, followed by several children of royal birth. The rear of the procession was brought up by the suites of the Kings and Princes, their vari-colored overcoats forming a striking patch of color.

Down the Long Walk, with the band still playing Chopin's dirge, this quiet throng slowly made its way to the mausoleum.

From the Albert Memorial Chapel to the mausoleum, nearly a mile from the Great Gate of the castle, there is a steep slope of 500 yards, at the bottom of which is the lodge-gate and a fence. On the castle side of this were hundreds of ticket-holders. On the other side, where the Long Walk commenced, the public was massed.

At the lodge-gates the strains of the band died away, and the pipers commenced their lament. There, between the broad avenue of trees, the crowds were the thickest, forming dense black banks.

By 3.30 P. M. the crowned bier had passed into the other lodge, which leads to the Frogmore enclosure, where none but the family and servants were admitted. Dismounted Life Guardsmen, in their scarlet cloaks, the white plumes of their helmets glistening in the sun, kept the route clear from the castle slope. Amid the bare boughs of trees below the mist arose from the damp earth, trampled into mud by the waiting multitude. The air was sharp and cold.

LAID TO REST IN FROGMORE

A picturesque touch of color was added to the scene as Sir Walter Parratt, principal organist to the late Queen, and organist of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor, and his choir, all in surplices and college caps, walked quickly down the slope, through the crowds to the mausoleum. Then minute guns commenced to boom, as a battery of artillery at the foot of the Long Walk paid its final honors to the dead Queen. The Windsor church bells tolled solemnly, and the strains of the band, gradually growing stronger and stronger, echoed from the castle quadrangle.

The coffin was borne from the gun carriage by the Queen's Grenadiers, the pipers ceased their dirge, and the choir, moving forward, commenced to sing, "Yet Though I Walk Through the Valley Before."

The inside of the mausoleum being reached, they sang, "Man That's Born of Woman," while the royal family took their places around the coffin. The dome of Victoria's tomb re-echoed with the sad strains of "Lord, Thou Knowest."

The choir sang Sir Arthur Sullivan's anthem, "Yea, Though I Walk," the hymn, "Sleep Thy Last Sleep," and Tennyson's "The Face of Death is Turned Towards the Sun of Light," set to music by Sir Walter Parratt.

The Bishop of Winchester, standing on the platform surrounding the marble figure of the Prince Consort, on which rested the Queen's coffin, read the committal prayer and the Lord's Prayer. Then the choir sang "Sleep Thy Last Sleep," the Dean said the

collect, the choir broke forth into the anthem, "The Face of Death is Turned Toward the Sun of Light," and, with hands stretched over the congregation, the Bishop of Winchester pronounced the Benediction.

A short, solemn silence followed, broken by the sweet cadence of Stainer's "Amen," and then King Edward and Emperor William, the visiting Kings and the Princes and the Queen and the Princesses filed before the bier and passed out to their carriages.

The solemn ceremony was at an end. Victoria, so long Sovereign Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, was gathered to her fathers in the tomb prepared beforehand for her. It was built from designs suggested by herself and under her own supervision. The burial-place of the British sovereigns is in the famous chapel of St. George, within the castle walls at Windsor, which was built by Cardinal Wolsey, and is considered one of the most beautiful examples of ecclesiastical architecture in the world. But Victoria would not permit the remains of her beloved consort to be placed in the gloomy crypt. She insisted upon building for them a mausoleum upon her own private property, within the grounds of Frogmore House, which adjoin those of Windsor Castle. Its stately dome is ever within sight of the windows of the apartments she always occupied in the castle. It is a simple but beautiful structure of colored marble, mosaic and bronze, and is intended for the remains of only two persons—her late husband and herself. The body of Prince Albert has been lying there for many years with a beautiful sarcophagus beside it that awaited her mortal remains.

The epitaph, composed by the Queen herself, is simply this:

"Victoria-Albert.
Here at last I shall
Rest with thee;
With thee in Christ
Shall rise again."

CHAPTER XXX

Memorial Tributes

IT is fitting that we should give here a few of the many noble tributes to the great Queen which have been uttered by the men and women who knew her best and were in sympathy with the noble ideals of public and private conduct which distinguished her long life.

First come the garlands of her two Poets Laureate, Alfred Tennyson and Alfred Austin.

To the Queen.

The following beautiful tribute to the Queen was written by Alfred Tennyson, the late Poet Laureate, and prefixed as a dedication of a volume of his poems, March, 1851.

Revered, beloved—Oh, you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth,
Could give the warrior kings of old.

Victoria—since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And should your greatness and the care
That yokes with empire yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme,
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Then—while a sweeter music wakes,
And thro' wild March the throstle calls,
Where all about your palace walls,
The sunlit almond blossom shakes—

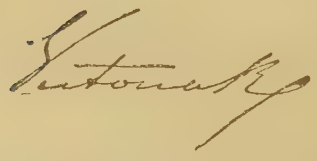
Take, Madam, this poor book of song;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
"She wrought her people lasting good

"Her Court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen;

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea."



A FACSIMILE OF THE QUEEN'S SIGNATURE

The following beautiful lines were written by England's living poet laureate, Alfred Austin, since the death of the Queen, and are well worth preserving among other noble tributes:

"Victoria."

BY ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE, 1901.

Dead! and the world feels widowed!
Can it be
That she who scarce but yesterday upheld
The dome of Empire, so the twain seemed one,
Whose goodness shone and radiated round
The circle of her still expanding Rule,
Whose Scepter was self-sacrifice, whose Throne
Only a loftier height from which to scan
The purpose of her People, their desires,
Thoughts, hopes, fears, needs, joys, sorrows, sadnesses,
Their strength in weal, their comforter in woe—
That this her mortal habitation should
Lie cold and tenantless! Alas! Alas!
Too often Life has to be taught by Death
The meaning and the pricelessness of Love,
Not understood till lost. But she—but she,
Was loved as Monarch ne'er was loved before,
From girlhood unto womanhood, and grew,
Fresh as the leaf, and fragrant as the flower,
In grace and comeliness until the day
Of happy nuptial, glad maternity,
More closely wedded to her People's heart
By each fresh tie that knitted her to him
Whose one sole thought was how she still might be
Helpmate to England; England then, scarce more,
Or bounded by the name of British Realm,
But by some native virtue broadening out
Into an Empire wider than all names,
Till, like some thousand-years out-branching oak,
Its mildness overshadowed half the globe
With peaceful arms and hospitable leaves.

But there came to her an hour,
When nor Scepter, Throne, nor Power,
Children's love nor nation's grief,
Brought oblivion or relief,
When the Consort at her side,
Worthiest mentor, wisest guide,
Was by Heaven's divine decree
From her days withdrawn, and she
As dethroned by her distress,
Veiled her widowed loneliness;
And, though longing still to hear
Voice so reverenced and dear,
All her People understood
Sacredness of widowhood.
Then when she came amongst them yet once more,
She came in Autumn radiance, Summer gone,
Leaf still on branch, but fruit upon the bough,
Fruit of long years and ripe experience,
A shade of grave bereavement on her brow,
Withal more wise, more pitiful, tender more
To others' anguish and necessities,
More loved, more reverenced, even than before;
Till not alone the dwellers in her Isle,
But the adventurous manhood of its loins,
In far-off seas and virgin Continents
They won and wedded to domestic laws
And home's well-ordered household sanctities,
Hailed her as Mother of the Mother Land,
Queen, Empress, more than Empress or than Queen,
The Lady of the World, on high enthroned
By right divine of duties well fulfilled,
To be the pattern to all queens, all kings,
All women, and the consciences of men
Who look on duty as man's only right.
Nor yet alone to those empowered to be
The subjects of her scepter, proud to pray,
"God save our Empress-Queen Victoria!"
But those, our kinsmen oversea, that cling,
With no less pride, to kingless government,
Honored and loved her, hailed her Queen of Queens,

Peerless among all women in the world.
And long and late this happy season wore,
This mellow gracious Autumn of her days,
This sweet grave Indian Summer, till we grew
To deem it limitless, and half forgot
Mortality's decree. And now there falls
A sudden sadness on our lives, and we
Can only bow disconsolate heads and weep,
And look out from our lonely hearths and see
The homeless drifting of the Winter mist,
And hear the requiem of the Winter wind.
But from that Otherwhere man's Faith and Hope
And mortal need for immortality
Invisibly conceive, I seem to hear
A well-remembered voice, august and mild,
Rebuking our despondency, and thus
Bidding us face the Future, as she faced
Anguish and loss, sorrow of life and death,
The tearful sadness at the heart of things:

"Dry your tears, and cease to weep.
Dead I am not, no, asleep,
And asleep but to your seeing,
Lifted to that land of Being
Lying on life's other shore,
Wakeful now for evermore.
Looking thence I still will be,
So that you forget not me,
All that, more than, I was there,
Weighted with my crown of care.
Over you I still will reign,
Still will comfort and sustain,
Through all welfare; through all ill,
You shall be my People still.
I have left you, of my race,
Sons of wisdom, wives of grace,
Who again have offspring, reared
To revere and be revered,
Those on mighty Thrones, and these
Doomed thereto when Heaven decrees,

Chief amongst them all is one,
Well you know my first-born son,
Best and tenderest son to me,
Heir of my authority.
He through all my lonelier years
Tempered with his smile my tears,
And was, in my widowed want,
Comforter and confidant.
Therefore, trustful, steadfast, brave,
Give him what to me you gave,
Who am watching from above—
Reverence, Loyalty, and Love!
And these gifts he back will give
Long as he shall reign and live."

Victoria and Her Ministers

BY LORD SALISBURY

Prime Minister of England

We who have had the opportunity of seeing the close working of her character in the discharge of our duty to her take this opportunity of testifying to the great admiration which she inspired and the great force which her distinguished character exercised over all who came near her. The position of a constitutional sovereign is not an easy one. Duties have to be reconciled which sometimes feel far apart; that may have to be accepted which may not always be pleasing to accept, but she showed wonderful power of observing with the most absolute strictness the limits imposed by the Constitution, and, on the other hand, of maintaining a steady and persistent influence on the action of her ministers and the course of legislation—an influence which none could mistake. She was able to accept some things which, perhaps, she did not

entirely approve, but which she thought it her duty in her position to accept. She always maintained and practised a rigorous supervision over public affairs, giving her ministers the privilege of her advice and warning them of dangers, if she saw dangers ahead. She certainly impressed many of us with a profound sense of her penetration, almost intuition, with which she saw the perils with which we were threatened and the course it was expedient to pursue. She left on my mind that it was always dangerous to take any step of any great importance of the wisdom of which she was not thoroughly convinced. Without going into details, I may say with confidence that no minister during her long reign ever disregarded her advice or pressed her to disregard it without always feeling that he had incurred a dangerous responsibility and frequently running into danger. She had an extraordinary knowledge of what her people would think, so much so that I have said for years that I always thought when I knew what the Queen thought I knew pretty certainly what her subjects would think, especially the middle classes. She had extraordinary penetration, yet she never adhered to her own conception obstinately. On the contrary, she was full of concession and consideration. She spared no effort, I might also say that she shrank from no sacrifice, to make the task of conducting this difficult government easier to her advisers than might otherwise have been.

His Majesty indeed comes upon the throne with great advantages. He has before him the greatest example he could have to follow. He has been familiar with our political and social life for more than one generation. He enjoys universal and enormous popularity, and is loved in foreign countries and courts almost as much as she was beloved. He has profound knowledge of the working of our Constitution and conduct of our affairs, that provision and security against mistakes that few subjects have. We may tender him allegiance with the hope that he will adorn the throne to which he has been called, the worthy successor of the most illustrious sovereign that ever adorned the throne of England.

The First of All Sovereigns

BY A. J. BALFOUR

Distinguished English Statesman and Author

The reign of Queen Victoria is no mere chronological landmark. It is no mere convenient division of time useful for the historian or the chronicler. We feel as we do feel because we were intimately associated with the personality of Queen Victoria during the succession of the great events which filled her reign, and during the development of the empire wherever she has ruled, and in so associating her personality with these events surely we do well.

The importance of the Constitution, in my judgment, is not a diminishing, but an increasing, factor. It is increasing and must increase with all the growth and development of those free, self-governing communities—those new commonwealths beyond the seas which are bound to us by the person of the sovereign, who is the leading symbol of the unity of the empire.

But it is not given to a constitutional monarch to signalize his reign by any great isolated action. The effect of a constitutional sovereign, great as it is, is produced by the slow and constant cumulative result of a great ideal and a great example. As to that great ideal and example, surely Victoria is the first of all constitutional monarchs the world has yet seen.

One of the Noblest Women

BY SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Premier of Canada

We, British subjects of all races and origins in all parts of the world, were inspired by sentiments of exalted and chivalrous devotion to the person of her Most Gracious Majesty. This devotion

was not the result of any maudlin sentimentality, but it sprang from the fact that the Queen, the sovereign of the many lands which constitute the British empire, was one of the noblest women that ever lived—certainly the best sovereign that England ever had and the best that probably ever lived in any land.

We know that the present war in South Africa was particularly painful to her Majesty. She had hoped that the closing years of her long and prosperous reign would not be saddened by such a spectacle, but it was not in the decrees of Providence that this hope and wish should be gratified.

We had hoped that when the end of this long and glorious reign came it would close upon a united empire, wherein peace and good will should prevail among all men. Let us still hope that this happy consummation may not be long delayed.

Her Power Larger than Law

BY BENJAMIN HARRISON

Ex-President of the United States

No other death could have excited so general a sorrow. There are persons in every nation other than Great Britain whose death would more profoundly move the people of that nation, but Queen Victoria's death will bring real sadness to the hearts of more men and women than any other. The drum-beat did not define her dominions; the Union Jack was not the symbol of her large empire. More hearts pulsated with love for her, and more knees bowed before her queenly personality than before the Queen of Great Britain. "God Save the Queen" had become a well-nigh universal anthem. Heredity does not stay our quest for the real man or woman upon whose head a crown has fallen. Indeed, that has come to be the way of the world. The sovereign whose life is not clean,

noble, sympathetic; whose personal character is below the best thought of his people, is not loved, and the powers of an unloved king or queen are shorn, however the law may run. Queen Victoria's power was larger than the law.

I do not care to speculate as to the effect of the Queen's death upon European politics further than to say that a mighty influence on the side of peace has been lost. The British people will find it hard to adjust their minds and hearts to a succession. There will be a disposition to make the pause unusually long after the first member of the proclamation, "The Queen is dead," but the other member will follow, and "Long live the King" will be spoken resolutely by Britons everywhere.

The new sovereign will be loyally supported in his constitutional prerogatives, and will not be denied that opportunity to win the dominion over the hearts of his people which they yielded to his mother.

A Deep Student of Politics

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY C. POTTER

Bishop of New York

By the passing of Queen Victoria the British empire has lost its greatest upbuilding force and the strongest bond that held it together; our country has lost one of its truest, most intelligent, and most powerful friends; and the world at large has lost one of its greatest and best women.

Nothing could be further from the truth than the belief that Victoria was a mere figure-head—the puppet of ministers. She was a woman of fine natural understanding, to begin with, immensely industrious, much given to studying things out for herself, a deep student of politics at home and abroad, and ready to take the initiative for whatever she thought right.

THE QUEEN'S STATE COACH

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE COACH

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

In Westminster, where the Lords of the Realm assemble in their law-making capacity.
Here on February 14, 1901, Edward VII. took the "No Popery Oath" and opened his First Parliament

The influence which her personality has had in the building and consolidating of the British empire and the furtherance of civilization throughout the globe has not, I feel assured, been estimated at its full value. Nothing so impressed me in India, Ceylon, Burma, and the British Colonies in China as the love of the people for the Queen. I do not mean among the British resident in those countries: I mean among the natives. Those oriental peoples are much more intelligent than we of the Occident generally credit them with being. They read, study, think, and draw their own conclusions. Their deep affection for the Queen could not fail to strike any one who entered their houses, saw her pictures in the honored places there, and heard them speak of her. One of the mightiest sources of Great Britain's power among these peoples lay in this absolute faith that on the throne of the empire was one who possessed all the virtues of a good woman,—wise, loving, kind, compassionate, merciful,—who would protect the weak, who would right the wrong, who would prevent injustice. They had a great sense of pride in her.

The good heart of the Queen was especially shown in her compassion and benevolent activity at any time of distress, through fire, famine, shipwreck, or the sword. Her interest and her aid, which extended all over the world and to the most obscure, were purely personal, and not at all due to her surroundings.

At the time when Garfield was stricken by an assassin this sympathetic quality in her was especially shown in the many telegrams and messages she sent. She shared with us the shock and grief, and stood in spirit at the bedside of our dying President.

Her career teaches the world the lesson that the power of a ruler does not proceed entirely from or depend entirely upon intellectual force, but that the humane qualities have a wonderful strength of their own.

Her Throne Near to God

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

From the June morning in 1837, when the Archbishop of Canterbury addressed the embarrassed and weeping and almost affrighted Victoria of eighteen years with the startling words, "Your Majesty," until the day of her death the prayer of all good people on all sides of the seas, whether that prayer was offered by the three hundred million of her subjects, or the larger number of millions who were not her subjects; whether that prayer was solemnized in church or rolled from great orchestras, or poured forth by military bands from forts and battlements, and in front of triumphant armies all around the world, has been "God Save the Queen."

While Queen Victoria has been the friend of all art, all literature, all science, all invention, all reform, her reign will be most remembered for all time and all eternity as the reign of Christianity.

Beginning with that scene at 5 o'clock in the morning in Kensington Palace, where she asked the Archbishop of Canterbury to pray for her, and they knelt down imploring Divine guidance, until her last hour, not only in the sublime liturgy of her established church, but on all occasions, she has directly or indirectly declared, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son."

The mightiest champion of Christianity for sixty-three years was the throne of England. The Queen's book, so much criticized at the time of its appearance, some saying it was not skilfully done, and some saying that the private affairs of a household ought not so to have been exposed, was a book of vast usefulness, from the fact that it showed that God was acknowledged in all her life, and that "Rock of Ages" was not an unusual song in Windsor Castle.

Was there ever an explosion of fire-damp in Sheffield or Wales and her telegram was not the first to arrive with help and Christian sympathy? Was President Garfield dying at Long

Branch, and did not the cable under the sea, reaching to Balmoral Castle, keep busy in announcing the symptoms of the sufferer?

I believe that no throne since the throne of David and the throne of Hezekiah and the throne of Esther has been in such constant touch with the throne of heaven as the throne of Victoria.

From what I know of her habits she read the Bible more than she did Shakespeare. She admired the hymns of Horatio Bonar more than she did Byron's "Corsair." She has not knowingly admitted into her presence a corrupt man or a dissolute woman. While some Queen may have surpassed the late Queen in learning, and another in attractiveness of feature, and another in gracefulness of form, and another in romance of history, Victoria surpassed them all in nobility and grandeur and thoroughness of character.

A Beneficent Power for Peace

BY SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

Queen Victoria had the rare distinction at the close of her long reign of possessing the ardent love and loyalty of the many races of her great empire, and the admiration and respect of the people of all other nations.

The beginning of the twentieth century witnesses the world mourning for a ruler with whose country many governments have relations which are far from friendly. This has occurred in no other era of history. She so illustrated in one of the loftiest positions of power the noblest qualities of woman, wife, and mother that she was revered in humble homes as well as in palaces all around the globe. Her reign of sixty-three years made her cotemporary with the rise of civil and religious liberty, the development of civilization, the intellectual progress, the exploration of the world, the inventions and discoveries, which lift the nineteenth century above all others, and which will be part of the record of her reign.

Unfailing tact, sound common sense, and a warm heart were the qualities which made her a great sovereign. At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln and again of President Garfield she instantly sent affectionate and sympathetic cables to the bereaved widows, which deeply touched every heart in our country.

She has been the most beneficent power for the peace of the nations. Her influence has averted many collisions and settled quarrels which might have resulted in disastrous wars or in serious revolutions at home. Just what to do and when to do it was with her a quality amounting to genius.

When Parliament was in session the Prime Minister sent her every night after adjournment a summary of the work of the evening. Those of Gladstone had the formality of a digest, but Disraeli gave to his reports that personal coloring of both acts and actors which delighted her. She was thus in daily touch with Parliament and Cabinet, and her advice or suggestion has often saved a ministry or minimized the mistake of a blundering leader.

She was always desirous of maintaining the most cordial relations with the United States, and our country has never had among the sovereigns of Europe such an unwavering friend.

An Ever Memorable Reign

BY CARDINAL GIBBONS

The death of Queen Victoria sends a thrill of sorrow throughout the world, not only because of the almost universal diffusion of the British empire, but still more because of the domestic virtues of the woman whose long and eventful reign will ever be memorable in the annals of England, and whose character will command the love of her subjects and the admiration of the civilized world.

The Queen—A Canadian Tribute

By J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S.

Author of "History of Canada," "Life of Sir John Thompson," etc., etc.

THROUGH all the stages in the life of the oldest native of our Canadian soil, the Queen has ruled over his country and reigned in his heart. Her name has become synonymous with the majestic position and place in the world of those little islands to which British people everywhere look back with pride and affection. It has become an emblem of the highest and purest home life and domestic love known to humanity during the past century. It has, with an ever-increasing environment of splendor, been for sixty-four years the embodiment of British power and Imperial growth, It has become the living centre of a loyalty which has grown with the years in youthful countries all around the globe, and strengthened with the span of men's lives in every clime and under every condition. It has developed an Imperialism which is destined to make the British realm one in unity and power and continued progress, wherever flies the flag of a British Sovereign. It has, in the United Kingdom and the self-governing Colonies, combined popular liberty with personal loyalty, incorporated democracy with monarchy and made the Crown an effective pledge of national stability.

The creation of such a name and fame has been a noble service to the world as well as to the Empire of which Queen Victoria was the head. How it developed is a part of the history of a great era; part of the life of every statesman who led in the government of Britain or India, Canada, Australia, or South

Africa; part of the literature, the public life, the social system, the religious expansion, the Imperial growth, of that prolonged period. It is high praise to say of the Queen that she was a good woman. Through being so she gave her people the example of a model mother, a loving wife, a devoted widow, and the privilege of a pure Court and firm-set antagonism to all looseness in the marriage tie and in social morals. But she was much more than a good woman. British statesmen knew something of her influence upon the policy of the country, her deep and intimate knowledge of its affairs, her wise counsel and strong opinions. For over six decades Prime Ministers and Cabinets have come and gone, politicians have risen to the surface of affairs or fallen in the attempt, Governors have gone out from the centre of administration to all parts of the world in a long procession of varied character, rulers have succeeded each other upon the thrones of Europe and the East, or in the fleeting seats of republican power. Yet through all these passing changes the Queen has reigned and come into more or less close personal contact with the passing phantoms of popular rule.

Through having the continued confidence and regard of all her Ministers, she has had the best and highest counsel which could be given by such men as Wellington and Peel and Graham and Russell, Sidney Herbert and Derby and Gladstone and Beaconsfield, Clarendon and Iddesleigh and Rosebery and Salisbury. Wherever she may have been staying during all these years—whether at Osborne, or Balmoral, or Windsor, or upon the Continent,—she has always had a Minister in constant attendance, and been in continuous touch by courier or telegraph with the Government at Downing Street. All despatches of importance have had to be submitted to her careful consideration, and Lord Palmerston, in the early "fifties," suffered dismissal from the Foreign Secretaryship for occasionally disregarding this essential condition. Statesmen, however, did not stand alone around her throne and person. At her Court have gathered men and women of fame and force in every department of national life—heads of the Churches, experts

in science and philosophy, men of the world, women of noble aim and ideal leaders of art and literature, travelers from every land and clime, soldiers and sailors of renown. Of experience and knowledge they have given her their best, and in return she has been able to offer her statesmen and advisers the garnered wisdom of growing years, the treasured patriotism of a mind far above party or political bias, the influence of unselfish aspirations for the good of her people.

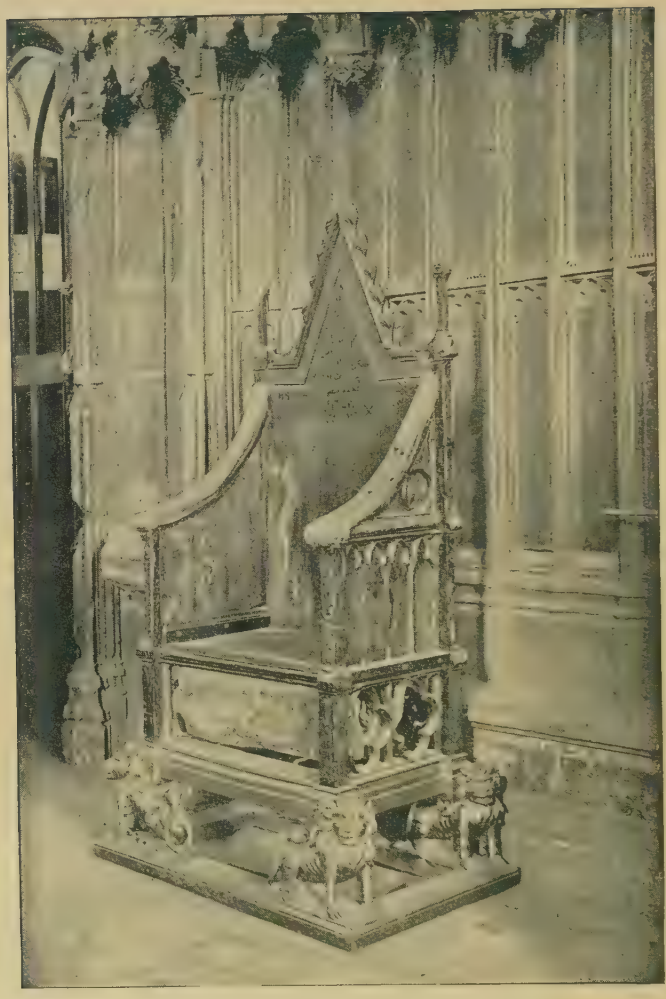
Upon the actual government of the United Kingdom the Queen has wielded a greater power than is generally known. Constitutional it always was, and the explanation of its undoubted force is easily found in the strength of her own personality. Here and there in the biographical or autobiographical literature of the reign—despite the fact that no letter from the Sovereign can be published without her permission and the occasional repetition of such incidents as the burning by Sir Robert Peel of his correspondence with Her Majesty in order to avoid the barest possibility of its falling into wrong hands—documents have crept into print, letters have seen the light written by statesmen to one another, comments have appeared by men who knew of what they were speaking, which combine to illustrate the power she has really wielded. Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" shows her intervention in several important matters; Archbishop Tait's "Memoirs" give the particulars of her statesmanlike action in the Irish Disestablishment Crisis. Wherever the Royal influence appears it seems to have been exercised with tact and discrimination.

In foreign politics her power was freely exercised, and in later years was so absolutely undisputed that a British leader who had held the post of Foreign Secretary told the writer that in matters of foreign policy "the Queen advised her Ministers more than they advised her." Certain historical incidents in this connection are well established. In 1844 her intimate relations with King Louis Philippe of France and his wife averted an otherwise imminent war. The friendship which grew up with the Emperor Napoleon III.

had much to do with the alliance between France and England in the Crimea. Yet, in spite of those personal relations, Her Majesty's published correspondence with Lord Palmerston in the stormy years of 1859–'60 show that she several times prevented England from becoming an instrument of French ambitions in Italy and Austria. Her position in the Schleswig-Holstein question was not quite the popular one, and Lord Malmesbury, who was then Foreign Secretary, declares in his "Diary" that the Queen "would not hear of going to war with Germany," and that ultimately she carried her Cabinet with her in the policy of non-intervention which finally developed. During the *Trent* affair with the United States she compelled a modification of her Ministry's strong attitude, and practically averted war; during the whole of the American Civil War her sympathies were with the North, and the tremendous pressure of the Emperor Napoleon in favor of joint intervention—favored as it was by the bulk of her own Cabinet—was ultimately overcome through her personal influence with her Ministers. Upon later events history is as yet silent, and must be for years to come; but Lord Beaconsfield has declared that the Queen's signature was "never placed to any public document of which she did not approve," and that "there is no despatch from abroad, nor any sent from the country, which is not submitted to her." It is, therefore, evident, even without a knowledge of her exact participation in matters of recent import, that the share taken, and the influence of opinions expressed by her, must have been very great.

In the policy which looks for closer and more intimate relations between the various countries of the Empire the Queen has been the pivot, and loyalty to her throne the key-note. Face to face in the earlier part of the reign with a school of political thought—represented by men like Bright and Cobden and Molesworth and Cornewall Lewis, and in lesser degree of importance, by Goldwin Smith—which looked upon Colonies as encumberances and cosmopolitan commerce as the god of its idolatry, she

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR



THE CORONATION CHAIR

Containing the Stone of Scone on which the Irish Kings, Scotch Kings and British Kings have been crowned.

set herself to make the throne a rallying-point of the opposite sentiment and, in time, succeeded in her aim to such a degree that during the last years of the reign there was practically only one principle prevalent throughout the English-speaking portion of the Empire—one of unity, loyalty, and sympathy. She sent the Prince of Wales to visit Canada and the Duke of Edinburgh to visit the Cape and Australia at a time when the journey was long and a matter of serious meaning to an anxious mother. Her correspondence with Sir George Grey, when Governor at the Cape in the early "fifties," shows her sympathy with far-seeing plans of local federation which were then possible, and, if carried out, would have averted the South African troubles of 1880 and the evils of a later time. Her correspondence with Lord Canning proves that changes which she commanded in the proposed Royal proclamation transferring India from the Company to the Crown prevented another mutiny or insurrection, just as her previous influence with Lord Panmure, Minister of War, at the close of the Crimean struggle, kept the army up to a point at which it was enabled to cope with the sudden strain of the great Indian crisis of 1857. The Queen has, also, during her long reign been in receipt of continuous private letters from her Governors in all parts of the world—India, Canada, Africa, Australia, Jamaica, and many other dependencies or colonies—and her advice and frequent commands have had a far wider and greater influence in moulding the destinies of the Empire than the public has any present conception of.

What Canada owes to the Queen may be inferred in a general way from what the Empire at large is indebted to her life and reign. In a specific sense, however, she owes much. The Victorian era opened with rebellion, dissatisfaction, disunion and an utter absence of Provincial cohesion; it closes with peace, contentment, federal unity and a national loyalty which harmoniously combines local and Imperial sentiment. Around the throne as a stable centre of fealty and respect has slowly crystalized the feeling of a scattered people until it found gradual and indirect expression in the political

union of the Provinces by confederation; their commercial union by increasing fiscal and railway legislation; their financial credit by following British precedent in banking and trade principles; their adherance to an ever-growing policy of unity with the Empire in political and mititary affairs as in sentiment and commercial matters; their avoidance of certain laxities and moral pit-falls which have troubled other nations. Into this process of evolution have come many elements of Royal influence and personal action. Working together with the more general principles applicable to other parts of the Empire as well as to the Dominion, they have produced a condition where Canadians profoundly believe in the institution of a limited monarchy as the only means of preserving a really dignified democracy and conserving a permanent British connection and an all-powerful Empire. Under the Queen's rule, they have developed a land which is "rich in heart, in home, in hope, in liberty" and institutions which rest upon the free-will of a free people, and interpret the best thoughts and aspirations of modern civilization while combining a wealth of historic tradition in the old Mother-land with the impetus and freshness of heart, new regions and rising nations all over the world.

What the Empire as a whole owes to the Queen and what it has become under the Queen is a matter of tremendous import. In territory the Crown of Great Britain and Ireland, the people of the United Kingdom, have since the Queen came to the throne acquired Natal and Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Zululand, British New Guinea and North Borneo, Sabraon and the most of the Gold Coast, Fiji and Cyprus, the basin of the Niger and Burmah, fully half of British India, Wei-Hai-Wei and Kowloon in China, a million square miles in Central Africa, the Solomon Islands and many minor islands in the Pacific, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and to all intents and purposes, Egypt and the vast Soudan region. There are 11,000,000 square miles of more or less cultivated and populated British territory in 1901 as against the wild wastes of British North America and Australia,

the sea-fringe of civilized region at the Cape, the initiatory developments of Indian empire, in 1837. There are at least 420,000,000 of people owning allegiance to the Crown and an Imperial trade of more than 8000 millions of dollars. In 1837 the trade of Great Britain alone was $20 per head; in 1900 it averaged $105 per head. The assets of joint stock banks in the United Kingdom are now 7,000 millions while their deposits, and those in the savings banks, total up to over 6,000 millions. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Great Britain's shipping was 4,000,000 tons and that of the infant United States came in a good second with 1,850,000 tons. In 1860 the American tonnage exceeded that of England. At the close of the Queen's reign the British Empire possesses a tonnage of 11,000,000 or nearly half the entire tonnage of the world, which totals up to 25,000,000.

But the greatest feature of the Queen's reign has not been enlargement of the bounds of Empire, nor even the far-reaching expansion of commerce and wealth. It is to be found in the solid and substantial growth of great communities owing allegiance to the Crown—a progress based upon British principles of government and general polity, British freedom to do and dare and achieve. Into the vast and complex system of the Indian dependency have come during that period new countries and peoples, new conditions and problems, great trials and disasters. Yet nearly every change has been for the betterment of the masses and where change or reform has been refused it was through the wise caution of far-seeing statesmen administering the affairs of more than two hundred millions of human beings with all their varied civilizations and infinite degrees of grievance, caste prejudice and religious hatred. The trade of the Indian Empire has grown greatly, the country is gradually becoming a network of railways, the colleges are filled with native pupils, the intelligence of the upper classes is being developed along Western lines, the tyrannical rule of native Princes is held in check and controlled. Through it all runs a perceptible sentiment of growing loyalty.

Since the assumption of the East India Company's rights by the Crown, and, still more, since the initiation of the vivid appeal to Oriental imagination contained in the crowning of the Queen as Empress of India, the vast populations of that region have more and more awakened to the existence of a greater ruler whom they must respect and whose laws they must obey—a being far-away in person but ever-present in power and embodying virtues and authority which constitute to ignorant minds qualities of almost divine force. The value of this curious sentiment of Eastern loyalty can only be truly guaged by the depths and heights of Oriental imagination and the influence of a name upon minds of primeval darkness combined with perceptions of peculiar quickness.

Australia is literally a creation of the Queen's reign while its popular opinion is emphatically a product of the Queen's influence. Within half-a-century its Colonies have grown from a fringe of population along the sea-shore into four millions of rich and prosperous people and developed into States of a powerful federal Commonwealth under the British Crown—enthusiastically loyal, strong, keenly ambitious, aggressively energetic. With a yearly revenue of $130,000,000, an unfelt debt of over $800,000,000, a registered shipping of 100,000,000 annual tonnage, the possession of 10,000,000 cattle and 80,000,000 sheep, the production of more than $50,000,000 worth of gold annually, the country has a right to be proud of its progress. That progress its people have made themselves—with the help of British capital. But, for their institutions and the curbing of a fierce democracy, the education of a young and aggressive people in the dignified principles of British government, the growth toward the Mother-land instead of away from it, the later tendency toward Imperialism which has swallowed up in victory the earlier one toward localism and independence, they owe much to external influences and the greatest of these has been the life, the ideals, the administration, the personality of the Sovereign. The Crown has now become the symbol of Imperial power, the centre of British loyalty all around the world, and as

such it constitutes the motive power of an Empire's unity. Without such a life and character as those of Queen Victoria it might, however have never attained that position in far-away democracies and could certainly have never reached its present degree of authority. The Queen was always in close touch with the Australian Colonies. Queensland by her suggestion was given its name. Victoria received its baptism from the Sovereign. As the Colonies grew in population and power great functions were marked by tactful royal messages and Governors came direct from the presence of the Queen to the peoples of her far-away possessions. Into their hearts and lives she gradually grew and with the influence of her personality came slowly, and then swiftly, the spirit of a British patriotism which incorporated, instead of superceding, the dominant note of Australian local pride.

South Africa has not been so fortunate. Royal visits have been made at the Queen's command; loyalty amongst the English-speaking settlers has developed under stress of war to a white-heat of emotion; the Dutch colonists have grown to appreciate the goodness of their Sovereign and, as a whole, have abstained from rebellion during the war which troubled the last days of her reign. How far her influence made for peace and territorial and constitutional growth in South Africa can be dimly seen from casual glimpses of her policy. That she favored Grey's policy in earlier days has been already mentioned; that she admired and trusted and endorsed Sir Bartle Frere in the wise policy of a later Confederation, which was so unfortunately balked, is pretty well established; that she sympathized with Mr. Cecil Rhodes' great ambitions and proposals —without reference to details such as the Jameson Raid—is also known. What is not known, or at least fully comprehended, is that through all these various changes in her Empire during sixty-four years, through the growth of villages into cities, tiny settlements into great States, vast areas of waste land into noble provinces, fringes of population into Dominions and Commonwealths, she has been more or less an influence upon her thirty and more Colonial

Secretaries—a force for constitutional freedom, for Imperial loyalty, for united and common-sense progress. Not always a successful force, of course, but always a steady, persistent, certain element in the better government and the greater unity of her Empire.

The end of the long reign, the close of a noble life, the last days of a great era, have now come. With this tide in British affairs has also come an overwhelming demonstration of love and loyalty, the picture of a great Empire literally draped in garments of mourning, the spectacle of a silent and sorrowful people from London to Melbourne, from Calcutta to Montreal, from Capetown to Ceylon, following their Sovereign to her last resting-place. Such a scene has never been witnessed before ; it can hardly be re-enacted within the life of anyone now living. That her example and principles will live after her, goes without saying. The world has been better for Queen Victoria, the Empire has been greater and stronger, the people have been purer and wiser, the bounds of true and guarded freedom have been made broader and deeper. Under a son and successor trained in her precepts and practices and policy that progress should be carried on and the lamp that has lit the Victorian era along paths of constitutional liberty and Imperial unity should be kept flaming with the spirit of popular loyalty and high ideals of government.

CHAPTER XXXII

The Victorian Era

IT is a singular fact that the two periods in British history which are specially distinguished as "eras," periods of such leading importance as to be thus marked off from the ordinary course of events, should be the reigns of two women. No such distinction is given to the reigns of any of the men who have occupied the English throne. We read of the Elizabethan era and the Victorian era, but not of the eras of any William, Charles, George, Henry, or other English sovereign. What are we to understand from this? Shall we conclude that these two women shed a lustre upon their respective reigns which no man could equal? Scarcely this; but they had the happy fortune to be born into the most remarkable periods of the history of the British realm. Around the throne of Elizabeth gathered the noblest cluster of authors of modern times, at their head the prince of the authors of all time, Shakespeare the sublime. Around the throne of Victoria there gathered not alone a splendid galaxy of men and women of letters, but also a brilliant host of inventors, of discoverers, of scientists, of men distinguished in every field of effort and intellect, giving her reign a radiant eminence whose lustre was reflected upon the throne itself. Intellectually there was nothing beyond the ordinary in Queen Victoria, but she was born into an extraordinary age and shared the honor of her environment.

Let us quote here an estimate from the London *Times:* "Her reign coincides very accurately with a sort of second renaissance and intellectual movement, accomplishing in a brief term more than had been done in preceding centuries. Since the days of Elizabeth there has been no such awakening of the mind of the

nation and no such remarkable stride in the path of progress, no such spreading abroad of the British race and British rule over the world at large, as in the period covered by the reign whose end we have now to deplore. In art, in letters, in music, in science, in religion, and, above all, in the moral and material advancement of the mass of the nation, the Victorian age has been a time of remarkable activity."

Various other journals speak to the same effect, and it may be of interest to offer some further journalistic summaries. We quote as follows:

"The life of Queen Victoria spanned the most wonderful years of the most wonderful century that the world has ever seen. Other sovereigns have lived almost as long, but, if measured by achievements rather than by periods of time, England itself, and all the world with it, moved farther along during the eighty-two years of Victoria's life than during the reigns of all the men and women who had preceded her on the English throne.

CONDITIONS AT TIME OF HER BIRTH

"On the day of her birth, May 24, 1819, the first steamboat which crossed the Atlantic or any other ocean started from Savannah to Liverpool, making the voyage in twenty-six days. The same distance is now made in less than six. She was six years of age when the first railway-train in the world started to carry passengers. She was eighteen years of age, and had just ascended the throne, when the Morse system of telegraphy and that of Cooke and Wheatstone were first patented. Thirty-nine years of her life had passed when the first cable was laid under the Atlantic, and that one almost immediately ceased to operate. Fifty-six years of it expired before the first telephone went into practical operation.

"Scott and Byron were in their prime when Victoria first began to read the printed page. None of the great writers—Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, Tennyson, George Eliot, the Brownings, and the others whose names have cast a glory over her

THE DYING QUEEN

The memorable scene at Osborne House Isle of Wight, January 22 1901. Victoria peacefully passed away, surrounded by her relatives and ministers of state

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN LONDON

The King and German Emperor entering Hyde Park, at the Corner Entrance

country during the past half or two-thirds of a century—had yet begun to work. Darwin, whose labors have revolutionized science and have profoundly affected the thought of moralists and theologians, was yet unheard of.

"At the time of Victoria's birth the tramp of Bonaparte's armies had just ceased to shake the world, and Bonaparte himself was a prisoner on a British island in the South Atlantic. She saw every throne in Europe vacated many times. She saw her own country transformed politically from an oligarchy, in which only one out of fifty of the population was permitted to vote, into a democracy in which the voters number one out of six of the inhabitants. France has changed its form of government four times since her early girlhood days. Italy, then only a geographical expression, to use Metternich's phrase, has since become one of the great Powers of Europe, while the empire of Germany was still far in the future.

"During the Victorian era the progress of the English people was rapid and continuous; the population of the United Kingdom more than doubled; London became the centre of a world-wide empire; British sails whitened every sea; there was a marvelous expansion of the industrial and commercial resources of the nation; great strides were made in material prosperity, tolerance of religious opinion and the diffusion of knowledge; the social condition of the people was vastly improved, and a long series of landmarks of democratic reform were established. Splendid as are the memorials of English power recorded by the historians of the Elizabethan era, the Victorian age surpassed them in the substantial achievements of modern progress. While Elizabeth, with her masculine force and imperious disposition, exerted a more pronounced personal influence on the course of national history, Victoria was not less admirably adapted to the requirements and necessities of her own age. When her reign began personal government in England came to an end. Not only did her throne escape the storm and stress of revolutionary change in Europe through

her flexibility in adapting her ideas of sovereign power to constitutional order and Parliamentary institutions, but she also exerted her influence with true womanliness, innate gentleness and marked individuality in promoting the prosperity and happiness of her subjects, and in dignifying and ennobling the virtues and purity of home life.

"The last but one of the most glorious events in her dominion in which she was able to exercise her royal prerogative was the formal establishment of the Commonwealth of Australia on January 1, 1901. The message of affectionate greeting which the aged Sovereign sent to this, the latest child of Mother England, was almost her last utterance from the throne, and well and fitly completed the roll of noble acts and deeds of her long and noble life."

THE SUPREME ERA IN ENGLISH HISTORY

These various opinions and brief reviews of a period of wonderful progress and prosperity justify us in claiming for Victoria's reign the honor of being the supreme era in English history. Brilliant as was the reign of Elizabeth, alike in intellectual and material progress, it came in an age of mediævalism, when war meant rapine and sea-rule meant piracy, and its lustre pales before that of the reign of Victoria, when a high civilization was gathering the richest fruits from the tree of knowledge; when England was feeding instead of robbing the world, and was carrying enlightenment to the ends of the earth; when the common man was becoming the peer of the nobleman; when human sympathy was replacing the barbarous inhumanity of the past, and when war itself was being conducted in the interest of peace, and the sword was lifted to break the fetters of the slave or to bring the savage races of the earth under the beneficent influence of modern enlightenment.

For centuries England was actively engaged in building the foundations of her nineteenth century empire. Her warlike career, her commercial enterprise, her growing industrial activity were the stages of progress towards the wonderful culmination which has

passed under our own eyes. The first harvest in this career of development was reaped in the age of Elizabeth. From that time forwards there was not a reign that did not add its quota to her growing supremacy; but the competition was keen, the development was slow, and it was not, as we have said in a former chapter, until the French Revolution, with the succeeding quarter century of desperate conflict, that the supremacy of the British Kingdom became fully assured, and the long tide of prosperity and mental and material progress began which shed its brightest lustre on Victoria's reign.

When the nineteenth century opened there was fairly under way that stupendous struggle with Napoleon and with France under his sway in which England was the greatest factor. Only for her sturdy and unyielding hostility to the great Corsican conqueror he might have subjected the whole of Europe—as he did half that continent—to his sceptre, and then, perhaps, have turned and rent liberty from the British isles. This the warlike and indomitable spirit of the islanders prevented, and, finally, on the famous field of Waterloo, they brought the mighty conflict to an end, and rose to the highest rank in the political councils of the European nations.

England's inflexible persistance in this long struggle for mastery was rendered possible by the dominion of the seas, which her great naval captains had given her. During its course her commerce grew with tenfold its former rapidity, her home industries developed enormously, money flowed abundantly into her coffers, and was used with lavish liberality in aiding the impoverished Continental powers to put armies in the field. The contest ended, Napoleon conquered, France subdued, the island kingdom stood ready to reap the harvest which had been diligently planted and to grasp that industrial supremacy which her ships and her looms had won. It was in the early days of this realization of the fruit of her long efforts that the infant Victoria was born—heiress to a vast inheritance.

Eighteen years afterwards, still only a girl, untrained in royalty's responsibilities and shrinking from the weight of the crown, Victoria came to the throne. Let us glance rapidly at the status of affairs on that June day of 1837, when William died and the girl Queen succeeded to Britain's sovereignty. During the interval between Waterloo and the date of her accession the new nation had been steadily and rapidly progressing, alike in commerce and manufactures, in science and literature, in art and invention, in political privilege and moral enlightenment. The Reform Bill, recently passed, had given a voice in the control of legislation to hundreds of thousands who had been before in a state of political serfdom. A great commercial fleet was bringing the raw materials of manufacture to England from all parts of the world and carrying the finished products to lands in the antipodes. Her workshops were increasing in number with surprising rapidity, the rattle of the loom and the clang of the hammer were heard everywhere throughout the land, and densely thronged industrial cities were rising where only villages or empty wastes had existed before. Coal and iron were being torn from the bowels of the earth as food for the multitudinous furnaces and factories, and over the whole land the clang of industry was heard.

CONDITIONS WHEN VICTORIA BECAME QUEEN

We speak here in the comparative, not in the superlative. Prosperous as was England in comparison with other nations when Victoria became Queen its prosperity was but a dwarf compared with the giant it was to become during her long reign. And the condition of the people as revealed in the Chartist agitation, their lack of education, their long hours of labor and insufficient wages, their widespread misery and destitution, formed a somewhat startling commentary upon Britain's prosperity as revealed to the world. Capital flourished while labor suffered, and the palace and the mansion stood in astounding contrast to the hovel and the hut, which formed their true foundations. The condition of the common

people was the dark side of England's coat-of-arms when the Victorian era began. That era was to do much towards the amelioration of the condition of the laboring millions.

Let us consider at more length some of the elements of advance during that era. In 1837 the population of Great Britain and Ireland was nearly 26,000,000. In 1901 it was 41,000,000, an increase of some sixty per cent., and far more than the soil—taken up as so much of its most fertile portion was by the parks and hunting grounds of the nobility—was competent to feed. Such a population could not have lived in the British islands in 1837, when the Corn Laws kept out foreign food, and they had only the product of their contracted farming lands to live upon. The repeal of these ill-adapted laws changed all that, cheap food poured in from a dozen distant countries and population rapidly increased, paying for the food upon its tables by the product of its labor in mine and mill, in factory and shipyard. To-day the United States with Canada, Australia and outlying colonies of Great Britain form her provision market, and with such abundant resources as her colonies afford there is little danger that she will be driven to the extremity of starvation.

With the Victorian era came the railroad and steamship, the postal system and the telegraph, all of them enormously facilitating the transportation of goods and the despatch of mercantile news, and all of them playing an important part in the development of British prosperity. The age of invention had begun years before, but its results were enormously quickened by the activity of manufacture, and new machines, adding ten-fold or a hundred-fold to the production of man's hands, were of almost yearly appearance, until labor became efficient to a degree that had not even been dreamed of in earlier times.

Meanwhile literature and science were thriving as never before. In the Elizabethan era the field of intellectual activity was narrow, its most important triumphs being in the drama. The great bulk of the literature of that age was in the domain of the imagination,

Lord Bacon being one of the few who ventured into a more prosaic field. In the Victorian era literature widened its scope until every field of thought was invaded. Poetry gave rise to numerous shining lights. The kingdom of prose fiction—in its infancy in the earlier era—now flourished with extraordinary fertility. History, biography, theology, philosophy, science, all found able exponents, and the width and fruitfulness of intellectual labor had never been surpassed.

Scientific observation was almost a virgin field of thought and study, and its development during the Victorian era was well nigh magical. Comparatively little was known of the constitution of nature and the marvels of the universe when Victoria was born. A vast collection of facts and a multitude of fertile deductions had been made before she died, while the application of scientific discoveries to human needs had gone far to change the aspect of the world and widen the horizon of men's lives. It is not too much to say that a man can do more, see more, and enjoy more in half a century of our time than he could have done in three centuries of times like those into which Victoria was born.

Let us now briefly glance at what has been effected in the interest of the common people since the days of the Chartists and the Corn Laws. One of the most terrible evils of that early time was the oppression of woman and child labor in mines and factories. Rev. H. T. Smart tells us that "The biography of George Smith, of Coalville, shows how much children suffered from excessive and unsuitable labor during the earlier years of the Queen's reign. For thirteen hours a day the child Smith, when he worked in the brick-fields, carried forty pounds weight of wet clay on his head, whilst young girls carried their burdens on their abdomens, being first benumbed with the wet and cold, and then half-baked with the heat of the kiln.

"Largely owing to Smith's labors children have been emancipated from this form of slavery, a hundred and fifty protective measures having been passed in their interest during this era, although we

still allow them to commence work too soon, and earlier than do some not more enlightened nations than our own. Sailors have been legally protected from the coffin-ships in which they formerly risked and so often lost their lives, and workmen have been safeguarded from accidents with most pleasing results, especially in the case of miners—fatalities amongst whom have been greatly diminished.

"Municipalities have acquired the power to compel the owners of house property to keep their dwellings in a sanitary condition, and in some towns healthy homes and lodging-houses have been erected, either by local authorities or private persons. The names of Peabody and Guinness will be remembered in this connection, and the cities of London, Glasgow, Manchester, and the town of Salford may be mentioned for the attention they have paid to this social question."

IMPROVEMENTS IN MATERIAL COMFORTS

Moreover, in recent years, public baths, gardens, parks, open spaces, libraries, museums, technical schools, art galleries, gymnasia, and cheap workmen's trains have been provided, and thus in many respects the lot of the masses of the people has been alleviated, and their burdens and disabilities lightened, while the hours of labor have been much reduced, the rates of wages increased, the homes of the working classes improved, and in a thousand ways the situation of the masses of the people has grown better and their opportunities for comfort and enjoyment have increased.

Mr. George Howell, lecturing at the Crystal Palace, in 1896, made the following statement concerning the ability to save from their wages of the workers of Great Britain:

"People will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that in five groups of friendly societies the savings amount to two hundred and fifty millions sterling (a sum equivalent to $1,250,000,000). This is a striking contrast to sixty years ago. The people are no longer poor. The wages of skilled mechanics sixty years ago ranged from

18s. to 24s.; now they are getting 40s. to 42s. We are beginning to recognize as an economical fact that the more we pay the workers the better it will be for the nation. There can be no doubt that the condition of the people has materially improved, and, looking at the whole aspect of affairs, I can see a steady progress which has taken place mainly during the Queen's reign."

In fact, it may be broadly stated that progress in the comforts of domestic life, and the general standard of living, has been a marked characteristic of the Victorian era. The conditions of life among the working classes have been modified in many important respects, and there are those who are daring enough to say, with some show of reason, that there is now more real comfort in the home of a decent, sober and industrious mechanic than a century ago might have been found in some of the most pretentious castles in the land.

EDUCATIONAL ADVANCEMENT DURING VICTORIA'S REIGN

The progress has been not alone in material prosperity, but in the intelligence of the masses as well. Education, that great lever of enlightenment, has been notably fostered since Victoria began her reign. In 1837 there were probably not above a quarter of a million of children in all the schools of the Kingdom; in 1849 there were only about half a million; in 1886 there were four and a half millions, or one in every six of the population, and the proportion has since increased, while the school life of the child is from four to six times longer than in the past. In 1837 the whole public fund devoted to education was £20,000. In 1885 it was about £5,500,000, and the good work has since then gone rapidly on. In 1841, when attention was first paid to such subjects in the census, forty-one per cent. of persons married could not sign their names. To-day we would say this of probably less than ten per cent.

A system of national education was first established in 1870, when Mr. Forster's Education Act was passed. In 1891 this was

VIEW OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN HYDE PARK, LONDON

At the extreme left of the picture is the King riding with the German Emperor on his right and the Duke of Connaught on his left

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION, AT WINDSOR

View showing the blue jackets drawing gun-carriage with coffin, after the horses which had become unmanagable had been detached

greatly improved by the Elementary Education Act, extending free education to all children from five to fourteen years of age and making attendance compulsory. While it must be said that Great Britain lagged behind several other nations in providing for free education, it is evident that vast progress has been done in this direction during the Victorian era, and it may safely be said that there are now a thousand readers to every one at the beginning of the Queen's rule. The 300 newspapers published in 1837 have multiplied to 9000 in 1901, while the circulation has increased more than a thousand fold. In 1837 the *Times* had only 20,000 daily circulation, and this was more than the combined circulation of the twelve other dailies which England then could boast.

DEVELOPMENT OF MORALITY AND PHILANTHROPY

While these tokens of progress appeal strongly to our minds, the thoughtful observer finds still greater reason for gratification in the development of morality and philanthropy during the Queen's reign. Sir Walter Besant, in a paper of striking character, has depicted the development of humanitarian impulses and the dawn of a sense of pity for the children of the poor. Beginning with a few vivid glimpses of the heedlessness to the sufferings of others which marked the world's earlier ages, he gives a view of things as they were about the time of the Queen's accession in these graphic words: "Consider, well on into this century people looked on with callous eyes while some poor wretch was tied up and flogged barbarously; not very long ago they ran after the cart when the criminal was flogged, laughing and shouting, without the least feeling of pity."

And he goes on to paint the low state of public morals and the lack of human sympathy which were fostered by these and other open exhibitions of barbarity in dealing with the wrongdoer, the frightful condition of the prisons, the outrageous severity of the criminal laws, the general absence of altruistic feeling and humanitarian sentiment.

We cannot give here an account of all that has been done for the improvement of the public health, for the cleanly and comfortable housing of the poor, and for causing the great decrease in the death-rate from the new attention to sanitation. The death-rate in England in 1837 was over 22 per 1000, that of 1884 was less than 20, while the deaths from zymotic diseases, which are so largely the result of imperfect sanitation, were reduced to nearly one-half. There are other considerations to which attention must be given. One is the progress of the English people towards liberty and the restriction of arbitrary government.

In the words of Justin McCarthy: "Queen Victoria is the first constitutional sovereign who ever sat on the English throne. Since the fall of the House of Stuart the sovereigns of England have been supposed to hold power by the will and the choice of their people and not by divine right. None the less, however, did all the Hanoverian monarchs, down to the accession of Queen Victoria, strenuously and stubbornly persist in ruling, or trying to rule, their people on the principle of divine right, just as if they had been Oriental Commanders of the Faithful, or Legitimist Bourbon Kings. William Pitt the younger, who was as much in advance of his age as Fox or Burke on questions of religious freedom, was compelled at last to give a promise that he would never again worry his royal master George III. with any talk about the political emancipation of the Roman Catholics, because George had already made up his great mind against any project of that sort, and it would put him out of temper and might bring on another attack of madness if his Minister were to approach him with any such proposals. Even in the days of William IV. nothing but the serious danger of a popular revolution, in which some of the great nobles at the head of the reform movement might have been compelled to take part with the people against the sovereign, could have prevailed on William to give up his objection to the formation of a really representative Parliament."

When the youthful Princess Victoria rose to the high dignity of Queen, she seems to have set herself at once to learn what belongs to the business of a constitutional sovereign, and such a monarch she was from first to last. Her first Minister, Lord Melbourne, was well fitted to instruct her in her duties in this respect, and he impressed upon her mind that the day for absolute sovereignty and royal prerogative had passed, and the Prince Consort, with his philosophical habits of generalization, completed her training. We know of her revolt against Peel, when he wished to deprive her of her lady attendants. That was her last attempt to control the Ministry, and she afterwards submitted calmly to the restraints of the British Constitution. The state of public feeling brought about by her quiet submission to the requirements of constitutional government has grown so fixed and firm during the more than sixty years of her reign that no future sovereign is likely to seek to ignore it. The several steps of reform legislation have given the common people so decided a voice in the government that it would be a dangerous effort for any monarch to attempt to revive the old personal government, and Edward VII. has shown a clear and wise recognition of this fact in his declaration that he proposes to rule as a constitutional king.

THE EXTENSION OF THE EMPIRE.

The kingdom to which Edward accedes is a far more extensive one than that over which Victoria waved her maiden sceptre. Within the period of her reign the width of Britain's dominion, as shown in a preceding chapter, became enormously augmented. This development is clearly shown in a recent article by Sir John Bourinot, from which we briefly quote:

"No feature of the Queen's reign has been more remarkable than the extension of the empire and the development of constitutional and local self-government in the great dependencies of the Crown. When she ascended the throne Australia was chiefly known as a refuge for convicts. New Zealand was not yet recognized

as a colony, Canada was in a state of political ferment which ended in rebellion, and India was still ruled by a great company. Sixty years later, in the streets of the metropolis of the British Empire, there was witnessed a spectacle which the world never saw before, whose illustrations of the happiness and prosperity of the Empire far surpassed any exhibition which the Cæsars of Imperial Rome ever gave to their citizens in the ages when all the world came to pay her tribute. In this imperial procession nearly half the American continent was represented—Acadia and Canada, first settled by France, the Northwest prairies, first traversed by French-Canadian adventurers, the Pacific Coast, first seen by Cook and Vancouver. There, too, marched men from Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Jeypore, Hyderabad, Kashmir, Punjaub—from all sections of that great empire of India, which was won for England by Clive and the men who, like Wolfe, became famous for their achievements in the days of Pitt.

"It was a procession which illustrated the content and development of the many colonies and dependencies which cover, in the aggregate, eleven millions of English square miles and are peopled by four hundred millions of souls representing many races and every color and creed. It was a great object lesson to the world of the blessings of peace, and of the prosperous development of colonies under the liberal system of government which has been one of the characteristic features of the Victorian era."

This great extension of territory was not all gained by peaceful means. England was many times forced to fight, but it is of interest to find how greatly she changed the arena of her warlike conflicts. During preceding centuries the soil of Europe had been the great field of her feats of arms, and this continued during the early years of the nineteenth century, ending with the decisive field of Waterloo. Since that date England has waged but one European war, the Crimean campaign against Russia, and that apparently very greatly against the wish of the Queen. The Victorian contests have been in Persia, Afghanistan, India, Burmah, China,

Abyssinia, Egypt, South Africa, and other far-off regions, her opponents ranging from the partly civilized to the savage peoples of the earth, her object being to extend and secure that vast colonial heritage upon which she had laid her hand.

In this series of contests we meet with no such brilliant victories as those of Marlborough, Wolfe, Nelson, and Wellington—no such great battles as those of Blenheim, Waterloo, or Trafalgar; but they have not been without their deeds of heroism and their exhibitions of leadership. We cannot soon forget the memorable "Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava, the heroic defense of Lucknow in the Indian Mutiny, Lord Roberts' famous march in Afghanistan, and various other exhibitions of British pluck and valor; and any lack of brilliancy in these wars as a whole were amply compensated, so far as British material advantage is concerned, by the vast accessions of territory which they brought under the Queen's rule.

One of the most striking results of this era of colonial wars and imperial development has been the immense extension of the British fleet to which it has given rise. The frigates and ships-of-the-line which carried Nelson's flag, and which still formed the navy when Victoria was crowned, have been replaced by a new fleet clad in solid steel, and armed with engines of destruction which would have ended the conflict at Trafalgar while Nelson was spreading his sails to the winds. In her exhibition of sea-power Great Britain to-day leads the world. Conscious of her weakness on land, as compared with the great military strength of several nations of the continent, and of the need of defending her widely-extended colonies by strength upon the seas, she has built up a fleet of steel-clad monsters that throws the navy of any other nation into the shade, as decidedly as her commerce looms up above that of any of her rivals. Thus to the end of the Queen's reign the kingdom over which she ruled continued to bear its time-honored title of "Ruler of the Waves."

CHAPTER XXXIII

Life of Edward VII., King of England

ALBERT EDWARD, the new King of England, will be known to the world and to history as Edward VII., by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India. He was born November 9, 1841, at Buckingham Palace. It is told that the Duke of Wellington, who was in the palace, asked the nurse, Mrs. Lily:

"Is it a boy?"

"It's a Prince, your Grace," answered the incensed nurse.

The news of the birth of the heir-apparent was received with the utmost enthusiasm throughout the British nation. Telegrams of congratulation were received, not only from those sources from which they might have been expected, but from thousands of the Queen's humblest subjects. *Punch* undertook to express the rapture of the nation in verses beginning:

> "Huzza! we've a little Prince at last,
> A roaring Royal boy;
> And all day long the booming bells
> Have rung their peals of joy."

As an interesting fact, it may be noted that, at the christening of the infant Prince, the water used by the Archbishop of Canterbury had been specially brought some time before from the River Jordan.

Before the Prince was four weeks old he was created Prince of Wales by royal patent, as this title does not pass by hereditary right, but must be conferred afresh on each holder. When he was five years old the Queen and Prince Albert took him with them in the *Victoria and Albert*, on a tour round the Channel Islands and the west coast of England, and it was on board this yacht that the young Prince, as the Queen records, "put on his sailor's dress, which was beautifully made by the man on board who makes for our sailors. When he appeared, the officers and sailors who were all assembled on deck to see him, cheered, and seemed delighted with him."

EDUCATION OF THE PRINCE

His education was the subject of great concern to both parents, and his father gave special pains to drawing up a comprehensive scheme for it. He is said to have owed his first training to Lady Lyttelton, a sister of Mrs. Gladstone, who was governess to the royal children for six years after the Prince's birth. When he was five years old the British public began to manifest a great interest in the matter of his education, and pamphlets on the subject were widely circulated. After due consideration, the Rev. Henry Mildred Birch was appointed to superintend his education.

For many years he had the instruction of a private tutor, and then he was sent to Edinburgh, where he pursued studies under the special direction of Dr. Schnitz. Afterward he was sent first to Oxford and next to Cambridge.

The Prince made his first official appearance in London on October 30, 1849. The Queen had promised to be present at the opening of the Coal Exchange, but was kept away by illness. The Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales were delegated to take their mother's place. Two years later the Prince assisted at the opening of the great exhibition of 1851. In this year Mr. Birch retired as the Prince's tutor and Mr. Frederick W. Gibbs took the place, which he retained for several years.

On his eighteenth birthday he became legally of age. In a letter which Charles Greville called "one of the most admirable letters that was ever penned" the Queen informed him of his future freedom from parental control. The Prince was so touched on reading it that he brought it to Gen. Wellesley, with tears in his eyes. A month later he made a Continental tour, traveling incognito as Baron Renfrew. During this journey he visited Rome and called on the Pope. He was accompanied by Mr. Tarver, who had been appointed his chaplain and director of studies.

On his return from this trip he entered upon a serious course of study at Edinburgh. In the newspapers of that time it was complained that the Heir Apparent was being overeducated and that life was being made too severe for him. From Scotland he went to Oxford, and was admitted a member of Christ Church College, where he studied chemistry under Dr. Lyon Playfair. The Prince took life easily as an undergraduate, joining freely in the social life of the university, and in all the athletic sports. Later he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, from which he graduated.

His earliest appearance in a leading part on any public occasion was in 1859 at the laying of the foundation stone of the Lambeth School of Art, at Vauxhall. After the death of his father in December, 1861, he naturally became the most desirable functionary at all ceremonies in which beneficent or charitable undertakings were to be recognized by royal approval. This work continued during his career as Prince of Wales to occupy a large share of his time and was always performed with dignity, tact and patience. Indeed, no prince of any country has ever personally exerted himself more faithfully to render services of this sort to the community. The multiplicity and variety of his engagements on behalf of local and special enterprises make a surprising list, and necessarily involved a sacrifice of ease and leisure which few men of high rank would care to make.

An interesting portion of his career at this period was his visit to Canada and the United States. As a return for the services of

the Canadian Regiment in the Crimean War the Queen had been asked to visit her American colonies. She was unable to accept the invitation, but the Prince made the visit in her stead in 1860. He was accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle.

HIS TOUR IN AMERICA

In Canada he was received with great joy and the many public functions he attended gave much satisfaction. Arches and banners adorned the streets and in many other ways the Canadian people showed their appreciation. At Hamilton, the last place in Canada where he made a halt, he had spoken some kindly words, which evoked general approval in the United States.

"My duties," he said, "as representative of the Queen cease this day, but in a private capacity I am about to visit before my return home that remarkable land which claims with us a common ancestry and in whose extraordinary progress every Englishman feels a common interest."

Crossing to the United States, he visited Detroit, Chicago, then a village of unfinished streets, and St. Louis. He participated in a prairie hunt, after which he went, via Cincinnati and Pittsburg, to Washington, where for five days he was a guest of President Buchanan. Visting Mount Vernon, he planted a chestnut tree beside the tomb of Washington.

Everywhere he was received with boundless enthusiasm. He danced at a ball given in his honor at Washington, where he was cordially welcomed by President Buchanan. The United States, indeed, was prepared to receive him with open arms. His next visit was to Richmond, at that time a centre of hostile political intrigue against the government, the opening of the Civil War being near at hand. The Prince, no doubt, was wise enough to desist from any expression of opinion concerning the unhappy controversies then rife in the American nation.

Returning North, he made a passing visit to Baltimore and a short stay in Philadelphia. Here he visited Independence Hall,

had a grand ball given in his honor at the Academy of Music, and occupied the most magnificent hotel suite of rooms in the country at the time in the new Continental Hotel. He visited all the notable places in this city. From Philadelphia he took sail for New York, landing at Castle Garden on October 11th. He was driven through Broadway to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, escorted by the Mayor and other civic dignitaries, and cheered on his way by vast crowds of citizens who had gathered to do him honor. One feature of the hospitalities tendered him in New York was a parade of the Volunteer Fire Department, 6000 men strong, each man in uniform, and all save those at the ropes and tillers bearing torches. Another feature was a grand ball at the Academy of Music. There was no structure in New York large enough to contain those who wished to attend the grand ball at which the Prince was entertained, and 3000 guests were selected. The ball itself was marred by the breaking down of the floor of the old Academy of Music.

Many visitors to Central Park have taken an interest in the trees which were planted by the Prince of Wales on the afternoon of Saturday, October 12, 1860, when he was being entertained in that city. The trees are an English oak and an American elm.

The elm planted by the Prince has grown to be one of the finest trees in the Park, but the oak has not flourished, although it has lived and has had the best possible care and protection.

From New York the Prince proceeded to Albany, Boston and Portsmouth. At Boston he was presented to Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and other American *literati*. He subsequently sailed from Canada on the naval vessel *Hero*, which was so delayed in its voyage by a severe storm that warships were sent out in search of the missing Prince. On reaching home he found that prayers had been offered for his safe return.

In 1862, accompanied by Dean Stanley, the young Prince made a journey to the East, including a visit to Jerusalem. He was now of a marriageable age, and speculation was rife as to who

would be the lady of his choice. The question was settled in the early part of 1863, when his engagement was announced to Princess Alexandra, the eldest daughter of the King of Denmark. She was three years younger than the Prince, and, though comparatively poor, was beautiful and accomplished. The marriage was celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on March 10, 1863. The romantic incidents connected with this event have been described in a preceding chapter. The Princess soon made herself very popular with all classes of the British public, not only by her outward grace of manner, but also by her virtues and amiability. The Prince himself shared in this popularity.

In 1869 the Prince and Princess, whose earlier married life was a succession of traveling tours, visited Egypt and ascended the Nile as far as the ruins of Carnac. The Suez Canal formed one of the most interesting points in the tour. M. de Lesseps received and escorted them. It may now be recalled that the Prince of Wales performed the important ceremony of opening the sluices of the dam across the then finished portion of the canal, thus letting the waters of the Mediterranean into the empty basin of the Bitter Lakes.

In the latter part of the next year he was attacked by typhoid fever. For weeks his life was despaired of. The anxiety of the public was intense, and the news of his recovery was greeted with great joy. On his first appearance in public to take part in the memorable "Thanksgiving service" in St. Paul's Cathedral, on February 27, 1872, the streets along the line of his route were crowded with a cheering multitude.

THE PRINCE VISITS INDIA.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to India in 1875, when he was absent from Great Britain for four months, was bitterly opposed in England before his departure. By the time he returned, however, mature reflections and reports from India of the effect that his visit was having had so changed the sentiment against his

"pleasure trip at the expense of the nation," that the ceremonies welcoming his return nearly eclipsed those of the thanksgiving over his recovery from illness. The House of Commons voted a sum of $300,000 for the personal expenses of the party. The Admiralty set aside $260,000 as the expenses of the voyage of the *Serapis* to and from India. The appropriation was not unanimously carried in the House of Commons. Mr. Fawcett, a blind member, whose favorite title was that of Member for India, objected to the vote. Thirty-three members agreed with him. Disraeli was then Prime Minister, and in supporting the vote his Oriental imagination revelled in depicting the pomp with which the Prince would be surrounded and the pageants that would adorn his progress. Lord Charles Beresford was the life of the party, and many were the escapades contributed to the enjoyment of the Prince and the suite by one who is now a grave Rear-Admiral in the British navy.

COURAGEOUS IN HIS CONVICTIONS

The courage of King Edward's convictions was demonstrated in 1876 when he consented to preside at the Jubilee Festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, which would be called in this country a Home for Aged and Infirm Saloon-keepers. More than two hundred petitions were sent to the Prince from all parts of the United Kingdom by temperance societies begging him to have nothing to do with the jubilee. He made reply that he was not encouraging the sale of alcoholic liquors, but was encouraging an excellent charity which had enjoyed the patronage of his honored father. It was at about this period of his life that the Prince began to manifest his interest in public exhibitions which he inherited from his father. He again and again threw himself with enthusiasm into the promotion of such enterprises. One of the most successful of those which he encouraged, and to a certain extent brought about, was the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886.

During the last ten years, as Prince of Wales, his time was occupied supervising the various public institutions and charitable

interests of which he was the patron and in his usual continental tours. In 1898 he sustained an accident to his knee which threatened to make him lame for life, but from which it is believed he has been entirely cured. While subsequently passing through Brussels he was shot at in the railroad station by a half-witted youth named Sipido, but escaped injury.

The residence of King Edward while he was Prince of Wales was always at Sandringham. The place was picked out for him by his parents on the advice of Lord Palmerston. The estate consisted of 8,000 acres, and he took very great interest in its development.

The King has also been conspicuous for his keen interest in sports. As a child he accompanied the Prince Consort on deer-stalking expeditions, and by the time he was fifteen was the best shot in his family. Of late years he has been a well known and conspicuous patron of the great race courses where his horses have contested for the great prizes. His colors are purple, gold band, scarlet sleeves, and black velvet cap with gold fringe. They were carried for the first time in July, 1877, at Newmarket, and were beaten by twenty lengths. His greatest triumphs on the turf were the winning of the Derbies of 1896 and 1900 with Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee. He has won numberless less conspicuous stakes. But since his accession to the throne it is said that he probably will not continue his interest in this sport. He is fond of riding to the hounds, and of all sorts of shooting. He has always been a keen deer-stalker, and, to quote his own words: "There is nothing I like better than a good day's shoot. It seems the only thing which takes me out of myself and makes me forget the cares and responsibilities of my position."

Fortunate as he has been in horse-racing, he has had even greater success as a yachtsman. He has repeatedly won the Queen's Cup at Cowes, and has been a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which he became Commodore in 1882. His most famous boat was the cutter *Britannia*.

But the time and attention of the Prince were by no means all given up to the occupations above spoken of, political questions interesting him as much as those of a sporting character. He has long been a close follower of the news of the world. In times when there were armies in the field, and especially when there were British armies in the field, he kept constantly in touch with the telegraph wires, and was recognized as one of the keenest students of European politics. When in London the demands upon his time were apportioned upon a set schedule, from which he seldom varied. He was accustomed to receive about two hundred letters a day and to answer most of them in person.

HIS NEW DIGNITY

We have heretofore spoken of Victoria's oldest son merely as Prince of Wales, a position which he held for sixty years of his life. We have now to speak of him under a higher title of dignity, that of Edward VII., successor to Queen Victoria as Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Leaving the Isle of Wight for London on January 23d, the day after the Queen's death, he found a loyal throng waiting to greet their new King, as he was driven through the streets of the metropolis. A meeting of the Privy Council had been called, and by the time the King arrived a great gathering of Privy Councilors, in levee dress, with crepe on their left arms, had taken up positions in the throne-room—Cabinet Ministers, Peers, Commoners, Bishops, Judges, the Lord Mayor, etc., and a host of the most prominent personages in the land, who were there to receive the King's formal oath, binding him to govern the kingdom according to its laws and customs, and to hear him assume the title of King Edward VII. of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India.

The ceremony was interesting and according to precedent. The King took his position in a separate apartment from the Privy Councilors, while to the latter the Duke of Devonshire, Lord

President of the Council, formally communicated the death of Queen Victoria and the succession to the throne of her son, the Prince of Wales. The royal Dukes, with certain Lords of the Council, were then directed to repair to the King's presence to acquaint him with the terms of the Lord President's statement. Shortly afterwards his Majesty entered the room in which the Councilors were assembled and addressed them in a brief speech. Lord Salisbury then administered the oath to the King. Afterwards, the various members of the Council, commencing with the Lords in Council, took the oath of allegiance, and then passed in turn before his Majesty, as at a levee, except that each paused and kissed the King's hand.

King Edward in his speech to the Privy Council said:

"Your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen: This is the most painful occasion on which I will ever be called upon to address you. My first melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of my beloved mother, the Queen; and I know how deeply you and the whole nation, and, I think I may say, the whole world, sympathizes with me in the irreparable loss we have all sustained.

"I need hardly say that my constant endeavor will be always to walk in her footsteps.

"In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and, so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people.

"I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors. In doing so I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from my ever-to-be lamented, great and wise father, who by universal consent, is, I think, deservedly known by the name of Albert the Good, and I desire that his name should stand alone.

"In conclusion, I trust to Parliament and the nation to support me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon me by inheritance,

and to which I am determined to devote my whole strength during the remainder of my life."

On the following day, January 24, 1901, London was given a glimpse of the customs of mediæval times. The quaint ceremonies with which King Edward VII. was proclaimed at various points of the metropolis exactly followed ancient precedents. The officials purposely arranged the function an hour ahead of the published announcement, and the inhabitants, when they awoke, were surprised to find the entire space between St. James' Palace and the city lined with troops. About 10,000 soldiers, Life Guards, Horse Guards, Foot Guards, and other cavalry and infantry regiments, had been brought from Aldershot and London barracks after midnight.

All the officers had crape on their arms, and the drums and brass instruments were shrouded with crape. The troops made an imposing spectacle, but they were entirely eclipsed by the strange spectacle presented by the officials of the College of Arms.

The ceremonies began at St. James' Palace, where, at 9 o'clock, Edward VII. was proclaimed King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India. The proclamation, read by William Henry Weldon, King-at-Arms, was as follows:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late Sovereign, Lady Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the imperial crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward, we, therefore, the Lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, being here assisted with these of her late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and citizens of London, do now hereby with one voice, consent of tongue and heart, to publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord, Edward VII., by the grace of God King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith, Emperor of India, to whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom all Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince Edward VII. with long and happy years."

The proclamation was greeted by a fanfare of trumpets. At the conclusion of the ceremony the band belonging to the Foot Guards in the Friary Court played "God Save the King." The members of the King's household witnessed the ceremony from the balcony of Marlborough House.

The officials then marched in procession from the balcony, through the palace, to the Ambassadors' Court, where a number of royal carriages had been placed, by the direction of the King, at the disposal of the Earl Marshal. These took the officials who read the proclamation to the city, and, escorted by a detachment of Horse Guards, formed a picturesque and gorgeous procession.

A blare of trumpets announced the progress of the cavalcade as it proceeded through the Trafalgar Square and the Strand. Onward it went, passing into the city at Temple Bar, where it was met by the Lord Mayor in showy procession.

It was there that the two processions were to merge in kaleidoscopic grandeur. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen and mace-bearers, in scarlet, fur-trimmed robes, cocked hats, ruffled shirts, silk knee-breeches and low buckled shoes, peered out from the Cinderella-like coaches that would have been the envy of Alice in Wonderland. Overhead, in the midst of the pageant, the great Griffin which marks the city boundary spread its wide, fantastic wings, like some great Hindu god. In their gold liveries the white-wigged coachmen of the Lord Mayor looked down contemptuously upon soldier, herald and peer. In the olden days a veritable bar or gate separated the city from without. On this ceremonial day ten strong policemen stretched a red silken rope across the thoroughfare in honor of the city's ancient privileges.

As the clock struck the time the officer in command of the troops cried, "Attention!" The rifle-stocks came down with a click upon the asphalt pavement, and two gold-laced trumpeters appeared at the Griffin's side. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, mace-bearers, chaplain, remembrancer and the white-wigged Judges of the city courts left their carriages and grouped themselves

together between the lines of drawn-up troops. Then the City Marshal, and the Norroy King-of-Arms, whose green-and-gold tabard outshone those of his colleagues, appeared at the imaginary bar. His trumpeter blew a shrill blast, which the Lord Mayor's trumpeters answered, and then the City Marshal rode up to the barrier and demanded, "Who goes there?"

The Norroy King-of-Arms replied that it was the King's herald, come to read a proclamation, "Enter herald," said the Marshal, and the herald was conducted to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, who were still grouped in the street.

The herald then read the proclamation, to which the Mayor and Aldermen replied: "We, with one voice, consent, tongue and heart, pledge allegiance to King Edward VII."

Thus ends our story of how the great Queen of England passed away and the new King came to the throne. Full of years and the wisdom which comes with years, he has taken upon himself a mighty responsibility, but one which we feel sure he will bear well and with high credit to himself and his nation. King Edward is credited with strong common sense; he knows the temper of the English people so well that he will probably never be so unwise as to attempt to thwart their will, and the recent history of England shows that a sovereign who follows the nation will win honor for himself and glory for the realm. During the whole of his lifetime he has lived under the shadow of the greatest responsibility that can fall to the lot of any man—to be King of England. The common sense distinctive of Queen Victoria descends to her eldest son, and if his ideals are sometimes considered to fall short of the standard set up for other people by the *unco guid*, it is not that the King does not believe them, but that he does not talk about them. It is impossible in the nature of things that Edward's reign will be a long one. It is satisfactory to know, however, that the sceptre so worthily held by a good woman has passed into the hands of an English gentleman.